



By H. W. NASHBUTT.

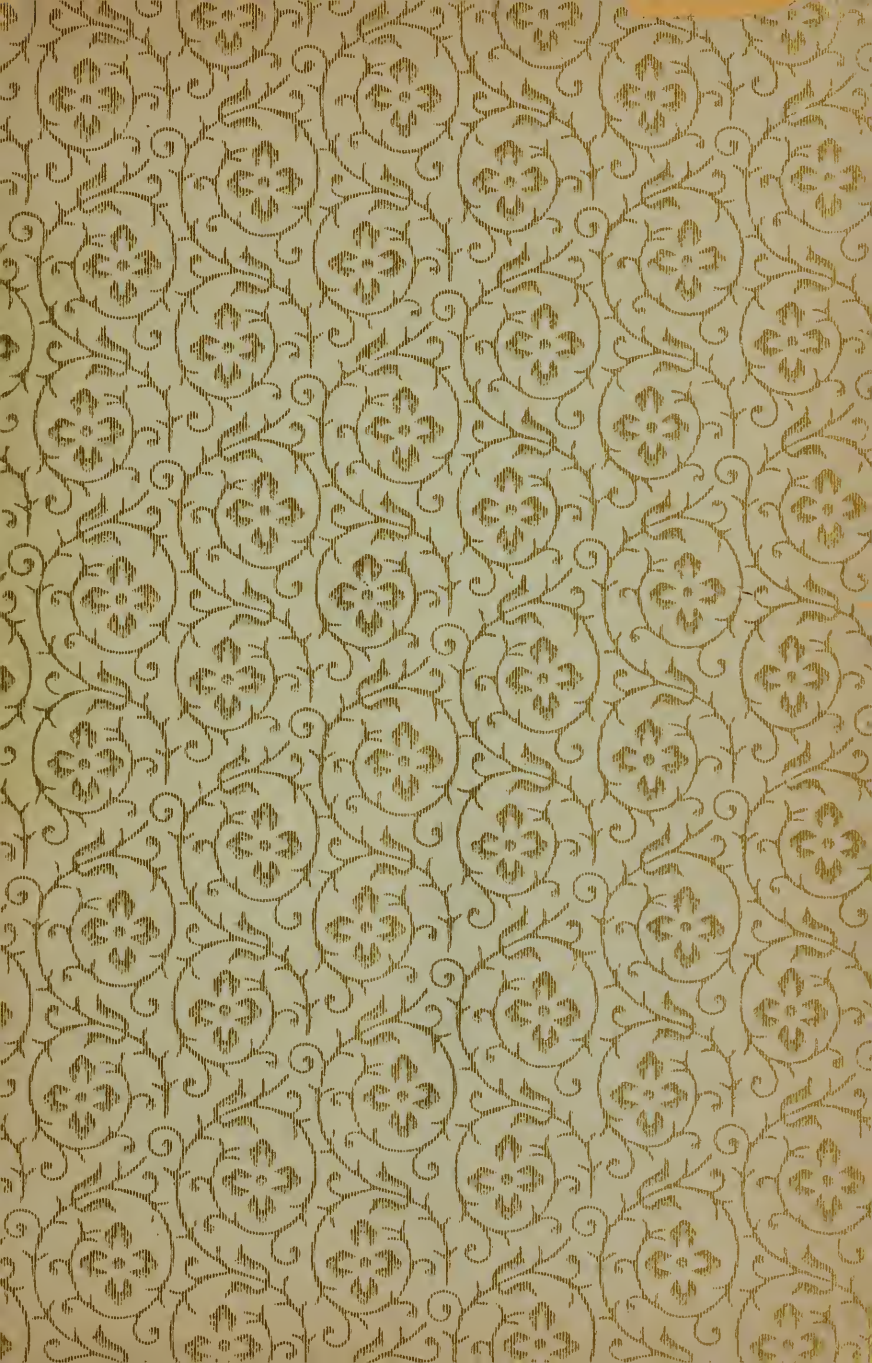


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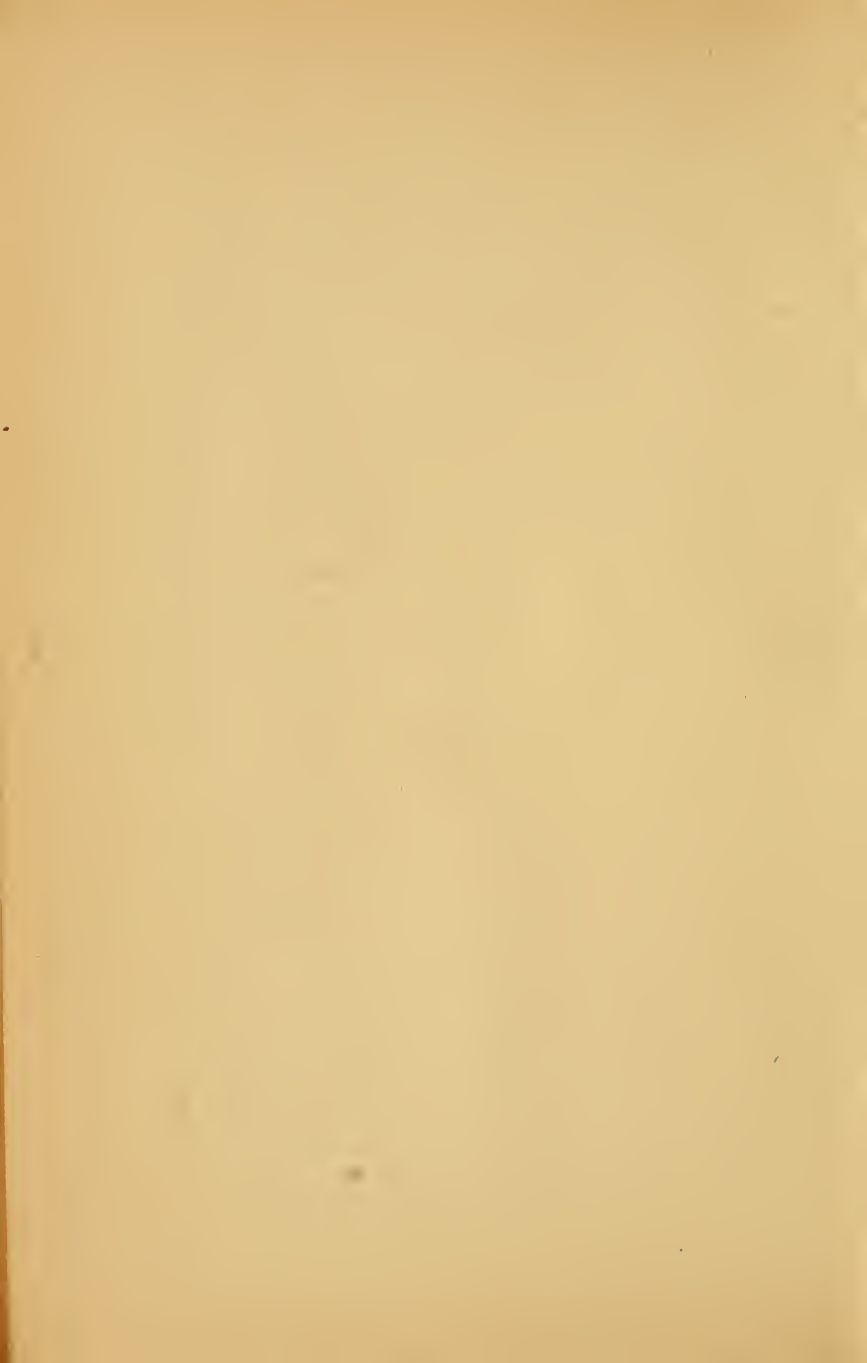
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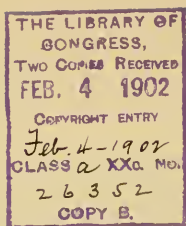


I am only one, but I am one,  
I cannot do every thing, but I can do something,  
What I can do, I ought to do,  
And by the grace of God, I will do!

---

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## Souvenir Edition.



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## EXORDIUM.

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This volume of "Rhymelets" is sent forth by the Author at the earnest solicitation and by the unexpected aid of some very highly appreciated friends. That the contents thereof have been inspired by the faith, associations and experiences of a long and active life in Utah, and as a relaxation rather than as from a profession of letters, will be evident to every reader; the Title itself indicates no assumption of poetic genius, such as glorifies the illustrious and much loved names of "the Immortal Bards,"—they are simply the expression of the "moods" and homelike aspirations which belong to the masses to whom they are respectfully dedicated, in the hope that sympathy may stir each reader's heart; so that utility and blessing may come to them for similar reasons and from the same source, which is hereby acknowledged to be inspirational, whether the product is designated as Poetry or as Prose run wild.

Respectfully,

H. W. N.

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## "Between Two Stools."

---

*"Why don't you print a volume of your verse?"*

Some loyal friend has often-times enquired.  
Than many a printed volume naught is worse;  
Compared with which your own would seem  
inspired.

And more than once, I own, I've had in mind  
To satisfy a loyal friend's request.  
My verse, methought, sustained by words so kind,  
Might pass unharmed the most impartial test.

And then, on second thought, that wisdom rare—  
"Of making many books there is no end"  
Has come to mind, and bade me quick beware  
Of printing verse to humor e'en a friend.

And last, this thought, which set all doubts at rest—  
My friends, while never daring to asperse,  
Might *sotto voce*, vary their request—

*"Why did he print a volume of his verse?"*

*Charles R. Ballard.*

## My Book.

---

A shrine for flitting thoughts from far,  
Evoked by mood, by whim, or star;  
Not meant as gems by genius cut,  
Or food for critics' jest or butt.

But mainly—just to please myself,  
Without a sigh for fame or pelf;  
“Its own exceeding great reward,”  
These echoes of a mightier bard.

I claim to sing, although my note,  
Hath no more tune than raven's throat;  
In hope, some day, to hear a song,  
Which doth not now to earth belong.

There yet shall sweep o'er earth's rough face,  
With inspiration's glow and grace,  
That anthem of the good, the blest,  
The poet-prophets, sabbath, rest.

## The Sowing Time

---

Now is the seedtime; God alone,  
Beyond our vision weak and thin,  
Beholds the end of what is sown,  
The harvest time is had with him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,  
Though seeming on the desert cast,  
The seed of generous sacrifice,  
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

And he who blesses most is blest,  
For God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty in the earth.

*Whittier.*



# RHYMELETS

## IN MANY MOODS.



### Beside the Swinging Garden Gate.

---

The stars had lit their ruddy fires  
O'er all the crowning arch of night,  
For day had fled to gild the spires  
Of western lands with living light;  
The silent beauty bade me wait  
Beside the swinging garden gate.

'Twas springtime then and perfume filled  
The evening air as twain we stood,  
While love tones through my being thrilled  
As hand pressed hand to say—I should,  
And bright eyes told that lips would wait  
A kiss beside the garden gate.

As gently round my arm I swept  
I clasped her to my bounding heart,  
'Twas then the love which long had slept,  
Made two souls one no time could part;  
And now— no need to wish or wait  
My kiss beside the garden gate.

For weal or woe, love's impulse swells,  
And that true heart is mine, my own,  
My every pulse and action tells,  
That happy hours from love have grown;  
But memory knows I once did wait  
My first kiss by the garden gate.

---

### Drifting.

---

Drifting apart two fallen leaves  
On the rippling face of a laughing tide,  
Yet each coquetting with make believes  
That yet they are floating side by side.

Dancing and drifting to music sweet—  
Murmuring music 'neath autumn's sun;  
They in the springtime and summer's heat,  
On the same tree had their life as one.

Drifting apart, obstructions tell—  
Further and further they now divide;  
One goes down where the rapids swell,  
The other finds home by a silent ride.

Quiet it floats and a peaceful nook  
Controls its end where it sinks away;  
The other—is dashed and rudely shook,  
But like its fellow it meets decay.

Drifting apart, two human hearts,  
 Though life's sun glows in their azure skies,  
 And ever from each the one thought starts,  
 " 'Tis only a moment," they both despise.

A moment of life, yet fraught with death,  
 From chilling words or a dark surmise,  
 'Tis drifting apart—yet neither saith,  
 The distance is creeping with slight disguise.

The one by a quiet pathway hies  
 Out of the current, in shady nook;  
 The other—the whirl of excitement tries,  
 For pleasure is followed by garish look.

Destiny—acting on self—is met,  
 Through self-delusion the end portray,  
 Laughing or silent the sun will set,  
 And drifting apart love meets decay.

---

Came and Went.

---

Just came to show how sweet a flower,  
 Could bloom on earth's cold rugged sod,  
 Then drooped and died, transplanted sure,  
 To bloom beneath the gardener—God.

Oh what a paradise is there  
 Where all His culled in beauty bloom,  
 Beneath its skies and ambient air,  
 Far from earth's tears and graves of gloom.

There fragrant beauty doth not fade,  
    'Tis life alone which triumphs there,  
And that which was by wisdom made,  
    Evolves in triumph everywhere.

The soul aspires to gain that goal,  
    Decreed of old by Fatherhood,  
The consumation is the whole,  
    'Tis God enshrined—man understood.

---

### The Time to Love.

---

When wintry winds are whistling round,  
'Neath cloudy sky, o'er frozen ground,  
    When fairy hands, o'er twig and tree,  
    Their silvery frostwork scatter free;  
As round the fireside glow and blaze,  
We lengthen out the shortened days,  
    There is the time for love,  
    The time to love.

When spring puts on her robe of green,  
And wakes the earth with pulse as keen,  
    As that which bids the maiden blush  
    Like crimson with young love's first flush;  
When flowers with perfume fill the air,  
And life's flood surges everywhere,  
    Then is the time for love,  
    The time to love.



When summer's beauty decks the land,  
More startling than by magic wand,  
    And prophecy of future good  
    Hath sprung from every simple bud;  
When sunlight wraps the earth in flame,  
And flowers gem all her broad domain,  
    Then is the time for love,  
    The time to love.

Still more when autumn spreads her store,  
With treasured wealth for rich, for poor,  
    Drawn from her glad maternal breast,  
    From north to south, from east to west;  
And nature's anthem sings in glee,  
Through every home from sea to sea,  
    Then is the time for love,  
    The time to love.

And so all seasons welcome Love!  
That great gift from the worlds above;  
    Through every clime it wins its way,  
    To gild man's night with living day;  
We hail it wheresoe'er we roam,  
But wish its presence most at home;  
    There is the place for love,  
    The time to love.

### Footprints in the Sand.

---

The ocean moaned, and rose, and fell  
With sparkling foam, on crested wave;  
And left but grains of sand to tell,  
Of many a thousand moons the grave.

It chanced one gladsome summer's day  
A wanderer trod the lonely beach,  
And chased the ebbing tide to play  
With breaking waves beyond his reach.

The fascinating music still,  
Allured him on with open hand,  
'Till yielding 'neath his hurrying feet  
He marked his "Footprints in the sand."

Returning tides rolled o'er the spot  
The indentation hid from sight,  
And he who wandered soon forgot  
The laughing waves in death's long night.

How many a weary age hath sped,  
How much convulsed by fire and flood,  
Old ocean since hath changed its bed  
And sweet vales bloom where mountains stood.

Proud man exhumes and uses *now*,  
*The rock* to build and grace the land,  
As thousands wonder where and how,  
Came those deep "Footprints in the sand."

There is an Ocean wide and deep,  
Which surges o'er the plains of time;  
How many a secret it doth keep,  
Since this old earth was in its prime.

Before the flood its strand was strewed  
With hopes, bright hopes, and soaked with tears;  
Loves' sweet sad tale, though man was rude,  
Exhaled amid that mist of years.

Wars' rough, red hand its trophies laid,  
Religious strife marked then the strand,  
As if existence was but made,  
For blood red "Footprints in the sand."

Still hurrying, jostling thousands tread  
That narrow strip o' the ocean's shore;  
Eternal waves break o'er its bed,  
To hide each track till time is o'er.

Great souls have trod, great hearts broke there;  
Weak ones faltered, strong ones failed;  
Old age, bright youth, and infants share  
Alike, that grave which sin entailed.

The new earth come, each soul shall find  
Its *rock* exhumed from Time's old strand,  
For angels teach the Master mind  
Shall use each "Footprint in the sand."

### I Would Not Wish a Nameless Grave.

---

And yet—what reck's it where we sleep,  
What spot we lay our bodies down?  
On green hillside, or 'neath the deep  
With breaking waves for shroud and crown?

The slumbering dust *may* conscious be,  
May feel perchance unrest as when—  
The babe removed from luxury,  
Till used to poverty's rude ken.

There may be peace more potent, where  
By flowers and shrubs the grave is drest,  
Where perfume gives the ambient air,  
A sense of Paradise and rest.

And sculptured urn and marble tomb,  
With ideal trophies and device,  
May be affection's treasured home—  
The grave of love and lavish price.

But flitting years will crumble all,  
Each name engraved will be forgot;  
Kinship and friendship, love will pall,  
And time will e'en erase the spot.

I would not wish a nameless grave,  
I would not lay unmarked at last;  
But should this be my lot I crave,  
A monument no power could blast.

I'd live in human hearts for e'er—  
 By psalm and hymn and thrilling song,  
 I'd wake those echoes every where,  
 Which should to our old earth belong.

In words of flame with lips of fire,  
 By inspiration's fountain fed,  
 I'd soar with wing no time could tire,  
 And speak as living when called dead.

This would be fame—to work for God,  
 To give to earth the clime of heaven;  
 To bless each stricken human clod,  
 And with the eternal spirit leaven.

No marble then need deck my grave,  
 No rough pine board need mark the spot;  
 Uncounted hearts my name would save,  
 'Mid dark oblivion—unforgot.

---

### The Little Spot of Blue.

---

Fierce fell the storm o'er land and sea,  
 And whistling, howling winds blew free;  
 Mixed rain and hail and sleet combined,  
 While dense black clouds rolled unconfined.  
 The traveler forward pressed—in vain,  
 For darkness hid his path from view;  
 He paused—till in the heavens again,  
 He marked “a little spot of blue.”

What joy, what rapture this inspired,  
This rifted cloud in blue attired,  
    Expanding, swelling, till on high  
    Across the dense, the cloudy sky,  
From zenith to the soaking ground,  
A brilliant rainbow arched around.  
    The storm flew by, and heaven's clear dome  
    The wanderer lighted back to home.

'Tis pictured life, when hearts are chilled,  
By cloud and storm and sorrow filled;  
    When disappointments cross our way,  
    And darkness veils life's stormy day;  
When hopes are slain, when friends fall back,  
And trials come by fire and rack;  
    Happy the soul that then can view  
    In heaven's dark dome, "the spot of blue."

Content to trust, content to trace,  
A Father's hand, a Father's face;  
    Whose hope can see from earth's cold sod,  
    The rainbow springing up to God;  
Whose soul can mark the expanding blue,  
That heavenly pure celestial hue,  
    And draw that sunshine from yon dome,  
    Which guides all wanderers back to home.

Angels Ever Near Us.

---

Angels around us? to the "open vision"

*Not quite so rare* as men have often thought;  
 They're clad in flesh—a Father's rich provision—  
 Not shadowy, vague, or winged; a myth, a naught;  
 Often we've marked them in our life's past  
     phases,

Have often basked beneath their precious light;  
 Not as pale glowworms in bewildering mazes,  
 But suns to guide us in the path of right.

Unroll the record of our early story,

Turn o'er the pages of our riper years,  
 Whether adorned with an unfading glory,  
 Or dimly seen throughout the mist of tears;  
 Angels *were near us*, mother's voice of music,  
 Father's rich counsel better far than gold,  
 Their love unselfish, all their care and struggle,  
 Much we remember—but, can half be told?

Sisters and brothers, all our gladsome meetings,  
 When hours but crept between us in the day;  
 Years now have sped, but oh, their earnest  
     greetings

Proves they were angels in life's changing way;  
 Ah, in those halls, where memory's echoes wander,  
 How few are hushed, how few are laid to sleep;  
 They are immortal, and we love to ponder  
 To catch their music from that mighty deep.

When love first flashed its ever blinding glory  
Across our pathway, strewn with gems and  
flowers,  
We bent our ears with rapture to the story,  
That angels dwelt on earth and might be ours.  
Rapt devotees before the shrine of beauty,  
With incense curling to the arching dome,  
An inspiration in each passing duty,  
A beacon light which points to Heaven, to home.

But not alone in life's first flush is beaming  
The angel faces, heard their thrilling voice;  
Where those strong ties whose golden bands are  
gleaming,  
Where wife and husband love, in mutual choice.  
This is the Eden which the Father gave us,  
No sword of flame prevents the open gate,  
Its greatest trials are but meant to save us,  
To bring that good which makes us truly great.

*There* dancing round us to celestial measure,  
The merry offspring, fruit of sacred law,  
Sent forth as flowers, to bloom for Father's  
pleasure,  
To scatter perfume, where the world hath woe;  
To aid the "Angels of the Churches" dwelling  
In tabernacles formed of common clay,  
Secure the triumph of the truth which swelling  
Makes man immortal, gives eternal day.



In every land where patriots, poets, sages,  
 Toil to exalt the future of our race,  
 Where art and science, without price or wages,  
 Seeks to refine, to elevate, and grace.  
 With every creed, where'er the earnest spirit  
 Pants for the right, *the best which they have known*,  
 Our God is with them, that they may inherit  
 And reap a harvest from the seed they've sown.

Then let us prize the "Angels ever round us,"  
 Their loving kindness, all their words of cheer,  
 The trials, feelings, hopes, and scenes which  
 bound us,  
 Give mutual right and sympathetic tear;  
 And if perchance a few have crossed before us,  
 That bridge which links eternity to time,  
 The path of right, will sure enough restore us,  
 Their rich affection in a better clime.

---

My Own.

---

It came like a dream of the midnight,  
 More vivid than day can give;  
 For it left an impression as lasting  
 As the life I have to live.  
 The day had been bright and sunny,  
 Each hour on its dial flew;  
 Nay, had they been twice as many  
 Her presence I only knew.

I caught the spirit of beauty,  
Her eyes with their lustrous gleam;  
And a voice as if softest music  
Was played in a midnight dream.  
A step like the Spring, whose presence,  
But wakes to a radiant life,  
The forces which nature keepeth  
Through silence for ever rife.

Her lips with their rosy fulness,  
As pure as the morning light,  
Were lit by a smile and dimpled,  
Which a laugh half veiled from sight,  
There was soul in its full expression,  
For Love had its dwelling there,  
That Love which is born in Heaven,  
On earth, is a treasure rare.

To-day in the storm and shadow,  
I watch for her angel face,  
For its glow is an inspiration—  
Finds ever its favored place.  
My heart hath its dream by daylight,  
Its thought when the stars outshine,  
That this sweet—this God sent treasure,  
I lovingly call, is mine.

Mine when my joy is trembling,  
Mine should a sorrow fall;  
Mine in the gladsome sunshine,  
Mine, she's my life, my all;

Linked through this strange probation,  
 Linked on the other side;  
 My dream, my real, my beauty,  
 My wife, my Eternal bride.

---

### The Grand Old Oak Tree.

---

"The age of a man shall be as the age of a tree"—*Bible*.

The stately oak of the peaceful vale,  
 Was once an acorn small,  
 Which fell from its stem with the wintry hail,  
 Unnoticed its silent fall.

But when springtime breathed o'er mother earth,  
 She hid in her glad embrace  
 That tiny seed, and its wondrous germ  
 Of life, with a smiling face.

Then south winds blew and the warm rains came  
 To cherish this trifling thing,  
 No gold, could purchase, no wealth inflame,  
 Earth's genius forth to bring.

Endowed with life from its fountain now,  
 And conditions—it thrives apace,  
 It grapples to earth with a shoot below,  
 And another springs on her face.

As the years flit by with sun and storm,  
 It lifts its royal head,  
 Fibre and root spread far, and form  
 Through earth's luxuriant bed.

Generations, Centuries, sweep along,  
 Uncounted thousands die,  
 While a summer's anthem and winter's song,  
 From the oak goes up on high.

It fills its mission, then ends its life,  
 Its glory a thing of pride,  
*Man* droops and dwindles, no field so rife,  
 Or with unfilled purpose tried.

Prophetic vision points out a day,  
 When wisdom from God shall shine,  
 And man as a tree shall in age display,  
 The power of a life divine.

---

### Blessed Are They That Mourn

---

How signally man's wisdom fails,  
 When sharp affliction bars his way;  
 How royally, the truth, prevails  
 When inspiration makes his day.

Dark is the night, and starless gloom,  
 Marks earth—mankind, in every stage,  
 Whether beside the open tomb,  
 Of babe beloved, or weary age.

Imagination's shadows glide,  
 They startle, curdling richest blood;  
 The pomp of life, its towering pride  
 Sighs vainly, stricken as it stood.

Oh, what a problem thou art—life;  
 What an enigma—death, art thou,  
 Save where when revelation, rife,  
 With glory gilds a darkened now.

Their lives the real of a holy trust,  
 A calm surrender to the powers above;  
 A cheerful sadness when we give to dust,  
 The forms we worshipped wildly in our love.

Waiting, ah waiting till we greet anew,  
 Beyond probation's narrow hour of pain;  
 Till resurrection shall again renew,  
 The tabernacle free from every pain.

“Blessed are they who mourn!” Yes, this is so—  
 “They shall be comforted,” in God's own way;  
 This is the promise, and its truth we know,—  
 By rich experience, in life's darkest day.

---

### Fireside Musings.

Written while in the Mission Field.

---

Musing by the fireside, crowding thoughts arise,  
 Gathering in like flood-tide, under sunny skies.

Thinking of the loved ones, far in Utah's vales,  
 Thinking of their sweet tones, and their pleasant  
 tales.

Thinking of the wee things, toddling all around,  
 Thinking if each day brings laughing music's sound.

Thinking ah, of distance, miles which lay between,  
Thinking what assistance, should I danger dream.

Thinking night and morning, noon and hours between;  
Thinking in the dawning, and 'mid starry sheen.

Thinking—not in doubting, that a care they miss,  
Thinking, there is pouting, lips for ready kiss.

Thinking, God reliant, when the work is done,  
Thinking—what a giant step to setting sun.

Thinking, steaming, railing, ah, 'twill pass away,  
Thinking,—once 'twas sailing, and the ox-teams' day.

Thinking—ever thinking, blessings guard from ill,  
Thinking—hope unshrinking, home will home be, still.

Thinking, Zion, dreaming, all of earth is thine,  
Thinking, God's love gleaming, heaven's best gift is mine.

---

### A Favorite's Birthday.

---

Oh, rolling time what pen can mark thy flight,  
As months, or years, or life itself goes by?  
A Birthday comes, is past, like dreams of night—  
We hardly count them till one more is nigh.

When budding youth, impatient, sees afar,  
 The opening gates of womanhood and dreams;  
 They nearer come, with or without a jar,  
 And glimpses 'yond, a Paradise there seems.

Love's landscape ever glows with heaven's own light,  
 And flowers bestrew the path we mean to gain;  
 Yet oft in clouds and darkness falls the night,  
 Or blossoms hide the thorn which gives us pain.

Yet who would dare to say, the sun goes down,  
 When all its brilliance lights our eager feet?  
 Who would of shadows tell, at grand high noon  
 Unless soul faints with unexpected heat?

Youth's fairy land is surely one of bliss,  
 A cynic he, who'd hint a thought of fear,  
 When warmth is on the cheek, and love's blest kiss  
 Gives wealth of sunshine in the face so dear.

Oh, swelling heart could'st let this birthday pass,  
 Without a dream, a thought, a wish, a gift?  
 Not when the soul doth as in mirror glass  
 The past, or bid the curtained future lift.

For birthdays merely point a paltry space  
 Of life or time, which never did begin;  
 And ne'er will end, how far so e'er we trace,  
 'Tis there, or here, or yonder, as we win.

God's great drop-curtain hides the record made,  
 It hides the future too, by His decree;  
 Else who would willing mark life's glories fade  
 Were memory not a blank, as yet to be?

If thought or effort could for thee give joy,  
 Or hold for years the sunshine on thy brow;  
 Thy voice of music hear in all employ  
 'Twould give to me Heaven's foretaste even now.  
 May rolling time bring you all bliss that's good,  
 May wife and mother, each, give you their crown,  
 A lovelit home, a husband understood,  
 Then with the best beyond the stars sit down.

---

### Looking Backward.

---

Weary and fretful, faint and sad  
 I turn mine eyes to Thine abode,  
 Surely (I say) Thy soul hath had  
 In life long past its trying load?  
 Or how could help be given to those,  
 Now struggling up life's stormy steep,  
 Hadst Thou not tasted all their woes  
 And had Thine eyes in sorrow weep?

So succour is within man's reach,  
 And sympathy is his, of right;  
 Could angels aught more simple teach  
 Or wisdom vast more truth indite?  
 'Tis fitting—worthy of that hand,  
 Which beckons Seraphs to its will,  
 Yet stoops to those in every land,  
 Whose broken hearts need healing still.



Compassion! Thou art all divine,  
 On earth, as in the Heavens above;  
 Thy lustre makes the holiest shine  
 In every face that's lit by love.  
 All Saviors are inspired of this,  
 It nerves them for each sacrifice;  
 Then fills them with that perfect bliss  
 Which blends two worlds in richest guise.

Grand as eternities can form,  
 Or embryotic as is earth;  
 This inspiration quells each storm,  
 And makes each teardrop tell its worth;  
 Oh, when transfused through human hearts,  
 When love's glad impulse thrills earth's sod  
 You'll find that Zion, all imparts,  
 For there's the Kingdom of our God.

---

*My Love, of Thee.*

---

When evening's twilight gathers round,  
 When every flower is hushed to rest;  
 When summer leaves breathe not a sound,  
 And every bird flies to its nest.  
 When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,  
 When stars are glittering far above;  
 When nature's self seeks sweet repose,  
 'Tis then I think of thee my love,  
 I think of thee, my love,  
 Oh, then I think of thee.

When day breaks o'er the mountain peaks,  
And each ravine in shadow lies;  
My soul to thee in thought still seeks,  
To link thee with the glad sunrise.  
So as the rosy hours flit by  
Thou art my life, my cooing dove,  
Oh, thou art dear, although not nigh,  
I ever think of thee my love,  
I think of thee my love,  
Oh, then I think of thee.

---

'Twould be a Change.

---

If thoughts were acts and words were deeds,  
A mighty change would greet the sun,  
Naught would there be in human needs,  
That could not be right fairly won.

There'd be that sympathy of soul,  
That word of cheer and friendly aid  
Which doth all circumstance control  
And re-creates the poorly made.

Self would retreat as if abashed,  
While each to each would be as friends,  
Till things which have for ages clashed  
Would harmonize as God intends

“One blood” what grandeur there is felt,  
Is kinship real and true indeed?  
Can brother for his brother melt  
In tears or joy as each may need?

Oh, golden age to come, roll on,  
Break up the rule of self and sin;  
Let Right and Truth now shine upon  
The stony hearts men bear within.

Then peace shall as the rivers roll,  
When rills have done their tiny part;  
And Love shall dominate the whole  
As soul fills soul and heart meets heart.

### Justice and Mercy One.

“Behold the law,” stern Justice spoke,  
“The culprit hath its precepts broke,  
And penalty must urge its claim,  
Or justice will itself defame.

“ ’Twas for transgressors surely made,  
None can defy, or yet evade;  
’Tis fine, imprisonment, beside—  
Was not the culprit fairly tried?”

“Well urged, and true,” said Mercy there,  
“My client knew not, and ’twere fair,  
That ignorance should plead in vain,  
But his intent should be most plain.

“For truth and right he hath been famed,  
And motive none have ever claimed,  
If Justice now will overlook”—  
He smiled, and Mercy closed the book.

---

“The Still Small Voice.”

---

’Tis not the dream of wealth or fame  
The hope to have a deathless name,  
Which prompts to toil or thought.  
There is not power in ruddy gold,  
Nor charm in being high enrolled—  
The man can not be bought.

His soul hath had far nobler things,  
To move its forces, stir its wings;  
And bid it soar on high.  
Perchance it was to point the way  
By which to shake earth’s clinging clay,  
Through whispering—“Brother, try.”

No startling thunder peal was used,  
No lightning’s flash its fires transfused  
To win a crushed sad heart.  
The “still small voice” as music fell,  
It touched and thrilled life’s deepest cell  
And woke without a smart.

It kindled brave resolve at last,  
 And stifled all the hated past  
     Which was not all 'twas deemed.  
 The torch was lit to guide the feet,  
 The path was shown to win a seat,  
     Thus was a soul redeemed.

“Go save yourself,” the world hath cried,  
 “Save others,” said the Crucified,  
     'Twas all that Calvary meant.  
 His followers choose that thorny way  
 Where fallen nature, lost, doth stray  
     They to the sick are sent.

Thus none but Saviors can be crowned,  
 None can be God's unless they're found  
     Worthy a throne, esteemed.  
 Upon Mount Zion these shall stand,  
 Whate'er their speech, or creed, or land,  
     Redeemer and Redeemed.

---

### A Love Story,

---

There's a place in my heart for thee, dear,  
     A nook where no tenant dwells;  
 It waits for its queen to-day, dear,  
     It lists for those magic bells  
 Which ring at the touch of Love, dear,  
     And peal in its deepest cells.

Thy lips can the signal give, dear,  
The word which is fraught with bliss,  
And thou hast the power to-day, dear,  
To whisper the word I miss;  
When Love responds to its own, dear,  
And seals with its fervent kiss.

Come lodge in this empty heart, dear,  
Come rest in its holiest shrine;  
Thine image is there to-day, dear,  
In thought thou art wholly mine;  
Response is the thing I long for,—  
Wilt say thou hast made me thine?

---

*My Reply.*

---

“What cheer?” Was the query pressed by a friend,  
Who looked at the surface, the outer life’s trend;  
“Is thy soul not dismayed, at the outlook to-day,  
As the network of circumstance brings thee to bay?

“Thy barns are not filled, nor is plenty laid by,  
Thy future hath little on which to rely;  
No gold in thy coffers, no silver in store,  
And thy draft on the bank would be spurned from  
its door.

“Thy years have not left thee in strength as of old,  
For thy toil has been ceaseless, thy trials untold,  
The needy hath never been turned from thy door,  
And thy purse-strings untied to the cry of the poor.

“Now empty, thou canst not impart or bestow,  
And no more may do this while dwelling below;  
Nay, thou all dependent, may charity crave,  
And die full indebted for casket and grave.

“Ah, well!” “I have riches that gold cannot buy,  
I have treasure laid up in the coffers on high;  
There those once befriended will welcome with zest,  
The once ardent toiler to infinite rest.

“The teardrop of sympathy there hath reward,  
A coin once bestowed heaven’s gate hath unbarred;  
‘The cup of cold water’ is turned into wine,  
And the crust of old earth into manna divine.

“Each warm word of counsel which grew into deed,  
A hand pressed in sorrow, a prayer when in need,  
Are inscribed by the pens of the angels above,  
An investment compounded in Ledgers of Love.

“Poor, ah no, never! Great riches are mine,  
With friends as unnumbered as stars ever shine;  
The trials of now, and the outlook, though bare,  
Brings triumph, and blessings, and life, over there.”

---

### Might versus Right.

---

If might made right, and right was might,  
And might prevailed o’er all the land;  
Life’s burthens would be strangely light,  
For man would feel no tyrant’s hand.

But might makes wrong, secure and strong,  
And Power is bought by chink of gold;  
Earth's toiling myriads, cringing, long  
That dawn by Prophets oft foretold.

'Tis climbing up the steeps of Time,  
While nations reel beneath the fray;  
As legions tramp to crush that crime,  
Which long hath made man's darkest day.

His sovereign rights, have stolen been,  
His soul and body slaved and bound;  
Yet Heaven and Truth hath ever seen  
Wrong slain, and Right triumphant found.

---

### Encouragement.

---

Lift up thine eyes my stricken soul,  
"Thy Maker is thy friend;"  
Thy vision canst not see the whole,  
*He* knows from end to end.

Life's curtain all the past shuts out,  
With every infant's cry;  
Again it falls or turns about,  
Where'er we droop or die.

No human lore hath looked beyond,  
Beginning, or its end;  
And wisest sages have not conned,  
This strange mysterious trend.



'Tis inspiration which unseals  
 Life's secrets, past—to come;  
 The wisdom of the God's reveals  
 Or human lips are dumb.

To those that fear Him, He is nigh,  
 He ope's the sacred seal;  
 Revealing kinship, tenderest tie  
 Father and child may feel.

Man is His offspring, and 'tis fit  
 That like Him, man should be,  
 By Birth and Law, and right to sit  
 'Mid Gods, eternally.

---

“Darling Nellie May.”

---

'Twas spring, and perfume filled the air,  
 From bud and leaf one gladsome day,  
 When to our home a stranger came,  
 A present from the far away,  
 She nameless was, we welcome gave  
 And called the darling—“Nellie May.”

Her mother's name was thus entwined  
 With flowers and sunshine—month of May;  
 Oh, how we loved that angel guest,  
 Who came from Heaven to gild life's day.  
 Perhaps, parental pride, too great,  
 Saluted, Darling Nellie May?

She grew in strength and winning grace,  
    Around our heart-strings wound her way;  
Her lustrous eyes and stately mein,  
    Suggested more than childhood's play,  
Though ne'er a dream or passing thought  
    Fore-shadowed loss of Nellie May.

Her gentle soul had goodness rare,  
    And love for flowers told memory's sway;  
Her teachers marked her, "Far too sweet,  
    To find on earth a lengthy stay;"  
'Twas thought a waif from Heaven had strayed,  
    Disguised as darling Nellie May.

When frost and snow had chilled the earth,  
    Our floweret drooped, was nipped one day;  
The angels whispered—"Loved one, come  
    To bloom beneath a sunnier ray,  
The tenderest plant can bloom up there;"  
    "All ready," smiled our Nellie May.

Oh, like a lightning stroke it fell,  
    E'en while the Priesthood knelt to pray;  
Death wrought unmoved by human tears,  
    As angels bore her far away:  
They only left the lifeless dust—  
    The idol form of Nellie May.

We crowned her casket white, with flowers,  
    The fragrant growth of earth's rude clay,  
She culls far richer flowers beyond,

'Neath bluer skies and warmer ray,  
'Mid friends of old, companions once,  
Before we named her Nellie May.

The flying years may heal the smart,  
And Faith may tell, "His will hath sway,"  
We'll greet beyond the gates of gold—  
Spend with our loved Eternal day,  
Forgetful of the loss now felt,  
When kissing there our Nellie May.

Upon the hillside laid to rest,  
Reposes that once precious clay;  
The angel's trump will wake again,  
As dawns the resurrection day,  
Combined to climb in loftier spheres,  
That babe and girl, Our Nellie May.

Each soul must pass alone, that path,  
(A shadowed valley, by the way)  
Except the right hath been its aim,  
Then angel guides soft music play,  
Till friends swing wide Heaven's massive gates  
To welcome all like Nellie May.

---

Storm from the Lake.

Beyond the sullen briny lake  
The storm king hath his place,  
Where mountain ranges hiding make,  
Each canyon prompts the race.

The desert feels that mighty force  
Upon its breast of sand,  
And from its sweep comes music hoarse  
A giant's voice and hand.

The dense salt sea is flecked with foam,  
Its rollers swell and break,  
Till miles afar, each farm and home  
Must taste that noisome lake.  
Across its waters Boreas leads  
His viewless host along  
All laden with the crystal beads,  
Of salt, with frenzied song.

Its oozy shores without a charm,  
A baleful smell throws out;  
The signal of a storm to harm  
Along the tempests route,  
The whistling hurrying legions fill  
The air, bids every crevice sing,  
The soaring poplars bend their will—  
The storm king makes them swing.

This doleful, dismal soughing wind,  
It saddens, chills the soul;  
'Tis as if those who sorely sinned  
Were lost or viewed the goal.  
A bitter fitful, sobbing sigh,  
A wintry tone at best,  
Across the great dead sea just by  
From stormy West, Southwest.

Yet when it turns its mad career,  
 When rain or snowflakes fall,  
 When its wild music on the ear  
 Hath lost its stormy call,  
 The earth refreshed awakes to life  
 And beauty all around,  
 So from this elemental strife  
 A blessing oft is found.

Is this not typical of more  
 Than wind and lake and salt?  
 Is man not led by trials sore  
 Full oft to call a halt?  
 From things unpleasant there may spring  
 The blessings we implore,  
 And saddened spirits thus may ring  
 With joy for ever more.

---

### *My Surest Trust*

---

Father Thou art my trust, my all,  
 To Thee in trials oft I call;  
 My voice is hushed to friend, to kin,  
 But Thy great heart hath room within.  
 So I Thine ear would supplicate,  
 Though dwelling in a low estate,  
 Nay, sinful, weak and erring, I  
 Still love Thy name, my God, most high.

I sing Thy praises, read Thy word,  
 My prayers, Thou Lord hast often heard,  
 And I Thy servants will sustain  
 Long as Thy Spirit I obtain.

Mercy from Thee I humbly claim,  
 Unworthy yet to bear Thy name,  
 As I to all this boon extend,  
 So do to me, my own best Friend.

When this life like a dream is past,  
 Give me a place near Thee at last;  
 Where Love and Truth and Life are one,  
 Within the Kingdom of Thy Son.

---

### The Painter and the Artist.

---

"I have used similitudes."—*Hosea, 12: 10.*

"To vindicate the ways of God to man."—*Milton.*

Within a lofty, spacious, airy room  
 A budding painter stood; his studio this—  
 The lattice opened wide, with trailing  
 Woodbine decked, whose pendant blossoms as they  
 Swayed, shed perfume far around.

Beneath his feet the beauteous landscape spread,  
 Which bounded was by distant towering hills,  
 Whose summits bathed themselves in amber light.  
 'Twas such a scene as Poets' passion  
 Crowns with ardent love!

The quivering air seemed instinct with  
A gorgeous jeweled life, as Summer's  
Incense rose from earth's broad altar to its  
Maker—God! Glad green verdure wrapped our  
Mother in its cool embrace, while flowers  
In rare luxuriance gemmed the verdant scene,  
The dancing rills, and babbling streams made varied  
Music, as each breeze but swelled or died!

And still—*The Painter*—stood:  
His outward gaze transfixed; his inward  
Soul adored the hand which fashioned,  
Painted, bid that glowing scene to be!  
Silent, earnest reverence, swelled within  
His heaving breast, bursting the bounds of earth's  
Grand temple, forced for itself a passage  
Straight, where beauty hath its dwelling place  
Within the palace of Creation's King!

The Painter turned to where his easel stood,  
The paraphernalia of his art around  
Was strewed, models of countless form which  
Erst had served to cultivate his taste  
And form incipient fame; pallets and  
Pencils, tools of every size and shape,  
Colors of every hue and tint as found  
In nature's broad domain, confusion seem'd  
To be, but purposed order reigned.

I marked his eye suffused, his form  
Was bent, his knitted brow, and step of baffled  
Power, the while with restless tread, he seem'd  
To spurn those schoolboy aids, as trifling toys,

For all his labors past—had failed to write  
On fame's grand muster-roll his humble name.

The Painter turned again, but how transformed,  
For inspiration newly drawn from nature's living  
Fount had laved his wrinkled brow, the fire  
Of genius lit his steadfast eye, his step  
Elastic might have walked the wind!

*An Artist now*, with compressed lips  
Denoting purpose doomed to be fulfilled;  
Upon the canvass, immortality to win!

He grasped the pencil and his grand ideal  
Soon in prophetic outline dimly gleamed,  
The wondrous work commenced, while idle  
Gazers laughed to scorn his simple means  
And deemed the man was mad!

The hours and days, nay years,  
Swift rolled along, till gradual, patient  
Toil, evoked from crude material  
Startling forms of beauty, grace majestic  
Such as undeveloped mortal hath not dreamt,  
For *soul* was there, each as if breathed, and from  
The fabric fain would start to walk 'mongst men  
As Gods!

What varied tints and shades this wondrous art  
Hath given to life! Here,—dark and glossy  
As a raven's wing; there,—as with pencil  
Dipped in golden light; here,—imperial purple;  
Nigh and 'yond,—cerulean blue; here,—like  
The ruby's flash, and there the emerald's green,  
With countless intermediate hues



In grade and lustre, such as best befits  
The loving Artist's soul !

The picture thus transferred from active mind  
To outward show, now claims intense regard  
And special care, the Artist's highest skill  
And power; a slight touch here, there a darker  
Shade, with general blending where the colors  
Join, 'till none so keen can say, where this begins  
Or that doth end;—this softening, toning down  
Bespokes the master-hand; o'er all he throws  
The surface glaze, which hardening seems to bid  
Defiance to old 'Times' corroding touch!  
Upon the canvass now complete, behold  
The work, its subtle power and beauty  
Men in unborn time shall sway, 'tis instinct  
With a life's divine ideal, one only born of influx  
From the fount of inspiration's vast  
Creative skill,—millions shall gaze, and worship  
As they weep, 'till centuries pile their ever  
Ponderous weight, crumbling Arts' proudest  
triumphs

In the dust, sweeping the idol and the hosts who  
Bowed, then worshipped where glad eternities  
Unveil the only real of man's *ideal*, the substance  
Of the shade, 'mid light for evermore.

Such is the secret of our common life!  
That power which poised the planets in their orbs,  
Those central suns of systems, grand, sublime;  
Who formed the myriad moons, or satellites  
Which circle there; prescribed the erratic

Course of comets through the ether fields of space  
And the majestic universe designed,  
Hath deigned to look on man!

He, on the fabric of the human soul  
His outline forms, guards from the cradle with  
A jealous care each individual one;  
In every providence of fourscore years,  
His hand distinct we trace; the lights and shadows  
Of the weary years are his; in suffering  
Forming darkest lines, and in prosperity  
The lines of light; in every phase and change,  
Through all combined,—His ideal grows apace!

The Master Artist on life's pallet blends  
Each circumstance and color, here repressing;  
There,—an exaltation gives, and varied shades  
Of character creates, develops good;  
And real evil curbs by just and wise device  
Of friends, associates, teachers, rulers,  
Social joys and precious gifts.

O'er all He throws the rich deep glow of pure  
Religion's mellow light, thus wisely blends life's  
Coloring, rounds the angles o'er, and grace  
Imparts, 'till by its searching power it rules,  
Preserves, and in the lapse of ages, will,  
Secure the consummation of the grand design,  
To form a man, to be a son, an heir,  
And thus develop—Gods!

For this creation is; for this each rounded  
Orb, first formed, then tried, then proved,  
And purified when ruled, controlled by highest law.

For this—the eagle soars, and sparrows twitter  
On the eaves; for this—bright flowerets bloom,  
The precious grains, and luscious fruits abound!

For this—the sparkling fountain showers  
Its crystal drops, the rills and rivers run  
Their ordered course; for this the seas exist  
And glistening waves are broke on every strand.

For this—all elements combine, and myriad  
Forms and grades of life are found, each in their  
Sphere to minister to man, below the angels  
Formed; yet destined to be crowned  
With glory, honor, immortality  
And power of endless lives!

The frivolous dreams of men are dross to this,  
Their aims are sordid all, their lives misspent.  
Ours may it ever be by passive mood,  
Or active aid, to win this higher stand,  
The platform raised by—Gods—for fallen man,  
For man and Gods! Thus—righteous progress  
Pioneers the path to happiness and bliss!

---

### A Sabbath Song.

---

Throughout these mountains, Father, we  
In groups this day appear,  
And all our Sabbath schools, agree  
To praise and pray and hear.

Their songs are sweet to all our hearts,  
They pleasant are to Thee,  
Thy spirit oft through them imparts,  
Glad thoughts from harmony.

And children are Thy special care,  
Where'er on earth they dwell,  
Though greater blessings here they share,  
For Zion must excel.

God is her light, her teachers He  
Inspires with words of truth,  
And their reward is when they see  
The progress of the youth.

God bless our schools, forever bless,  
O'er them Thy spirit throw,  
And may our lives for e'er express,  
The gratitude they owe.

---

### *My Loved Last Boy.*

---

I see him still, athwart the years,  
A tireless lad—a child indeed;  
He scarce was three, yet smiles and tears  
Across his fresh and rosy face,  
Each other chased at startling pace,  
A happy mood, or scolding fears,  
Though oft he played he did not heed.

His hat thrown back (a rough old thing)  
 Held by his curls of golden hue;  
 I see him ride an unmarked ring,  
     His horse a willow from the wood,  
     And whip, no whalebone half so good.  
 Oh, miles, each day, he'd kick and cling,  
     Till tired and worn to bed he flew.

He had his pets, too, (rosy boy)  
     His pigeons, ducks and chickens frail,  
 Scarce out the shell, 'twas his employ  
     To wrap in flannel by the fire,  
     To feed and watch, to never tire,  
 If sad mishap, 'twould damp his joy;  
     A little grave, his thrice-told tale.

His tiny spade prepared the spot—  
     Beneath the trees for so-called rest;  
 'Twas once "a wabbit," said the tot,  
     And then a kitten died one day  
     That he interred in earnest way;  
 When spring brought flowers, he ne'er forgot,  
     To strew the little mounds, love pressed.

Full soon he tired of skirts and curls,  
     To "be a man"—supremest bliss;  
 In overalls one day he whirls,  
     His eyes aflame and cheeks aglow  
     "Now Ma, I'll work for you I know,  
 My skirts you give to yon poor girls,  
     And you shall have my sweetest kiss."

No coaxing since had power to change  
His blank refusal, sobs and tears,  
Although his capers told how strange  
His pants and jacket, cap and tie,  
Made sunny face, 'neath laughing eye,  
The break from childhood's happy range  
In widening thought of youth appears.

What seer hath skill to read the scroll,  
The future of this life begun?  
The aspirations of a soul,  
The weal or woe, if short or long,  
A dirge or rapt and thrilling song;  
Its harmony and rounded whole  
'Neath clouds or storms or radiant sun?

Will child-blessed life upon the farm,  
Be envied as the years roll by?  
Will dreams of pets and graves disarm,  
Temptations force in wider sphere  
And be a check when sin is near?  
I am no Prophet; hopes are warm;  
My query 'tis, my prayer, my cry.

---

### Christmas Carols.

---

As through the bleak and stormy streets,  
I hear the carols ebb and flow;  
There's music in the tramp of feet,  
And crackling of the frozen snow.

There's music in the gusts of wind,  
 In passing shower of rattling hail,  
 All music, but 'tis winter's kind,  
 And all unwished its nipping gale.

Yet none so poor, but feels a thrill,  
 Of gladness on old Christmas eve;  
 As chimes the carol song—"Good will,  
 To man." If he the Christ receive.

'Twas Gospel light, 'twas Love divine,  
 Which gave that message from on high,  
 The angels bid two worlds combine,  
 The Savior's work to glorify.

From all the ills of life, that song  
 Will point the way to Heavenly bliss,  
 To prove in trial man made strong,  
 To find in all a Father's kiss.

---

### The Light of Truth.

---

No light hath lit this nether world,  
 Like Truth whose brilliant rays,  
 Down from his throne hath darkness hurled,  
 'Mid satraps wild amaze.

No flag unfurled was ever seen  
 So white and fair to view,  
 There's nought can soil its dazzling sheen,  
 'Tis always—ever new!

Though human souls have oft preferred  
    'Mid darkness, dwelling place,  
Or following *ignis fatuus* erred,  
    And fallen in life's race.

Nay, far too oft the crimson flag  
    Hath led earth's hosts along,  
A flaunting, bloody, dripping rag,  
    Sustained by bacchantes' song,

No God, no brotherhood in this,  
    No conquest worth its cost,  
Both war and superstition miss  
    The prize, 'tis ever lost.

But they who live 'neath sunlit skies,  
    Illumined by the Truth,  
Will form the race which never dies,  
    Theirs is perennial youth.

And their white flag will float for e'er,  
    No more shall it be furled,  
The token pure as heaven can share,  
    Or give a ransomed world.

---

### Not-Quite Despondent.

---

Forsaken? Well, it looks that way,  
    I ask, and ask, and ask again,  
But yet expectancy doth say,  
    It is not, cannot be in vain.



And then I turn'd again in prayer,  
Yes, any time and any where.

I have not asked for wealth or fame,  
Or sighed for power or place, in pride,  
Nor have I wished a mighty name,  
Among the great and deified;  
These have I counted naught, at best,  
By men unworthy oft possessed.

I've had ambition, none the less,  
Have wanted love and friendship true;  
Have wished to heal by Truth's caress  
Or burning words would joy renew;  
The poor to bless, the tear to dry,  
And check the force of sorrow's sigh.

Have wished to live in some few hearts,  
For doing good by word or deed;  
To taste the bliss which this imparts  
Or have returns if I should need;  
To take or give, or give and take  
For Love Divine, and Christ's dear sake.

Then why should Heaven deny my quest  
Since I for self have made no plea,  
If what I asked, was not the best,  
Which human wisdom failed to see,  
I only ask for patience, grace  
To trust the hand, I failed to trace.

*In Darkness—Light.*

---

When inspiration fills the soul,  
How light sits earthly sorrow,  
For waves doth o'er him conscious roll,  
Which bids him wait the morrow.

Day follows night in mental range,  
'Tis night precedes the morning;  
E'en spirit moods recur and change  
Almost without a warning.

But sunshine is the law of life,  
At least if thought would ponder;  
That rule divine is ever rife,  
Howe'er weak man may wonder.

His line of vision (small at best)  
But scans "a wee sma'" fraction,  
God knows the whole, and so doth rest,  
'Mid man's intensest action.

Could he but see as Father sees,  
Faith would be lost in knowing;  
Nor need that he on bended knee,  
Should seek the power bestowing.

So on a dark or twilight path,  
Man's future oft is hidden,  
That he might seek and find by faith,  
The hand to sight forbidden.

The Omnipresent One!

---

"If I make my bed in hell, Thou art there."—*Psalms.*

When 'mid life's battle fiercest conflict rages,  
 When with its shock we reel and totter most,  
 When its maddening fury every power engages,  
 As foe to foe, or legioned host to host,  
 Then Thou art there!

When by temptation's heaviest forces pressing,  
 When our defense seems puerile, weak and faint,  
 When its play weakens, or in smiles caressing,  
 And each would cry, "'Tis hard to be a saint!"  
 Then Thou art there!

When 'mid the darkness, groping, feeling onward,  
 When roars a tempest and the breakers roll,  
 When all seems lost as oft the faint one pondered,  
 Hope hardly left to a despairing soul,  
 Then Thou art there!

Then by Thy spirit, calm and peaceful pleading,  
 Then by Thy servants as by angel bands,  
 Then by Thy word, its soothing, gladsome reading,  
 Oft is salvation sent to waiting hands,  
 Then Thou art there!

There, oh, how precious is this truth beholding,  
 There Thou to mortals lend a listening ear,  
 This on the earth is heaven's rich unfolding,  
 For all thy children know that Thou art near,  
 Then Thou art there!

### The Babe Went

---

A moment here, that's all, and yet,  
What history linked by that arrival?  
The past! What thoughts this doth beget,  
What might have been in her survival?  
But queries thick as snowflakes are,  
They come and go 'yond computation,  
We only know that from afar,  
Her visit had God's approbation,  
And we, unmurmuring yet shall know,  
And have the babe, we loved below.

---

### Death versus Life.

---

There's a dirge in the air,  
There are sighs from the heart,  
There are tones of despair,  
Which the stoutest may start.  
  
For death unexpected,  
Hath summoned the best;  
All hearts are dejected  
Aud mourning's the test.  
  
'Neath the shadows of loss  
There is sorrow and tears,  
And the weight of that cross  
May be carried for years.

There is triumph above,  
That is welcome I hear,  
'Tis the music of Love  
In a happier sphere.

All the watchers were out  
For the comer that day,  
And the welcoming shout  
Filled the shadowy way.

Reunion at last  
And a rest that was sweet,  
A reward for the past  
Of the travel-stained feet.

---

### The Coming Man!

---

"Ah," said a gentleman to me in conversation,  
"What we want is a *Man*, we need a *Man*!"

Not in the pomp and trappings of war,  
Not as a crowned head,  
To battle for dynasty's waning star,  
Where the thundering legions tread.  
Not to the music of groans untold,  
Not to the cannon's roar,  
And glistening bayonets bought and sold,  
O'er the shrine of this Moloch—war!

Not by diplomacy, craft or clan,  
Not by conventions named,  
Unknown to the world is the coming man,  
Nor will he by them be claimed;

Unknown to philosophy, science, and schools,  
Unknown to that motley throng,  
Who dream they are wise, but are really fools  
Who have ruled the world too long.

Politicians and priests of every grade,  
Grown fat with the spoils of power;  
Your reign is short and the grave now made,  
To hide in the downfall sure!  
Disunion, strife and confusion reigns,  
The fruits of your godless clan,  
And the people groan, as each nation wanes,  
And prays for "the coming man."

Now mark, he comes and his giant tread,  
Is the knell of each tyrant's doom;  
For the right shall rule, when this royal head,  
Shall sweep from the earth its gloom!  
A kingdom grows from this nucleus here—  
A kingdom by God began,  
And the world shall bow, as the saints do now,  
To Jesus, "The Coming Man!"

---

### Then and Now.

---

How many a moon hath waxed and waned,  
How many a year hath swept around,  
Since a few pilgrims travel-stained,  
Where now this City stands, were found.

They o'er the desert plains had passed,  
 Had reached this valley, thought it fair,  
 Although they felt they were at last,  
 "A thousand miles from anywhere."

A thousand miles from human aid,  
 A thousand miles from white man's home:  
 They had by him been robbed, betrayed,  
 And forced an unmarked land to roam.

No books, no schools or papers here,  
 No telegraph or daily mail,  
 No railroad did with whistle cheer—  
 The thousand miles was but a trail.

But dauntless men led on that host,  
 Progressive men and men of thought,  
 Though destitute of food almost,  
 A nation's corner stones they brought.

They laid them deep and firm as e'er  
 The mountains which engirt them round,  
 And now in lands afar and near,  
 The work those pilgrims wrought hath sound.

We call them Pioneers—'tis true,  
 They were in all that makes a State;  
 The schoolhouse rose, the press it grew,  
 The church and sabbath did not wait.

God prospered them and blessed their hand,  
 But for this fact they would have failed,  
 And perished, on the desert sand,  
 But with it brave hearts never quailed.

And now gaze on the pictured scene,  
Our central city, loved and fair,  
With pleasant homes and farms between  
The nestling towns of Utah rare.

The railroad binds us to the east,  
Its lines grasp firm the glowing west,  
By spanning wires this world at least,  
In Utah finds a welcome rest.

With breakfast we receive from far  
The countless items of mankind,  
With setting sun and evening star,  
In daily circuit still we find.

Change—what a mighty, mighty change—  
Undreamt by those of early times,  
And there will come a grander range,  
E'er sixty more years ring their chimes.

We may not see that crowding host,  
Who shall these valleys fill that day,  
But they will not forget to boast  
Of those who pioneered the way.

And when the seasons come around,  
With gift and gladsome wish to them,  
May truthful manhood more abound,  
The tide of self and pride to stem.

So shall this mountain nation be  
To all the world a shining light,  
Its press a force from sea to sea,  
Its aim for God and man and right.



Strong arms shall wrest each sterile waste,  
 Their silence give to bud and fruit,  
 And life shall swell with tropic haste,  
 To song of bird and sound of lute.

Oh land how blest,—oh manhood crowned,  
 Blessings of earth and heaven entwined,  
 God and his Priesthood here hath found  
 Room for a Paradise enshrined.

---

Blessed are the Dead.

---

Triumphant let our songs ascend,  
 Loud let the pean swell,  
 And bid the rushing thoughts to blend,  
 Or in soft cadence tell,  
 How one hath soared from earth and time,  
 To join the blest in happier clime.

Let music soft be fraught with peace,  
 And mingle with the strain,  
 Which thrills above at each release  
 From trial, death and pain,  
 An echo from yon choir sublime,  
 Repeated on the slopes of time.

No gloomy thought belongs to saints,  
 No chill on sight of death,  
 'Tis but the darkened soul which faints,  
 When friends give up their breath,

'Tis revelation lights the soul,  
And makes of life a rounded whole.

Lift high your heads, oh Israel, now,  
Arouse each stricken heart,  
And to the Father's purpose bow,  
E'en when the teardrops start,  
He will restore the faithful dead,  
And bid them live in Christ their head.

All hail the resurrection's morn,  
All hail each bursting grave;  
What countless hosts will then be born—  
From every land and wave;  
This is Thy triumph, Father, we  
A welcome wish from friends and Thee.

---

### New Years' Midnight Musings.

---

I'm a lover of books, I read the lists,  
As they come to my table day by day;  
I note the titles, I mark the price,  
And dream of the contents far away;  
In cloth, morocco, or calf, 'tis said  
They're covered to please each fancy found;  
Gilt-edged, or colored, uncut at times,  
This literature—the world around.

A taking title may catch the eye,  
 Or its illustrations may win the thought,  
 Some deft review, from *the issuing house*,  
 Compels desire, 'till the book is bought.  
 Oh, oft misled by a trick of trade  
 An author's whim, or a poor pretense,  
 But spite of all, we are curious yet,  
 And "ads" *ad libitum* are defense.

'Twas years ago, our vision fell,  
 On a volume issued by Father Time,  
 We'd waited for it a few brief days,  
 It came at last with the midnight's chime.  
 Hope thought it bound in the richest style,  
 Nay fondly claimed it a gilt-edged tome;  
 Its *non-de-plume*, was, "A Glad New Year,"  
 Which welcome found in a love-lit home.

Page after page, we have cut and turned,  
 Conned preface and headings of chapters there;  
 To-day hath closed the volume now read,  
 "Finis" is written, perchance for e'er.  
 In memory's columns the contents stand,  
 Changes, experience, what a whole.  
 Written by Providence, chequered, strange,  
 And countersigned by a human soul.

Errors and lapses, and letters turned,  
 Nay, blurred all through with the ink supplied.  
 Paper was poor, or the proof unread,  
 The Press in issue, not once belied.

The volumed year from the earth hath passed,  
By predecessors there still was room;  
Recorded life of the years gone past  
For judgment shelved till the day of doom.

The clock strikes twelve, as the volume flies,  
I see in its stead, there's a new one placed,  
Labeled and bound with its leaves uncut,  
The date alone on its cover found.  
Father, thine aid, I would ask in faith,  
A better record to write, this year,  
Unmarred its pages by aught of sin,  
Or soiled by needed repentant tear.

Edition *de Luxe*, let this one be—  
One Worthy the Master's praise at the last;  
Printed and bound and gilded by love,  
And comprehension of life most vast.  
Thou, Father, shall have the praise, while I,  
Thy humble worker, will ever tell,  
That books which can bear Thine imprint will  
The best of man's handiwork excel.

---

### The Passing Day.

---

Evening's shadows tell the story,  
One more day hath joined the past;  
Mingled with the ages hoary,  
All had first-day, will have last.

What the record made or written,  
Human wisdom can't decide;  
Many a soul deemed Heaven smitten,  
Finds its crown—the other side.

Men in judgment, mark each weakness,  
Oft condemn through feeble sight;  
God knows all the heart—its meekness,  
And His wisdom finds the right.

Keen the verdict earth will render,  
Many a broken heart doth turn,  
Faith, trusts Father's love more tender,  
Patient waits the truth to learn.

This the secret, mid life's sorrow,  
When a dark cloud veils the sun,  
Past probation, there's a morrow  
God's and angels say, Well done.

---

*First Day of the Year.*

---

Softly the twilight gathers  
The curtains of evening fall,  
The sun hath gone down in splendor,  
And crimsoned the mountains tall;  
His train had the western heavens,  
Illumed with a rosy glow,  
As if 'twere a benediction  
That the God's above would show.

The day had been ideal,  
    One such as the poets love,  
As sweet as if April's angel,  
    Had lured it from above.  
Strange, for the season's greeting,  
    The first of the opening year,  
Suggestive, or full of promise,  
    A welcome without a tear.

In the air was a Sabbath spirit,  
    The spirit of calm and peace,  
Care had its pinions folded,  
    Had given the world release;  
As rare as are angels visits,  
    Perhaps they were hovering nigh  
Unseen to the common senses,  
    But felt by a keener tie.

The earth wore a snow-white mantle,  
    From valley to mountain peaks,  
Which sun-kissed wept and melted,  
    As 'twere when the spring first speaks.  
I hailed the day at its dawning,  
    I loved it as on it flew,  
And its evening shadows filled me,  
    With dreams that may yet come true.

'Twas an omen of good most surely,  
    A portent of happier times,  
For the poor—the toiling millions  
    Who greeted the New Year's chimes.

Work is the needed blessing  
 And pay when 'tis earned at last,  
 That the smiling wife and children  
 May forget the fearful past.

For surely the morning dawneth  
 The break of the day is nigh,  
 I hail it while this day's shadows  
 Creep over the starlit sky.  
 When this year's curtain falleth  
 If the Christ has not appeared  
 'Tis that much nearer surely—  
 So the waiting soul is cheerd.

---

### Congregational.

---

Humbly within these sacred walls,  
 Oh, Lord we come to Thee,  
 Our sins and follies oft appalls,  
 But Thou hast made us free.

Thy Gospel Thou hast well restored,  
 Thy mercy is our stay,  
 While we Thy blessings have implored,  
 In Thine appointed way.

Conscious of sin, could we do less,  
 Than in repentance bend,  
 Thou in our faith didst truly bless  
 And proved Thyself our friend.

Thy spirit 'neath Thy servants' hands  
We tasted—longed for more,  
Then fell from us our alien bands,  
Adopted, evermore.

Thy love hath been our life, our hope,  
Thy Son, our Savior seen,  
Thy spirit gives us strength to cope,  
When foes oft intervene.

For all these mercies, Father, now  
Our lives we consecrate,  
That in Thy kingdom we may bow,  
And humbly work or wait.

Content to know that Thou art good,  
Though foolish children we,  
Teach us Thy truths which understood,  
Will save eternally.

---

### Memorial Day.

---

Yes, memory hath its ample round,  
Its circles wide to sweep or scan,  
And no one day the thought can bound—  
This little life of weary man.

What heart but hath a record graved,  
Its loved that lived, then passed away?  
And bitter tears have ever laved,  
Those shores where breaks eternal day.



'Tis not to times of feud confined;  
 'Tis not alone from battle field;  
 That precious dust in earth is shrined,  
 Which sad perennial memories yield.

'Tis father, mother, daughter, son,  
 'Tis wife or husband, friend, nay more,  
 And one by one the race is run,  
 The goal, yon distant unknown shore.

Bring flowers? Yes, for blue or gray,  
 Each died to save a nation's life;  
 Then on this one "Memorial Day,"  
 'Neath wreaths of perfume hide the strife.

But flowers we bring for all our dead,  
 Tokens of love and hope aflame,  
 So when within our narrow bed,  
 Will some not think and act the same?

Not that the dead care aught for this,  
 That spirits grieve an unmarked grave;  
 They know Omnipotence will kiss  
 To resurrection every slave.

Though laid away 'mid wintry snows  
 Or fanned by summer's sweetest breath,  
 Where deserts spread or ocean throws  
 Its crested waves, men call it death.

Yet death and life are met at once,  
 We, garland sadly earthly rest,  
 But angels give as quick response  
 And garland life without unrest.

Peace to the dead; our hearts and hands  
Forget their faults and strew with bloom,  
While heaven and all its angel bands  
In love forget beyond the tomb.

---

### Our Country's Flag.

---

Shake out the starry folds unrent,  
What power can bid our flag be furled,  
It spans a glorious Continent,  
And will be stretched to wrap the world.

---

### A Twilight Reverie.

---

'Twas Sabbath eve,  
The Indian's summer haze hung all around,  
The mountains slopes were veiled, save where they  
melted  
To the shadowed plain, yet far, oh, far away,  
Beyond, above the mists, in Titan greatness  
Rose the snow-capped, burnished mountain heads,  
Now crimson-tinted by the burning sunset's fires;  
For ruddy Sol was lost to lower lands, his kiss  
Was on the broad Pacific, nay his stealthy  
Course was to the Orient bent, while nearer home  
'Twas as if some old priest of Baal; or devotee  
Of Zoroaster had just lit their signal fires  
On high, for sacrificial rite.

Serene and placid stretched the vistaed streets,  
 In wordless way proclaimed, man's hour of prayer;  
     A higher type of worship  
 Than Egyptians ever knew, or ever claimed,  
 Or Pagan priest had dreamt, or had revealed.

The peace of God—the Christian's God, there  
 seemed  
 To brood and rest, e'en nature dozed, was half asleep;  
 The leaves had colored, fallen, whirled about,  
 (The summer leaves of every dormant bough)  
 While earth, all carpet-strewn, was perfumed by  
 decay

Though not a breath then quivered or disturbed;  
 A hasty passing foot—a zephyr circling  
 Might make rustling music, then 'twas rest again.  
 Silence oppressive seemed, but yet 'twas noways sad,  
 It was the calm of peace, a benison indeed.  
 E'en haste would have obtrusive been, unwelcome,  
 Out of place, a discord in the mood, at least.

The laughter of a child, the ringing voice  
 Of happy youth, for years enjoyed and loved  
 Had surely jarred, if far or nigh at hand,  
 As on the city streets, the twilight softly fell.

If far the eye had ranged, from hidden furnace  
 Fires which ne'er a Sabbath knew, smoke dense as  
 night,

In strange wild contrast, poured the black clouds out,  
 As canyon breezes swept them o'er a landscape  
 Lost to sight, yet, oh, familiar, long ere toil  
 From out the hills, or mountain depths had forced,

The shining ores, and bid their fumes destroy proud  
Nature's beauteous livery of green.

'Twas not the mood or wish to look afar,  
To nearer scenes and things, heart turned again,  
The trees, if near denuded, had no voice,  
No bird deigned trill or song, or flitted by  
To meet for "good night" summer's mate, or later  
brood.

Yet hith, as if from spheres beyond, comes music  
Sifting through the air, it swells and dies, anon  
There strikes responsive on the soul, a sacred song,  
A song of Zion, born of inspiration's  
Power, and wed to music but the echo  
Of a glorious past, half reproduced on earth;  
A thrilling strain withal, "The Fatherhood of God."

I neared the sacred place, a moment just too late  
To catch the purport full, while memory had  
The whole.

Oh, what a sacred hush was there,  
As priestly hands were lifted to the heavens,  
While hearts responsive bowed, then said "Amen."

The electric lights flashed out, suggestive lit  
The patriarchal head, grown gray in service  
Of his Lord, by power divine his weary limbs  
Had found new life, as rose the earnest simple  
prayer

His ears more ready seemed, to list the given  
Sacramental form, and from the bread and cup  
He gathered grace to help in every time  
Of present—ah, of future need.

Triumphant then  
Again the organ pealed, while consecrated  
Hearts united sang—

“Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation,  
No longer as strangers on earth need we roam;”

Our God was there, there, His Spirit witness bore  
Alike to old and young; mothers, matrons smiled  
Their ready thanks, as tears fell down like summer’s  
Glad refreshing rain; maidens and stalwart youth  
Sensed well the Spirit’s power, and in “the mouths  
Of babes and sucklings, lisped perfected praise.”

For there “the man of God” discoursed at length  
In counsel, warning, stern rebuke, yet loving  
Words of potent force; by strength divine he filled  
His role, a messenger indeed of God and Christ.

When Amen came, ’twas all too short; though  
Hungry souls were fed and filled.

A *Jubilate* rested  
Mental strain, and benediction fell as dew;  
Retired in peace, communion had with Heaven  
Gave to life new zest, and strong resolve to brave  
The ills of daily toil, temptation’s siren voice,  
And bade the powers of evil stand aside,  
Thus live to be “a Saint,” endorsed of Heaven,  
Nay, sure to gain a crown if “faithful to the end.”

The groups, subdued and reverent passed outside,  
A whispered greeting, comment best expressed  
How deep the feelings had been touched; for e’en  
The children had no boisterous mood, they too,  
Were charmed to peace.

The moon was rising o'er the eastern hills,  
The stars were out, the mists had cleared away,  
'Twas Sabbath still—the Sabbath of the heart,  
And prayer untrammelled, free the Heavens sought,  
All blessed the day the Gospel came, and sacred rite  
To yonder sea-girt isle, and distant Fatherland.

Still more, that Love divine there faith instilled  
To prove the Truth, to taste its sweet and precious  
joy;

To know its power, then gather far from native soil  
To live with those, who out from every land have  
Reached these vales, and wrought by Heaven's  
Aid to build that Zion long by Prophets seen,  
To trust the Shepherd's voice, or in God's Holy  
house

To work for those in flesh, or for the silent dead.  
This is the work for praise; it calls for patience too;  
But He is good, He lives, and gives His people  
strength,

To Him be Praise, Dominion, Power for evermore.

These precious thoughts in many a loving home  
Found soil luxuriant, ready, waiting hearts.

They bless the Sabbath day, its heavenly calm,  
Its peaceful rest, and words inspired to lift  
Earth's load of care; creating happier homes  
Which richer makes the world, and builds the  
Kingdom

Of these glorious Latter-days.

Praise God, Praise, God!

*The Butterfly.*

---

One summer's day, a child at play,  
 Looked up and saw a butterfly;  
 Its lustrous wings in spots and rings  
 And colored stripes had caught his eye.

Its life seemed gay that summer day,  
 Now up, now down, or out and in,  
 It lit awhile, provoked my smile,  
 When Leslie tried the prize to win.

He missed it, fell, and gave a yell,  
 Away it flew on airy wing;  
 It met a mate, escaped the fate,  
 Decreed upon the fluttering thing.

But round and round again it found,  
 A flower perfumed to suit its taste,  
 Then came the boy with feverish joy,  
 His face aglow with earnest haste.

Elusive still, it soared at will,  
 Then lingered on the willing grass;  
 An insect's life, devoid of strife,  
 If enemies, they let it pass.

There came a rush with heightened flush  
 Down on it fell the ardent lad;  
 His cap had caught the fragile mote  
 But crushed and marred, it was too bad.



A laugh at first, a cry then burst,  
The prize was now not worth the cost;  
The dream was o'er, 'twould fly no more,  
One wing was broke the other lost.

Its life in bliss, man may not miss,  
Or even know its work or part;  
To one above, the God of Love,  
It had a value to His heart.

And all may know as this doth show,  
Too eager, oft we lost the prize,  
'Tis wasted, lost, whate'er the cost,  
Aim misdirected fails and dies.

---

### My Little Story.

---

"Come under my pladdie," a brave lad did say,  
In the rich brogue of Scotland, now far, far away;  
It smacked of the heather and blue bells I ween,  
Tho' learned on the Clyde from a motherly queen.

"Come under my pladdie," in more tender tone,  
In fear, as if worship were too rudely shown;  
"I'll love thee for e'er, with heart earnest and true,  
As staunch as our mountains, as fresh as their dew.

"'Tis but little I have, but my strong willing arm,  
Will respond to my heart to keep Jeannie from harm,  
For she's sweet as the day-dawn, and in her bright  
eye,  
There is wealth for the loving, for her I would die."



Shy Jeannie down looked, but she colored all o'er,  
From the crown of her head to her heels on the floor,  
"Oh Robin, I'll trust you, you're steady and kind,  
To your old trembling mother, I often had mind."

See flew to his arms, like the bird to the bush,  
Yet both there were silent, 'mid love's holy hush;  
And the days flitted past without cloud in their sky;  
If Robin was proud, his loved Jeannie was shy.

The minister married them, blessed them and all  
Who knew them, said "good things" should ever  
    befall,

The twain who together had started life's race  
As a prelude to bliss, in the Kingdom of grace.

In loved sacrifice, as the years rolled around,  
At their table a few "olive branches" were found;  
Brave lads and stout lassies, the pride of a home,  
From which no temptation could lure them to roam.

"Come under my pladdie," meant bairns then and  
    wife,

'Twas a word of the household in every day life,  
And when to full manhood the boys grew apace,  
They wooed as their father, and near the old place.

The girls grew in virtue, were clever and bright—  
Heaven's sun threw around them its glorious light,  
Yet they when a suitor was anxious to wed

"Come under my pladdie," was all that was said.

They never were rich, seeing toil was their task,  
But they'd treasures undreamed of when Rob first  
did ask;

These valleys bear witness, their lives had no stain,  
The whole world was richer for Robin and Jean.

They are tottering now, but the twain are content,  
They wait full of faith, 'till the message is sent—  
"Come under my pladdie" from Father above  
"You're worthy my Kingdom, my Kingdom is love."

Had I but the gift, the old brogue to have used  
The charm of my story might more have amused,  
I have told it my way, less the music of yore,  
I first heard and loved on old Scotia's shore.

---

### The Battle of the Birds.

---

'Fore Utah was a fruitful field,  
Before God's blessing bid it yield,  
It was a treeless, birdless waste,  
Save where the rills and streams made haste  
To join the Salt Sea far away,  
Which glistened in the summer's day.

Coyotes roamed the desert place,  
A rabbit here and there to chase;  
Some Indians 'mid its sterile lands,  
Found bare subsistence to their hands;

Few snakes and lizzards, here and there,  
To breathe the dry and silent air.

Where streams debouched upon the lake,  
Wild ducks and geese might scant partake  
Of food well gathered far and wide,  
By streams which drained each mountainside.  
In silence or in hurrying leap,  
'Mid leveled vales or canyons steep.

The hardy God-led Pioneers,  
Possession took, devoid of fears,  
'Twas trust in Him and in their head,  
Who o'er the prairies had them led—  
Declared this was the spot ordained,  
For peace and growth, in love unfeigned.

Together toil and faith combined,  
To till the soil, the waters bind;  
By tributary streams to wake,  
The thirsty soil for life's dear sake.  
What trials, hopes, or failures there,  
What labor backed by earnest prayer.

When hope ran high, from prospects bright,  
When hunger marked a crop in sight,  
The crickets, ironclad, came down,  
A legioned host for battle thrown;  
The few—if men—could not withstand,  
The teeming myriads of that band.

Had birds been numerous, no such sign,  
Had tried the faith in power divine,  
For all consumed had surely been,  
E'er they became a menace keen.  
They flourished, grew, increased at will,  
With not an enemy, to kill.

They forward moved, an army vast,  
A black and hungry foe, at last,  
In trembling balance hung the fate,  
Of all who'd toiled from morn till late.  
A thousand miles from any aid,  
Unless these gourmands could be stayed.

Faith, works, and prayer as one became,  
From Heaven alone relief could claim;  
The angels surely heard that day,  
And answer brought in strangest way,  
A myriad Gulls inspired as one,  
From yon far distant lake came on.

An instinct marked their wondrous flight—  
They were directed for the fight;  
They fell upon that moving mass,  
Voracious, none their glance could pass,  
And yet, disgusted with their food,  
They ate as if they understood.

They saved the people. God be praised!  
And none since then his hand hath raised  
Against the Gulls, they safely soar,  
Or run the upturned furrow o'er.

As friends, protected, loved and blest,  
These white-winged saviours of the west.

But birds have multiplied, to love,  
The blackbird, sparrow, lark and dove;  
    They come and go, in bush or tree,  
    Are always welcome, always free;  
There's food enough, thank God, for all,  
For man and birds, whate'er their call.

True, some would limit, rob their nests,  
Call birds a nuisance, robbers, pests.  
    I love them round the home, the farm,  
    Nor "me or mine" would do them harm.  
We ask no law, or man or boy,  
To either nest or eggs destroy.

For they're our friends, nay, our delight,  
Their morning concert, homeing, night,  
    As clouds they come with whirr of wing,  
    Some moan, some whistle, few may sing,  
They all one unmixed blessing seem,  
'Twas Father gave them, so we deem.

To Eden, birds did all belong,  
In color, habit, form or song,  
    No doubt they came from sunnier skies,  
    To dwell on earth 'neath human eyes;  
Familiars, from our first estate,  
Created by our God most great.

Let's keep our birds, no robber hand  
Hath right to drive from Father's land;  
    Could this be done on earth, no doubt  
    To kill above, some one might shout;  
If humblest thing should be destroyed,  
Man claims its Maker ill employed.

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### Summer's Evening.

---

The silver moon sweeps o'er the sky,  
    And perfume fills the evening air;  
The fleecy clouds go scudding by,  
    Like couriers clad in vesture rare;  
Silence is round, no hurrying feet  
Disturbs the moonlit shadowed street.

But here and there at lingering pace,  
    With ghost-like tread, a voiceless twain,  
As if it 'twere sacrilege to chase,  
    Or by a word the midnight stain;  
Yet thoughts swelled high 'neath placid look,  
As each turned o'er life's leafy book.

A page of Love? A page divine,  
    Which links man with the Eloheim;  
The light from which makes earth-life shine,  
    And glow with Heaven's divinest beam;  
'Tis love translates the words of fire,  
Which everywhere doth hearts inspire.

A page of Falsehood? All untrue,  
 Deceptive as the serpent's tongue;  
 A page writ on when earth was new,  
 And scarce the morning-stars had sung.  
 A lie in Paradise—Eve fell,  
 And serpents yet the same tale tell.

Beneath the solemn midnight sky,  
 Beneath the gliding silver moon,  
 Both flattery's tongue, and silence, try  
 To cloud the sky of life's bright noon;  
 Then angels drive the sinner out,  
 And wave the flaming sword about.

Yet Love hath writ its hallowed page,  
 Beneath dark clouds and starry skies,  
 And truth hath lit life's varied stage,  
 With iridescent heavenly dyes;  
 What glow, what beauty Love is thine,  
 Thy power doth water turn to wine.

---

### Utah's Glorious Day.

---

Hail the day to Utah sacred,  
 Shout aloud from north to south,  
 Freedom reigns in all her mountains,  
 Life and Health in all her fountains,  
 And her banner floats for truth.

Hail her rulers, love and duty,  
Are the guards of Priesthood, here,  
God through them hath given them glory,  
Israel's host repeat the story,  
Swelling still from year to year.

Hail the past to memory sacred,  
Pioneers inspired of God,  
Persecuted, driven, plundered—  
Living yet, though nation's wondered,  
Firmly fixed on Utah's sod.

Hail her present peace and plenty,  
Order dwells in all her vales,  
And her foes though plotting madly,  
Shake themselves, and murmur sadly,  
“We have failed,” she yet prevails.

Hail her future, glorious future,  
Triumph comes as sure as light;  
God hath spoken this the token,  
All her foemen's ranks are broken,  
Truth's victorious in the fight.

Shout, then shout, ye gathering thousands,  
Fathers, mothers swell the song;  
Bid your countless sons and daughters,  
Shout with voice like rushing waters  
Utah's triumph is the song.



Our Boy.

---

Shall we mourn the sad loss of our beautiful boy,  
 May we murmur and query the wisdom above,  
 Sure happiness is not without its alloy,  
 And sacrifice often is claimed from our love.  
 In spheres before this did our darling we know,  
 And was this brief visit an understood thing?  
 To this far away earth just a moment to show,  
 Then back to his home like a bird on the wing?  
 We shall know thee again though but short was  
     thy stay,  
 And our clasp shall be warm in the mansions of  
     bliss;  
 Unsullied by sin, thou dost bask in that day,  
 Which a few only reach who have tarried in this!  
 For a moment, "farewell;" tis a mother's fond  
     heart,  
 "Farewell for a while" father greets thee—his son;  
 The tear-drops fall ready, the bitter sobs start,  
 Yet, Father, we pray, let Thy will yet be done.

---

Trust in the Lord.

---

A failing heart is mine, oh Lord,  
 When all my faults I view,  
 Thy love alone hath e'er restored,  
 Or could that heart renew.

Wilful and blind, yet conscious oft,  
That I Thy spirit need;  
A heart of stone will ne'er be soft,  
Unless the fire Thou'lt feed.

And so because I fail and fall,  
Then try, and try again;  
I ask Thy help—on Thee I call,  
I dare not now refrain.

'Neath olden promise I entrench,  
"No bruised reed I'll break,"  
"The smoking flax I will not quench,  
'Till judgment victory make."

Who would not bless so great a word,  
Who would not here have hope?  
Though ne'er by court condemned or heard,  
Save self with sin to cope.

Give me the aid a mortal needs,  
Let me Thy spirit feel,  
Then growth shall come from precious seeds,  
And sin's old wound will heal.

No scar shall tell of trials past—  
No garment bear a stain;  
The blood of Jesus Christ at last,  
Will cleanse, and break each chain.

Oh love Divine, ah power above,  
Thy rule entrances still;  
And fallen man can really prove,  
His renovated will.

Not Lost but Gone.

---

Only a moment, then she flew,  
 A bird of Paradise once more,  
 And that sweet babe, we scarcely knew,  
 Was lost to earth's ungenial shore.  
 But we shall find our loved again,  
 A pure, a spotless angel fair,  
 If we can flee all earthly stain,  
 And fit ourselves, for life up there.

'Twas like a thunderbolt from skies,  
 Serene and blue as earth may give,  
 Her coming, going, were our surprise,  
 We mourn her dead yet she doth live.  
 And we shall meet her, kiss her where,  
 All love shall triumph o'er the past;  
 Our baby girl 'mid angels there,  
 Is yet our own, faith holds her fast.

---

The Querist's Invocation.

---

Thou art our Father, frail are we  
 And cast in earthly mould,  
 Though long our spirits dwelt with Thee  
 Ere earth's long ages rolled.

Though we may doubt our kinship now,  
Because of weakness lent,  
Nay more, that sin our heads must bow,  
Till our hard hearts repent.

Thou, in Thy mercy, surely knows  
How much of self doth stain,  
And Thou canst tell how man bestows,  
From sire to son his pain.

Lord, what I am, help me to bear,  
And make me what thou wilt,  
So that Thine image I may share  
Redeemed from sin and guilt.

And if my imperfections here,  
Are overcome at length,  
I'll praise thy name in higher sphere  
And thank for giving strength.

---

### Love Unappeased.

---

No thought have I darling, but clings unto thee,  
'Tis the dream and fulfillment of life unto me,  
The shadow and substance of love ever thine,  
As boundless as space amid which the stars shine.

The light of my eyes, and the wish of my heart,  
Though fortune coquetting may deny me a part;  
E'en time may be cut by the scissors of fate,  
I'll welcome thee yonder, for my darling I'll wait.

Love's highest endeavor may falter and fail  
 For the greater that love, 'tis an ever true tale,  
 In silence and distance oft worships unseen  
 The woman enthroned in the heart as its Queen.

In life, call it strange, give a sneer if you will  
 There are thosene'er united where love lingers still.  
 Whether that is of earth, or of memories past,  
 Few ever have questioned, though ever 'twill last.

May be it was kinship, or friendship, or love,  
 Which had its beginning in mansions of above,  
 If so, 'tis immortal and death will explain  
 The secret of loving—in loving again.

---

Another Query.

'Tis not because I have deserved  
 That I Thy blessings share  
 For I alas have often swerved—  
 Caught in the fowler's snare.

Nor have I always valiant been  
 E'en to my better thought;  
 Perchance Thine enemies have seen  
 My life with weakness fraught.

Too oft I've had to grieve, lament,  
 O'er my unworthiness,  
 This must have been Thy spirit, sent;  
 For Thou didst surely bless.

If for my father's faith and truth  
I have remembered been,  
Through childhood's hours and tempted youth  
In dangers seen, unseen—

I praise Thy name, I wish to be  
Found worthy of that love;  
So meet again my Sire and Thee  
In happier world's above.

---

### The Poet's Passion.

---

How distant, often, seems what is beloved,  
When silent worship is the highest key,  
Who hath not by this real of life been moved,  
A memory of the past—or, yet to be.

Not by the forms we see e'en now and then,  
Whose surface, contour, may arrest the sight;  
Oh, things may seem quite fair to common men,  
And yet lack soul which thrills like song at night.

The landscape may be lovely as a dream,  
Its harmonies as if of Paradise;  
And one will catch, ah e'en its lightest gleam;  
When to another it is simply—nice!

The sculptor's art from marble may evoke,  
True inspiration bursting to his will;  
What patient toil, what touch, what artist stroke,  
But to the soulless, 'tis but marble still.

Tell all the masters who have pencil used,  
 And on the canvas bid their thoughts to swell;  
 'Till rapt souls gaze as if themselves transfused,  
 But millions simply ask, "Why, will it sell?"

So if 'tis music, glorious and sublime,  
 Echoes from far off symphonies above,  
 And then rehearsed by gifted men in time,  
 Are there not querists, "What doth music prove?"

Oh, dull, uncomprehending mortals we,  
 Sightless to beauty, to its glory dead;  
 Or if 'tis visible, but gold most see,  
 And barter turns it into paltry lead.

Yet beauty is, its ideals grace the world,  
 Itself hath beauty, 'neath its varied skies,  
 And oft the human soul hath half unfurled,  
 Trophies of labor, skill, which heaven will prize.

But all these seemings, landscape as it is,  
 Man's art, his science, music, painting, all,  
 Are nothing to the glory which is his,  
 As man, as woman, where there is a soul.

What gulfs between, how one illumined lives,  
 Another, sordid, nearly void of good;  
 Light, love, and blessing is the wealth one gives,  
 While death—not life—the other understood.

In woman, sunshine from the soul steals out,  
 With beauty glorified a Queen she stands,  
 Or like a meteor as it sweeps about,  
 No good distilling, from her outstretched hands.

Worship instinctive give we to the true,  
 And at a distance love or homage pay;  
 'Tis soul, not form, the first is ever new,  
 The latter vanisheth within a day.

Soul is immortal, beauty is its dress,  
 Its own expression without counterfeit,  
 Time and eternity but this express,  
 Perfection's stamp, is Heaven's ideal yet.

Silence befits the Poet, yet for speech  
 He waits in patience till the influx swells;  
 Till eloquence can his ideal reach,  
 Then his vocation in his music tells.

Oh beauty, soulful beauty be to me  
 The glimpse of Heaven, assurance of its truth,  
 The dream of life, the is—and yet to be—  
 God's welcome promise of eternal youth.

---

### Hen and Chickens versus Ducks.

---

A highly respected old hen we once had,  
 She had been a good layer and mother as well,  
 But in early summer she drooped and looked sad  
 And went clucking around it was fearful to tell.  
 Her croak was unmusical, her manner more strange,  
 She food had in plenty and company more,  
 Yet she all alone, ever noisy would range  
 If she a new nest had, or lost one had before.



The housewife remembered her good work gone by,  
And thought she'd "got notions" with age creep-  
ing on;

"Was it best" was the query, "just once more to try  
A nest of good eggs, and then set her thereon."

A few (they were ducks) were soon placed in the  
shade

Of some bushes, to give her a really good show;  
She took to them bravely, she sat and there stayed,  
Till the weeks flew away and the shells chipped  
I vow.

Six bright yellow puff-balls, became her's of right,-  
And their bead-like dark eyes were a pleasure to  
all;

She brooded, clucked o'er them by day and by night,  
Her voice was to ducklings an understood call.

As proud as a mother of higher estate,  
She watched them, though wayward yet cute  
little things,

They grew, for she culled all the food that they ate;  
If a hawk or a cat looked, she called to her wings.

But sad, in her travels, one day quite surprised,  
By a pool, with her family, proudly she stood,  
Into this they all dashed, (she had water despised)  
She looked in amazement so unlike a hen's brood.

She ran up and down, made her calls loud and shrill,  
Went for grain, scratched the ground, coaxed  
every way,

While they in their element, swam to their fill,  
'Twas strange and mysterious to mother that day.

Soon chilled and aweary the ducklings were out,  
She brooded and fondled and queried galore;  
Determined that near unto water (no doubt)  
Her strange crazy offspring should never go more.  
They grew, became feathered, disgusted was she,  
No more as a slave would she work for disguise;  
It was chicks that she wanted, a family to be  
*Minus* water, or web-feet, or beady black eyes.  
There are mothers more knowing and proud, I am  
told,  
Who find in experience a similar loss,  
They wish to have progeny rather than gold,  
But often they seek through a forbidden cross.  
In marriage unequal, the daughters of God  
Incubate with the stranger, and law finds its way,  
And a race all unworthy encumbers earth's sod,  
They're like ducks, are not chicks, in the full  
light of day.

---

### Temple Dedication.

Logan, 1884.

---

Adown the ages there hath run,  
Like thread of gold in vesture rare,  
A memory, fondest 'neath the sun,  
On history's page the one most fair,  
Man's grandest work beneath the skies.  
'Mid Salem's towers its glories rise.

King David's teeming treasure store,  
 Was by Divine command set by,  
 Its wealth of gold, its silver more,  
 Its precious woods, and Tyrian dye;  
 Beneath the power of kingly rod,  
 Arose that Temple built to God.

When in its finished glow and grace,  
 In order Priests and Levites stood,  
 The singers found a foremost place,  
 With instruments of brass and wood;  
 King Solomon in words of prayer,  
 Was heard mid floating incense there.

With full acceptance, fell around,  
 The fire from Heaven o'er cherubim,  
 The cloudy pillar also found  
 Its rest, with Psalm and solemn hymn;  
 Oh, wondrous day when Israel saw  
 The mercy seat, the ark, the law.

Now here in latter-times we tell  
 Obedience by our will, our toil,  
 And here our Temples proudly swell,  
 'Mid Utah's vales and sacred soil;  
 'Tis thus another this day stands,  
 By God's command, and willing hands.

Nr sacrificial fires we light,  
 No pillared cloud gives shade by day,  
 Nor doth the flame illumine the night,  
 As in the ages past away,

Yet God is here, His spirit glows,  
As through each waiting heart it flows.

For Gospel rite, for Israel's good,  
Its dedication now hath been,  
Its Priesthood here hath humbly stood,  
The owned of Heaven in trials keen;  
Do Thou accept, oh power divine,  
And cause Thy face on us to shine!

So ever from this sacred fane,  
May evil faltering fall or flee;  
Until redeemed by toil from stain,  
This earth shall be restored to Thee,  
To sweep amid the worlds sublime,  
Triumphant won from death and time.

---

### Inboration.

---

Thou who dost dwell enthroned in light,  
Whose spirit fills immensity;  
Wilt Thou our songs of praise indite,  
Our worship of the Deity.

Thou art the God of Abraham,  
Of all the Patriarchs of old,  
Thy name "Jehovah," great "I Am,"  
Upon the sacred page enrolled.

Shall we with fear and awe presume,  
 To bow or call upon Thy name?  
 Or shall Thy truth our souls illumine,  
 That we may thee "Our Father" claim?

We are Thy children, though in dust  
 And in humiliation here,  
 With Thee we had our home, and trust  
 Again to reach that glorious sphere,

So we invoke Thy spirit now,  
 Wilt Thou not give 'mid earth's dark night;  
 Save us, and thus Thy glory show,  
 In the eternities of light.

---

Song of the Workers.

---

We are watchers, earnest watchers for the coming  
 better day,  
 By Prophets oft foreshadowed 'mid old Israel far  
 away,  
 Their beacon fires were lighted by the true the  
 living flame,  
 God's spirit prompted every one the future to  
 proclaim.

Chorus: We are workers, earnest workers, and 'tis  
 in a cause we love,  
 Onward, upward, is its movement, for  
 'tis led by God above.

We are helping, proudly helping, as the dawn we  
watching see,  
As all the signs predicted tell the morn begins  
to be;  
Its ruddy light will chase away the long, the murky  
night,  
'Till sunshine in its splendor falls on every watch-  
er's sight.

Chorus: We are workers, earnest workers, etc.

We are working, bravely working, for the truth we  
must declare,  
As many bands, yet one in heart, we try to do and  
dare,  
And Heaven hath blessed our efforts, see o'er all  
this favored land.  
For "Union" is the watchword meant by each up-  
lifted hand.

Chorus:—We are workers, earnest workers, etc.

We are looking, earnest looking, for a glorious  
future near,  
For triumph, and the victor's wreath for each glad  
worker here;  
Our God is over all, and yet his Priesthood points  
the way,  
So Sabbath Schools in union move to greet the  
coming day.

Chorus:—We are workers, earnest workers, etc.

*A Query of the Heart.*

---

I ask in my eager way,  
 As often I fall or fail,  
 Why laggeth that looked for day  
 When right shall e'er prevail?  
 Should toil not come to all,  
 Who willing, are needing bread,  
 And longing for some one's call  
 To lift a now drooping head?  
 No crime hath the idler done,  
 No wrong on his record stands;  
 Can brother his brother shun  
 Nor think of his idle hands;  
 That self-respect is at stake  
 And downward life's weary trend,  
 Will a pauper unwilling make  
 Or a soul's pride break or bend?  
 These queries unbidden swell,  
 They come from a wounded heart,  
 From a soul long used to tell  
 And act the deliverer's part;  
 The wind o'er a stricken one  
 Brings more of a blessing now  
 Than the cold unfeeling tone  
 Of a friend will deign to show!  
 Who knows of the weary day  
 Or the sleepless silent night,  
 Who cares for the part to play  
 Of a friend in the cause of right;

I ask in the Savior's name,  
I ask in a brother's tongue?  
Not seeking for wealth or fame,  
Or charity told or sung,  
'Tis work! and pay, to be sure;  
The first would a welcome find,  
But the latter, however poor,  
Would a friend for ever bind,  
For I'm sinking by slow degree,  
Yet sure as the day hath past,  
But a few more such will see,  
An end of a solemn cast;  
Waiting, weary and tired,  
Beggared and broken down;  
What good if a man inspired  
Points up to a coming crown  
It is bread to-morrow, to-day,  
Bread earned by a willing hand;  
For this should I beg and pray  
And cringe as I waiting stand.  
Forgive, if I ask, Oh Lord,  
Thy Spirit in some good heart,  
Where Love hath that slender cord  
Which tends to a friendly part;  
The praise shall be Thine at last  
From self and dependents here,  
When trials and storms are past,  
Still Thine in a brighter sphere.



True Love.

---

When Love doth make its dwelling place,  
 'Neath cottage roof or palace dome,  
 What gentle sway the soul can trace,  
 As Heaven is formed, by man called—Home.

How sacrifice in silence moves,  
 As noiseless as the stars above;  
 While every heart-beat throbs and proves  
 The force of true unselfish Love.

How this refines the rudest soul,  
 And holds in check all self and sin;  
 It brings beneath its sweet control  
 The being—all unknown—within.

And when the twain are one indeed,  
 They taste the wine of life, they eat  
 That manna which the Gods decreed  
 Should give new zest to weary feet.

It is not riches, 'tis not fame,  
 That lights this lamp, called Love divine;  
 Yet oft the counterfeit hath name,  
 As rushlight burns, where sun should shine.

---

Evening in Spring.

---

The sun beyond the lake went down,  
 And left its trail of glory spread,  
 On every cloud and mountain's crown  
 In amber, gold, and changing red.

A streak of burnished silver lay,  
High lifted by the sunset's glow,  
As if to mark where dying day,  
Had found its grave in deeps below.

A dream-like silence was around,  
'Twas nature's benediction fit;  
The blue of Heaven, the vision bound,  
And here and there its lamps were lit.

The breath of Spring, oh soft and sweet,  
A fragrance had, its rich ozone,  
Was health and life to weary feet,  
'Twas God who gave it taste and tone.

An added perfume fitful came,  
As zephyrs flitted here and there,  
Until surcharged, peace gave the name  
And whispered—"Violets"—everywhere.

The twilight lingered, indisposed  
To hide from longing eager eyes,  
The treasure Spring had late disclosed,  
In purple bloom and lowly guise.

Not stinted as in days of yore,  
Or hid beneath their robe of green,  
Profusion laid its wealth and store,  
And captured sense in pleasure keen.

The angels surely love the flowers,  
Which scattered are with lavish hand,  
Suggesting Heaven and happy hours,  
Where bloom and beauty grace that land.

Mayhap earth's violets bloom up there?  
 And favorites loved through years gone by,  
 May perfume that rich ambient air,  
 Where life is full and naught can die.

These doubtless came from higher spheres,  
 Perchance lost much by man's dread fall,  
 Lost beauty, perfume, tasting tears,  
 Which sin entailed or gave to all.

Edenic bloom! Oh, rapturous dream,  
 Our lost restored again, shall shine,  
 The earth and man God will redeem,  
 So like His own home it shall shine.

Not ours perchance to see and know,  
 In this probation every change;  
 But life above through faith will show,  
 A Father's hand in grander range.

Will prophesy with tongue inspired,  
 Of life celestial on the earth,  
 When sin and death have both retired,  
 Before that change—the second birth.

Hail wondrous change, hail that great day,  
 When Zion shall with man be found,  
 And Christ with undisputed sway,  
 Shall rule on earth made holy ground.

*It Will Be So.*

---

Strange thoughts creep o'er a burthened soul,  
When bound and cramped by circumstance;  
It fain would soar but can't control,  
That, which would life and joy enhance.  
It sees around a pampered few,  
As if by chance raised to a throne,  
While sycophants both old and new,  
In servile attitude lay prone;  
And flattery's incense will ascend  
Enough to cloud the sunniest sky;  
Pomp will with oratory blend  
When Croesus (mortal-like) must die.  
Doth Heaven this mockery approbate?  
Will this give welcome into bliss?  
If so, I shall not seek its gates,  
I'll be unknown and glory miss.  
But oh my soul, the judge of all,  
Will justice in the end dispense,  
Earth's moods and methods there will fall  
O'er unclad souls and vain pretense.

---

*Pioneers' Jubilee.*

---

The brave intrepid souls who won  
This land for freedom's seat,  
Made history grander than they knew,  
Though done with bleeding feet.

One hundred forty-three all told,  
 Yet Saviors for a host  
 Who followed up the first sad trail,  
 Marked well each camping post.  
 In dust and heat with scanty food  
 And poorly clad at best,  
 They blazed that route the pilgrims used  
 To reach the Golden West.  
 But not for this the Pioneers  
 Who chose this arid soil,  
 They all were fugitives from hate  
 And seeking peace with toil.  
 Their story is inscribed in part  
 Upon a blood-stained page,  
 Which most would cancel, if they could,  
 In this a wiser age.  
 The record cannot be erased,  
 Though time hath softened all,  
 And numbers who endured have met  
 The silent reaper's call.  
 The few surviving of that year,  
 Are scattered far and wide,  
 Yet each finds honor this glad day  
 Of Utah's strength and pride.  
 If fleeing years have sped away  
 And shrunk that Patriot band,  
 Their generations have increased,  
 They fill this goodly land.

And one who first with bounding heart,  
Pressed through yon canyon bold,  
Still lives and heartfelt homage wins—  
And prayers ten thousand fold.

The central figure now he stands  
In this grand Jubilee,  
To Church and State as true as steel  
As men of God should be.

All patient hearts have long enshrined  
His name a household word,  
'Tis linked with Utah first and last,  
As every child hath heard.

Nay strangers entering Utah's gates  
Will find for ever strung  
The name of Wilford Woodruff joined  
To that of Brigham Young.

Yet not to One alone is given  
Or homage bid to start,  
All who arrived in forty-seven  
Were Pioneers at heart.

They came and planted, toiled and built,  
Then new locations found  
For Israel's gathering hosts who heard  
The Gospel's glorious sound.

'Twas faith in God and in themselves,  
Those precious corner stones,  
Made deserts bloom to wealth untold,  
'Till every table groans.

For poverty hath hid its head  
 And plenty fills the land;  
 The desert of the Pioneers  
 Built by creative hand.

No marvel Utah celebrates  
 And calls her neighbors in,  
 To show with pride the progress made  
 To all her kith and kin.

In fifty years what wondrous strides,  
 Man's wildest dreams come true;  
 See cities, trade, see fruit and flowers,  
 Where sage-brush hardly grew.

But greater triumphs yet shall greet,  
 And Utah's future make.  
 She stands enthroned above her peers,  
 So stable, naught can shake.

In Science, Art, Mechanics, Trade,  
 In Precious Ores a queen;  
 Religion, Music, Thrift, are here  
 Without a rival seen.

And brightly burns her Patriot fires  
 For Nation, State and Home;  
 Her sons refute the shams of earth,  
 Where'er their feet may roam.

They hasten back, their hearts are here,  
 They love its peace and rest,  
 For Utah peerless is to them,  
*The Glory of the West!*

### The Missionary's Life.

---

Far from home as a wanderer willing you travel  
A message is yours, God-given, divine,  
Life's skein of old error by faith to unravel  
And make Gospel truth in its glory to shine.

From my heart in its fulness comes treasure of  
blessing,

For one a brave worker—one faithful and true,  
A Zion-born son through the Priesthood possessing  
The right to teach nations, old truth to renew.

A mission to fill in the land of the stranger,  
Where fathers and mothers dwelt ages before;  
Be this your high honor, knowing no fear or danger  
But trusting in God and the Truth evermore.

---

### Is it Not Like.

---

This life is like an English lane  
By summer draped in verdure green,  
We try to pierce beyond, in vain,  
It dwindles to a point unseen.

Yet as we pass, anon we trace  
Far reaching vistas through the trees;  
The distant city, spires of grace,  
The silvery stream, or tidal seas.



Silence at hand, but teeming life,  
 Not far, yet distant, further yet—  
 This earth and man forever rife,  
 Though rising sun or solemn set.

So all existence bounded seems,  
 'Tis veiled from sight at either end,  
 Yet oft the loneliest have their dreams  
 Of misty past or present trend.

And oft the vistas open out  
 Beyond life's narrow, weary round;  
 A backward look, the forward route,  
 Eternities the only bound.

Oh swelling life, the past was mine,  
 The present—but the leafy lane;  
 Far o'er the horizon doth shine  
 The life to come—the past again.

---

*A Better Thought.*

---

'Tis sweet to linger, where gifted finger,  
 Or some rapt singer in burning words,  
 Interprets all that a master's soul,  
 In music's role outstrips the birds.

Who cares to borrow the tones of sorrow?  
 To-day, to-morrow, may bring the sun;  
 There's joy and bliss when a soul can kiss  
 What seems amiss with the words "Well done."

But who can measure the heartfelt pleasure  
Or sense of treasure another feels,  
This, one may strike, and that, dislike,  
No two alike, as the truth reveals.

The rushing river, bids one heart quiver,  
It is a giver of feeling strange;  
A quiet stream makes another dream  
'Neath twilight's gleam of a narrow range.

'Tis change and turning, yet ever learning,  
Nay alway yearning, to know the whole;  
Time may not show, nor may man know  
While here below, all moods of soul.

Is life a bubble, its harvest stubble,  
Its main trend trouble, we ask in vain?  
Who breaks the seal, who can reveal,  
What thousands feel yet ne'er explain?

Cease man, you're prying, your baby crying  
And ceaseless trying, 'tis mystery yet;  
There's rule and will, be silent still,  
In faith fulfill life's duty set.

Trust that dread power, whose richest dower  
From hour to hour bids work and wait,  
Till knowledge bloom beyond the tomb  
From seed well sown in this estate.

Our Unseen Friends.

---

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"—*Heb. 1: 16.*

"An innumerable company of angels."—*Heb. 12: 22.*

I heard their garments trailing down the aisles of  
 sable night,  
 Marked the planets flash and twinkle as they smiled  
 upon their flight;  
 In the day-dawn, at the twilight, fancy peopled  
 depths of space,  
 Coming, going, all unerring, to their wisely des-  
 tined place.

When 'neath noontide splendor hidden, stars are  
 veiled from mortal ken,  
 And earth's voices drown the music, heard in  
 calmer hours of men;  
 From world to world on errands swiftly these glad  
 envoys ever fly,  
 Some to where dwell glorified ones, some where  
 mortals sin and die.

Oft when moonlight gleams like silver, cloudlets  
 floating far on high  
 Seemed like bannered escorts waiting on these le-  
 gions of the sky;  
 Where'er their angel presence is a boon to human  
 soul,  
 Silent ministry is tendered as the orbs of Heaven  
 roll.

In the garret, in the cellar, where the poor in sorrow dwell,  
Where rags and poverty and toil combine to give a taste of hell,  
There God's anointed soothe the soul, with dreams of joy and bliss,  
And when death stills the aching heart is felt an angel's kiss.

The babe in waxen beauty lies; the bride of yesterday;  
The struggling widow; man of toil; then one too tired to stay;  
The broken-hearted Magdalene, the sinner sick to death,  
When coffined smile alike for peace came with the passing breath.

The portals of a palace to an angel guest may swing,  
Wealth and luxury and honor cannot peace forever bring,  
There are sighs and tears, there's sorrow 'mid life's circles high or low,  
Philosophers and students need the angels to and fro.

Perchance e'en world's of glory down from Kolob to the sun,  
Find need and place for messengers who willing flash and run.

They stand by myriads ready round the mighty  
King of Kings,

The vast immensities of space may hear the rust-  
ling of their wings.

To world's unnumbered as the sands upon earth's  
ocean shore,

As seen, unseen, in ether's depths they roll for  
evermore;

Our Father's prescience sees, nay hears His crea-  
tures ere they call,

And quick as light He sends relief by servants  
great or small.

These dry the tear, they whisper peace, they lift  
the head that droops,

And were the loftiest Seraph called, 'twould ne'er  
be said "He stoops."

Obedience is the golden chain that binds all worlds  
to God,

Archangels, Seraphs, Saviors, to the lowliest on  
earth's sod.

---

### The Two Ends Meet.

---

'Twas a baby boy in a darkened room,

Long looked for token of love's glad seal;

Father and mother with hope were filled

That the stranger guest should a welcome feel.

He stood as a man in perfect form,  
An eye as keen as the lightning's flash,  
All self-reliant, strong and proud,  
To conquer the world by his force and dash.  
Out in the gutter, a woeful wreck,  
A man had fallen, a lonely street,  
'Twas late and dark but the demon drink  
There captured a victim, then tripped his feet.

In a drunkard's home a corpse was laid,  
A weeping widow and children twain;  
The once proud soul had gone—ah, me!  
A record of weakness, sin's sad stain.

Away by the gates of gold and pearl  
A soul looked up and saw written near,  
"No drunkard can enter this land of bliss."  
It turned away with a sigh and tear.

Canst trust thy self, oh, boasting man  
Where evil lurks and the tempter stands?  
Trust thou in Him who is Lord of all,  
Then shalt thou conquer and break all bands.

---

Can it be Sin.

---

Can it be sin to love the beautiful and bright,  
To woo the sunshine and defer the night?  
Are flowers in form and fragrance not more sweet,  
Than weeds and thistles to the unclad feet?

Yet there are violets, yet the queenly rose,  
 Bluebells and daisies lowly in repose;  
 Each with a charm which native to itself,  
 Invites selection or commands our pelf.

Our love goes gladly out for real or fancied good,  
 As found in perfume, blossom, or in bud;  
 We make our choice, our loves, or friends as mortals  
 tell,  
 Their virtues win our hearts by special spell.

More potent than the elixirs of ancient lore,  
 These hold enshrined the good or evil more;  
 To give our confidence, bestow our love, our heart,  
 To make companionship of life a part,—

Demands more wisdom than to simply cull a flower,  
 By perfume guided, or by tinted dower;  
 These, perish in the using, pass as mist away,  
 But Loves or Friendships make or mar life's day.

---

"Only a Boy."

---

Only a boy, 'twas faintly said,  
 As the nurse bent over the stranger guest;  
 Only a boy who nestled and fed,  
 Then slept unconsciously near the breast!  
 Boys had been plenty as years flew by,  
 Coming at intervals into that home,  
 Did disappointment moisten the eye,  
 Because girl babies afar would roam?

Only a boy—but after-thought  
Gave to the mother its stirring power,  
And kneeling beside the Sire she sought  
For heavenly wisdom for human hour!  
Before the Church with a throbbing heart,  
Was dedicated the growing lad;  
Amens went out with unwonted start,  
As faith in promise each heart made glad.

Only a boy, he grew apace,  
Obedient, earnest beyond his years;  
The glow of sunshine was on his face,  
And hope's bright bow if suffused by tears,  
Often he knelt of his own free-will,—  
God was with him as manhood swelled,  
Surely the angels kept him from ill  
And childhood's prophecy far excelled.

Only a boy, when was conferred,  
The Priesthood which by covenant came;  
That power which all the nations stirred,  
And gives unasked its deathless name.  
See as from home without money he goes,  
The humble preacher of Gospel truth;  
Grand in example he faithful shows,  
The wisdom of age in the strength of youth.

Only a boy, yet many will list,  
The message they hail from 'yond the sky,  
That which in reconciliation kissed  
The sons of Adam from sin's deep dye.



A stripling, yet as a giant he,  
 Walks o'er earth as of heaven sustained;  
 And thousands redeemed from o'er the sea,  
 Praise God for, *only a boy*, once named.

Only a boy, yet widening path,  
 And grander circle give keys of power;  
 Celestial order his practice hath,  
 And in posterity there is dower.  
 As stars or sand were Abraham's seed,  
 The works he did will his children do,  
 'Till kingdoms, and thrones, and powers indeed  
 Shall tell of the hosts who in homage bow.

Only a boy, yet far and wide,  
 His influence lured his race to right;  
 Only a boy, yet trusted and tried,  
 A faithful soldier in every fight.  
 When filled with years he was laid to rest,  
 Tears fell thick as the summer's rain;  
 He found glad welcome amid the blest,  
 And, only a boy, as a king doth reign.

Only a boy—let the "only" pass,  
 It savors of fault with decrees divine;  
 Fatherhood, motherhood, but doth glass,  
 That image which highest above doth shine.  
 Little as some may the advent prize,  
 Of "only a boy" on this fallen sphere,  
 He's not of the earth, but a prince in disguise,  
*Incog* in his travels—a stranger here.

### A Passing Thought

---

This life is as a bubble seen,  
It floats a while then bursts and falls;  
Unless we look beyond its ills,  
And listen as the Spirit calls  
That, tells us we had dwelling place  
Amid the realms of bliss above,  
We tasted there the joys of Heaven,  
And tested all its thrilling Love.  
To earth we came a few brief days,  
In change to prove our fealty here,  
And thus through faith to learn God's will,  
Full fitted for a loftier sphere.

---

### An Incident.

---

The mother sat in her nursing chair,  
Resting awhile from the day's routine,  
With needle in hand she had half-way dozed,  
As sun or shadow in turn between,  
The twining vines of the porch that day,  
Glinting all round where the one child lay.

He rubbed his eyes as the rays of gold,  
Fell on the carpet, and o'er his head;  
The query fell from his pouting lips,  
"Oh, Ma, is Heaven like this?" he said;

"More beauteous far, my darling child"—  
She caught and kissed him as he smiled.

The sun went down and the boy undressed,  
Went to his cot when the lamps were lit;  
"Is dark in Heaven—have they lamps like this?  
"I ask you Mamma"—"but wait a bit;  
I want to pray 'fore I go to sleep;  
Kiss me; Good Night"—there was silence deep.

All through the long weary hours that night,  
Sammy was moaning or muttering low;  
The fever burned till the curly head,  
Was tumbled and sore in the morning's glow;  
In broken words to the listener's ear,  
"I love the sunshine, my mamma dear."

Delirium wild as the day rolled on,  
The mother seized in its iron grasp,  
Her prayers and tears were piteous there,  
She held her loved with a frantic clasp;  
Ah, all in vain, ere the daylight fled,  
Grim death had conquered—the child was dead.

The casket bore but a piece of clay,  
Yet a smile was carved on the features fair,  
'Twas a gleam of light from that far-off land,  
That God-loved angels for ever wear.  
Now Sammy dwells where no night is known—  
Heart-broken mother in grief is lone.

Yet "not alone" for the boy's words ring,  
Through a stricken soul, ah sharp and clear,  
"Is dark in Heaven? Have they lamps up there?"  
She hears and answers by sigh and tear.  
"He knows." All things *must* be light to Him,  
While this earth swings in the twilight dim.

Thus faith broke through, 'till the shadows flew,  
And peace distilled as the Spring's glad rain;  
"My boy on earth, may not come to me;  
I shall go to him. We shall meet again."  
"Heaven hath no need of the lamp or sun,  
God is our light, when life's work is done."

---

### Just So.

---

A kindly word, a pleasant thought,  
Makes life alluring, warms the heart;  
And precious 'tis when all unbought,  
It prompts to good—the better part.

Life glows again like rosy wine,  
It blooms beneath a sunnier sky;  
The clouds depart when Truth divine  
To earth is sent from God on high.

Oh praise His name, for light, for peace,  
For promise of eternal bliss,  
May this be yours till life doth cease,  
To find in Heaven *its* welcome kiss.

The Fallen Leaves.

---

Oh they bring back the days of my childhood again,  
 Those glad days of yore when all life was a song,  
 To-day there is only a saddened refrain,

'Tis the music of Autumn now sweeping along.  
 The rustling, fallen leaves.

What rambles by copses whose wealth lay around,  
 What joy in the park amid trees bare and stripped,  
 Knee deep thro' the leaves with a strange weird-like  
 sound,

They whirled to and fro, or they gathered like  
 drift—

The rustling, fallen leaves.

How they crackled and rattled 'neath sauntering  
 feet,

After falling like snowflakes from high overhead,  
 On the grass, on each shrub, on the sidewalk and  
 street,

All fragrant with perfume, dame Nature's own bed  
 The rustling, fallen leaves.

All colors and tints, nay all forms by the way,

As varied as trees are by Father's decree,

Nipped, painted and loosened by frost of a day,

After laughing in sunshine, and dancing in glee.

The rustling, fallen leaves.

Gold, silver, and bronze, green and scarlet were  
there,

In death and decay there was beauty galore,  
Until rainfall and snowflakes were filling the air,  
Then the music all died, the crisp leaves were no  
more,

The rustling, fallen leaves.

Long the flowers had departed, the violets of spring,  
The roses of summer, autumn's asters all flew,  
They will sure wake again and the joy bells will ring;  
For nature will garnish each tree to renew,  
The rustling, fallen leaves.

---

### The Little Brown Cot.

A little brown cot on the crest of a hill,  
With a vine-covered porch and a half-hidden seat,  
Which said, "Here is peace" while all quiet and still  
The valley in beauty spread far from the feet.

'Twas sunset and Sabbath, the door opened wide  
And a soft mellow voice, with an organ, was heard,  
It fell on the ear like the loved rippling tide,  
The shores of old Ocean in music hath stirred.

That home came from toil which true love had in-  
spired,

'Twas a nest for the bird, nay a shrine for the bride,  
God-given, yet culled by a soul that enquired  
For wisdom divine, as a blessing and guide.

When time like a day-dream had noted two years,  
 From Eternity's realms came a beautiful boy;  
 The mother looked upward through sanctified tears  
 To One dedicating her first-fruits with joy.

The Father, the Elder, the Saint, all the Man,  
 Grandly echoed the thought of his loving brave  
 wife;

They named him for "Joseph," his blessing thus ran  
 "He *shall* preach the Gospel, to it give his life."

Unlooked for, death came to that circle one day,  
 'Twas an accident some said; 'twas sad at the best;  
 Yet John was prepared, and submissive alway  
 He passed, full of faith, to the land of the blest.

Full stalwart in body, and true in his heart,  
 To manhood grew Joseph, his proud mother's  
 stay;

The Priesthood ne'er called, but he willing would  
 start

On lines of loved duty by night or by day.

Cheerful and honest, always ready, no thought  
 'Yond the Ward where in action his spirit outshone  
 When a summons (Box B) surprised, all unsought,  
 "Could *He* take a mission to nation's unknown?"

"Well, yes. But my Mother! To whom can she look?  
 Since the Heavens called Father we two have been  
 one,

In prayers one, in worship, in toil, in each book—  
 She is a good mother—I her only son.

He went! There was tears and much sacrifice too;  
There was faith though and trust in the One they  
knew well;

He went as a soldier, to honor that vow,  
Recorded at birth as the records will tell.

The Spirit went with him, he humble and pure,  
Testified like a giant and pointed the way;  
God honored him, blest, gave strength to endure  
When legions withstood him to edge up his way.

Returned, he had "sheaves," he had stars for his  
crown,

They marked his example, and rejoiced in his love;  
All Gospel-begotten, they will faithful sit down,  
With hosts gathered out for the Kingdom above.

In his absence, poor mother, was poverty tried,  
But she prayed as she toiled sending though  
'twere a dime;

Her heart swelled in rapture when her son glorified  
Came back from that mission, his first at the time.

He was worthy a wife, the Lord led Him right,  
As his father was led in the days long ago;  
His mother loved Mary, her daughter, at sight,  
So the little brown cot was a heaven below.

The fruits of that love are in evidence now,  
They are growing to manhood, to womanhood fair,  
Joseph's hair is unchanged, but his Mary I vow,  
Is a picture for mothers, just call, you know  
where.



Though aged, blest Grandma looks lovable yet,  
 For God's peace is her's on the verge of the  
 grave;  
 She longs for the loved, she in early years met,  
 They'll both wait together for Joseph the brave.

---

The Witchery of Words.

---

Oh music full as trumpet call,  
 Or soft as song of birds;  
 What else can human hearts enthrall,  
 Like witchery of words?

The Poet's song whose magic sweeps,  
 The soul like rushing flame,  
 Or by its pathos silent steeps—  
 Words give immortal name.

Where force enshrined in triumph tells  
 Of oratorial skill;  
 What calm of thought, what passion swells  
 By power of words and will.

Where highest flight the seer doth reach,  
 Or Psalmist-Prophet sings,  
 Where inspiration loves to teach,  
 There words are but the wings.

Test every love-tone known on earth,  
 Upon life's gamut set;  
 Each lover, mother, child, finds worth,—  
 Ah, words are music yet.

The voice of prayer, the rapt appeal  
Of mercy, pity, truth,  
Tell best from hearts which thrilling feel,  
Words have immortal youth.

Oh, potent power, when thou dost bless,  
With gifts which man engirds;  
My choice be Truth, and to impress,  
Give—Witchery of Words!

---

*My Friend.*

---

The bloom of youth is on thy cheek,  
Its lustre in thy laughing eye;  
In youthful tones thy voice doth speak,  
Its music tells when thou art nigh.

Upon life's threshold thou dost stand,  
Its cares are all unknown to thee;  
What quiet scenes, what vistas grand,  
Time may unroll or give to thee.

For maidenhood will as a dream,  
Be held, 'mid wifely love and truth;  
If motherhood is thine 'twill seem,  
More glorious than the days of youth.

That is, if Love shall build that nest.  
Which keeps the sacred name of home;  
Oh life is naught, it hath no zest,  
Unloved—as beggars here we roam.

And so I wish thee every joy,  
 I trust Religion's mellow light,  
 Will turn to gold earth's base alloy,  
 And bear thee back to heaven of right.

---

Progressive Being.

---

Oft I hear those spirit voices,  
 Which my inner heart rejoices,  
 'Tis not the heart of flesh I mean,—  
*It never heeds this call,*  
 It throbs and pulsates ever,  
 And cold science says 'tis clever,  
 Yet it only is the human,  
 The spirit is the soul!

Oh, it tells of far off glory,—  
 Tells a thrilling, stirring story,  
 Of a home and its surroundings,  
 Of its unending day;  
 Tells of Love, which loving lives,  
 Which increases as it gives,  
 And ever hath the more to give,  
 The more it gives away!

So we mortals dream of heaven,  
 But can mortals hope to leaven,  
 The bread of earth with that rich life.  
 From 'yond the azure blue?

Where the clime is cold and drear,  
Where 'tis as a mirror clear,  
That uncongenial element  
Doth war against the true!

Feeble, futile, all endeavor,  
If man could today but sever,  
That combination God hath made  
'Twixt dust and spirit will.  
'Tis destined that the higher  
Shall e'er purge as if by fire,  
The cruder forms existence tells,  
And loftier life instil!

So from this so-called dreaming,  
Evanescent though its seeming,  
Yet tinged by lustre, glow which comes  
From memories deeps of yore;  
Man wakes to better life,  
Deems his present always rife,  
With power to reproduce the past  
Amid forbidding lore!

Tries he still and tries in sorrow,  
Hopes for better work tomorrow,  
Dismayed at last he seeks beyond  
For aid in earnest toil;  
As 'twas once of old decreed,  
Man shall finally succeed,  
When inspiration's verdure springs,  
On earth's wild barren soil!

On it yet shall bloom and flourish,  
 Far from passing thought to perish,  
 As in the clime of Heaven itself,  
 Where joy hath no surprise;  
 Here love shall soar and sing,  
 On as glad exultant wing,  
 As e'er in flight was known of yore  
 'Mid ether of the skies!

With a faith that knows no shrinking,  
 With an eye that knows no blinking,  
 The God-illumined soul looks forth,  
 'Till earth transfigured swings,  
 'Till made a Heaven it rolls,  
 With all its ransomed souls,  
 In orbit round the central sun,  
 Where dwells the King of Kings!

---

### The Rose

---

We kiss the bright bud of the beautiful rose,  
 Its perfume gives promise of what it may be;  
 We love as its future doth further disclose,  
 Its wealth of rich glory, when full-blown we see.  
 Its fragrance continues, yes, when the leaf dies,  
 We garner the past in its present decay;  
 When withered or pressed, it forever recalls,  
 The sweet thoughts enshrined in its loveliest day.

So the budding young daughter now stirring our  
pride,  
With rich bloom of youth, hath the hearts warmest  
glow,  
As womanhood, motherhood blooms by our side,  
Our ready affection its wealth will bestow.  
Should death creeping cause the bright petals to  
fall,  
The perfume they gather will linger through time;  
And God will transplant, should his wisdom recall,  
To show richer bloom in a sunnier clime.

---

Our Zion.

---

Though dark clouds may gather around thee,  
Oh Zion, thou Zion of God!  
Though the world may unite to confound thee  
And make persecution their rod—  
Yet thy light shall no more be suspended,  
Thy name from the earth be erased,  
'Till the reign of oppression is ended,—  
Thy foes are forever disgraced!

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun,  
As the Prophets said, long, long ago.  
For the will of her God on the earth shall be done,  
In that kingdom no might can o'erthrow.

Thine enemies now may upbraid thee,  
 Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!  
 By dungeon and fine may degrade thee,  
 And threaten thy sons with the rod;  
 Thou canst point to the martyrs of ages,  
 To Prophets, Apostles of old,  
 Or tell the wild world of the sages,—  
 Of Jesus, “the Lamb” of the fold.

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun.  
 The battle-cry need not alarm thee,  
 Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!  
 No weapon that’s formed yet shall harm thee,  
 Or cast thy head down to the sod;  
 Should the smoke of the fray in its blackness,  
 Out-rival what Egypt once knew,  
 In the Infinite arm is no slackness,  
 And beyond the dense cloud is the blue.

CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun.  
 There is more that are for than oppose thee,  
 Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!  
 Then do not in sadness suppose thee,  
 Thy pathway of thorns is untrod;  
 The angels before thee shall hover,  
 Thy rearward by day and by night,  
 And the hand of the Father shall cover,  
 To keep in the highway of right.

## CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun.  
In the furnace, as gold—He hath tried thee,  
Oh, Zion, thou Zion of God!  
And His great heart His love will not chide thee,  
For feeling, then kissing the rod;  
Thou shall sing with the hosts from all nations,  
The songs of the Zion divine,  
'Mid the Temples with His generations,  
From worlds which in glory shall shine.

## CHORUS:

Oh, Zion shall triumph and shine as the sun,  
Decreed in the long, long ago;  
In the Universe *One* will shall ever be done,  
For that Kingdom who would overthrow?

---

Semi-Centennial for Pioneers.

---

Who can tell the graphic story, 'mid these old  
mountains hoary,  
Who were the first invaders and their wild re-  
cesses found?  
Who climbed their rugged steeps, pierced their  
then untrodden deeps  
And forced a passage to these vales and made  
them fertile ground?



Why sought they isolation, far from proud civiliza-  
tion,

A thousand miles from any where, 'mid deserts  
wild and drear?

Their origin, the wherefore, whys, and their tear-  
ful glad surprise,

When they beheld these solitudes, and knew that  
home was here?

Prophetic! (no regret) they the land called—Des-  
eret;

The Honey Bee, this type they chose, 'twas in-  
dustry and toil.

They stormed her cliffs and crags though in pen-  
ury and rags,

And waged a war of culture on the dry and  
thirsty soil.

There was neither wish nor time to refer to East-  
ern clime,

New York and stern New England were a dream  
forever past;

Far West and Kirtland once had charm—Ohio  
did them harm;

'Till wild Missouri shelter gave, the "Promised  
Land" at last.

But jealous persecution swelled, that State an  
element then held,

Fanatical and murderous, they made the settlers  
flee;

Their homes were left, their dead, made that soil  
for ever red,

And Illinois her welcome gave, in Commerce  
they were free!

Nauvoo "the beautiful" then rose, 'twas a miracle  
to foes.

Nay, e'en its friends and builders fairly marvelled  
as it grew,

Farms and homes spread far and wide and the  
Mississippi's tide,

Glassed that house of God—the Temple, as the  
days of labor flew.

When the storm began to blow, opposition seemed  
to grow,

For patience turned a sickly place into a fruitful  
field;

When the envied Prophet stood, stemmed the torrent,  
now a flood,

Until his followers for their faith and homes,  
refused to yield.

Then rage began to plan, said, "we only need the  
man,"

The fearless leader, staunch and brave—"and a  
devoted few!"

Courts and mobs in eager hate, nay the officers of  
State,

To Carthage dragged on false pretense, where  
finally they slew!

The martyr's grave was filled, as evil wished and  
willed,

A stricken people mourned, bereft, of Prophet,  
Patriarch;

The shock them paralyzed, a devoted host sur-  
prised,

And for a moment they forgot their mission, in  
the dark.

When the Leader stood and cried, on the people to  
decide,

The mantle worn by Joseph fell on Brigham,  
trusted, known,

So Israel wrought again on their duties once more  
plain,

And all moved on, as 'twere of yore, for leader-  
ship was shown.

Disappointed and enraged, then the enemy en-  
gaged,

To drive the hated, far away, beyond their eye  
or ken;

The bayonet's point was keen, and the hand of  
plunder seen,

When Nauvoo's thousands signed in tears the  
"bills of sale" between.

Never will the truth be known, till eternities have  
shown

The suffering, blood and death endured, on that  
sad cruel day;

For the yet uncanceled debt, when the judgment  
day is set,  
Will all collected be with costs from those who  
ought to pay.

The fugitives at length, asking God for wisdom,  
strength,  
Went out when winter reigned around, from de-  
mons on their track;  
Who can tell how many died, tell where buried  
side by side,  
Upon that solemn march begun, endured, by  
souls upon the rack?

'Tis fifty years 'tis said, since the Pioneers were  
led  
O'er wilds untracked to find at last, a dwelling  
place for right.  
Is history but a dream, but a myth of ages mean,  
Unknown, unworthy of our times, our liberty,  
our light?

Is our Jubilee confession, that the past was false  
profession?  
That these fair valleys only glow in verdure from  
the toil  
Of cast out Pioneers, whom the traitors drove with  
jeers,  
From homes and lands and labor spent on proud  
Columbia's soil,

It may be that repentance brings upon its ever  
 healing wings,  
 That restitution by the child may cancel father's  
 sin?

If so, we hail the day, all unshadowed by the way,  
 There's full forgiveness in our hearts, 'tis tri-  
 umph this to win.

Man plans, but Heaven o'er-rides, and times im-  
 petuous tides,  
 Are all controlled and lulled by Him for purposes  
 Divine.

Oh Truth at last prevails, no need who, what as-  
 sails,  
 All honor to the great Supreme, the gall hath  
 turned to wine.

Resplendent, Utah stands made by earnest horny  
 hands,  
 The Pioneers of long ago, in faith and trust were  
 strong;  
 These valleys tell their toil, they redeemed the  
 barren soil,  
 Untill laden fields and happy homes, 'mid plenty  
 bursts in song.

Long years misunderstood now deemed both great  
 and good,  
 Their works proclaim in thunder tones their  
 bravery, their soul;

Now music swells and thrills, cannon, echoes 'mid  
the hills,  
In honor of the Pioneers inscribed on History's  
scroll.

Some weary, worn, have died, crossed o'er the  
great divide,  
But they are unforgotten on this grand, this fes-  
tal day;  
If they were here to greet, Utah's joy would be  
complete,  
Perchance they all are looking on from spheres,  
oh far away.

In a few fast fleeting years, 'mid a nation's sighs  
and tears,  
The last of these great Patriot souls, will sleep  
beneath the sod;  
The State they made shall stand, be the glory of  
the land,  
The brightest star upon the flag, true to itself  
and God.

Institutions they devised, shall expanding, be  
more prized,  
While a teeming population fills these valleys of  
the free;  
And in every State beside, Utah's sons shall be  
their pride,  
From the great Pacific Ocean to the distant  
Eastern sea.

Write their names in light supernal, give them  
 honor's, ah eternal,  
 They our Fathers were and Mothers, they our  
 Friends were, tried and true;  
 We knew them here and yonder, if our minds the  
 truth could ponder,  
 That the Pioneers a mission had, 'twas God their  
 faith best knew.

Bring flowers, bring banners, song, let eloquence  
 prolong,  
 The days devoted to this Half-Centennial Jubilee,  
 Let proud Utah celebrate, let each home through-  
 out the State,  
 Swell the praises of the Fathers as becomes each  
 "Honey Bee."

Tell prophecy to write what the Century will indite  
 Concerning that strange exodus across the des-  
 ert's breast;  
 'Twill be lauded to the skies, 'twill be history's  
 surprise,  
 The Pioneers will homage find throughout a  
 mightier West.

---

Thanksgiving Day.

Bleak, stern and cold were New England's shores,  
 When the dauntless Pilgrim Fathers came;  
 Scanty and meagre their oft told stores,  
 Yet they earned unthinking immortal name,

Where Redmen found at the sacred board  
The first Thanksgiving and praised the Lord.

But time has flown with an eagle's wing,  
All wealth is piled on this God-blest land;  
Though prayers less earnest to-day may ring,  
Than they did that day with the Pilgrim band;  
Successful, proud of the glory won,  
By the mightiest nation 'neath the sun.

The same God blesseth, His love, His grace,  
Hath deluged ours with a plenty great;  
This nation moves at a mighty pace,  
As man meets man and State meets State,  
And there's Thanksgiving from South to North,  
From East to West as the Sun goes forth.

Charity's hand is in nowise stayed,  
The poor, infirm and the few in pain—  
This hallowed day have a feast prepared,  
For the Hand that giveth doth never fail.  
Uncounted hearts for this day of days,  
Throb nearer Heaven in words of praise.

As one, at the same footstool men bend,  
This Sabbath-day of declared intent;  
If e'en the morrow shall fail to tend,  
The same blest spirit, to give as lent;  
I hail the time if 'tis distant now  
With no Thanksgiving's especial vow.



But *every day* in its mighty round,  
 When the sun shall rise or in glory set,  
 From a grateful world like to incense found,  
 God shall be honored and none forget—  
 One grand Thanksgiving from sea to sea,  
 Earth's proof of fealty, its Jubilee.

---

Love.

---

Ah, well, I know the dream of youthful bliss,  
 Its thoughts of Love, its warm and ready kiss;  
 Know full well also that these dreams oft fail,  
 That love grows lifeless as a thrice-told tale.

A dream, 'tis said, a figment of the brain,  
 Trusted in rapture, sought for once again;  
 An airy shadow, but a substance true  
 When based on soul, outreaching, ever new.

As evanescent as the summer's snow,  
 Unless there's soil to bid its tendrils grow;  
 Then it will swell and reach beyond the skies,  
 Love is immortal, *there* it never dies.

---

The Mother's Lament.

*Jer. 31:15. Job 1:21. Luke 19:14.*

---

In the hush of evening gray,  
 At morn with its glow of sun,  
 And all through the livelong day,  
 As the halting days may run,

I look for my darling girl,  
I list for her voice so dear,  
Her face at the open door,  
Her hurrying footstep near.

Oh, my heart swells o'er and o'er,  
It throbs for the absent one,  
And asks, "Will she nevermore,  
Return to my lonesome home?"  
No more shall I hold her hand?  
No kiss on her cheek impress?  
Will she never beside me stand,  
Returning my fond caress?

I look at her vacant bed,  
And turning her clothing o'er,  
I think of her precious head  
'Mid her playthings on the floor—  
I cannot persuade my heart,  
I catch at the slightest move,  
Then turn with a sudden start,  
But only my loss to prove.

Was anything left, undone,  
Ought done to merit this rod?  
Thought, backward for years doth run,  
And then—to the hillside sod!  
To give,—and to bid my soul,  
Its treasures of love impart;  
Then snatch in an hour the whole,  
From my bounding,—broken heart.

I ask, "would a friendly hand,  
 Embitter the cup of life,  
 As I by the casket stand,  
 A fainting mother and Wife?"  
 I pause, and there comes, reply:  
 "My daughter, I gave thee this,  
 Thy flower now blooms on high,  
 In regions of perfect bliss!"

Thou, mother, shalt have thine own,  
 Unsullied by earthly stain,  
 My wisdom shall then be known,  
 When greeting thy lost, again;  
 Thy tears for her early fate,  
 May fall to the silent sod,  
 But "Masie" has gone to wait  
 'Mid friends, with her Father—God.

### Sister and Daughter.

Within the compass of these magic words,  
 What thoughts will crowd, and stir within the  
 heart;  
 Sweeter in tone, than instrument or birds,  
 Although their notes oft bid rich echoes start.  
 For there is music in a Sister's name,  
 And in her acts, affection is enshrined;  
 Beloved at home, is all such ask of fame,  
 Where every dream and wish is intertwined.

Projects and loves, and secrets not a few,  
Are interchanged, yet sacred as is meet;  
No friend though old, no change how fresh or new,  
Within the heart finds welcome half so sweet.

In infant years and childhood ever near,  
Sisters—yet daughters, charming mother love;  
What ties so tender, what to life so dear,  
Or whom so looked for in the worlds above?

For mother, sister in that glorious sphere,  
Preserve the sacred ties which love doth weld;  
And heaven would be no heaven, I sadly fear,  
If deathless circles ne'er the loved ones held.

Part of our life! We grew together here,  
Sisters, and daughters, mother, one yet three;  
And through eternal ages it is surely clear,  
Where'er one is, the rest will wish to be.

God hath implanted in the depths profound,  
That germ divine which links each soul to Him;  
And loving, makes us worthy to be crowned,  
Amid that glory ages cannot dim!

---

### Grief Mitigated.

---

Earth hath no grief, however sore or heavy,  
But time will heal by movement of its wings,  
For every soul dejected when sustained of duty,  
There's times of healing, when it soars and sings.

The lone and cheerless, waked again from sadness,  
 Pierces by faith the ether of the skies,  
 It knows that true affection hath no bounds or  
 limits;  
 There's solace in the future, when the present dies.  
 So to the dust we give our dearest treasures,  
 We lay them down beneath the peaceful sod:—  
 The spirit is the life, it fills its destined mission  
 In smiles or tears, then bears its record back  
 to God.

---

The Beautiful City of God.

*Rev. 21:2.*

---

Beyond the eternal ether,  
 Away from this cold earth's sod,  
 In its grand unrivalled splendor,  
 Is the beautiful city of God!  
 Its walls are of shining jasper,  
 Each gate is a pearl unique;  
 An angel by each one waiting,  
 Should a stranger-foot entrance seek!  
 To the bright and beautiful city,  
 The Holy City of God!

Its streets are of gold, the purest,  
 Transparent as glass, 'tis told;  
 And each foundation is garnished,  
 With the gems which are rarer than gold!

Perfected in cycles divine,  
Its height, length and breadth, are the same.  
I hail that wonderful city,  
The "City of God" is its name!  
'Tis the bright and beautiful city,  
The Holy City of God!

The river of life runs through it,  
'Mid slopes of emerald sod;  
The glorified angels saunter,  
As its paths by their sandals are trod!  
Of white are their graceful robeings,  
No sheen of the seagull's wing,—  
Can equal that subtle lustre,  
Which round them doth lovingly cling!  
In the bright and beautiful city,  
The Holy City of God!

There groves of the highest verdure,  
Flowers of immortal bloom,  
And fountains of joyous water,  
From the river of life find room!  
Hillock, and plateau, and valley,  
Spread, until distant and faint;—  
Stately these palaces ever,  
Are homes for the sinner, now saint!  
In the bright and beautiful city,  
The Holy City of God!

The King hath home in its center,—  
Can language of earth portray?

Should vision but turn too sudden,  
 It would blind by the shadowless ray!  
 Yet, never hath sun in glory,  
 Or moon, or a starlit night,  
 Been seen in that lustrous city,—  
 For God is its life and light!  
 In the bright and beautiful city,  
 The Holy City of God!

Sorrow and sickness are absent,  
 No tear on a pale sad cheek;  
 The leaves of the good tree growing,—  
 Will heal though the nations may seek!  
 No Temple that city hath needed,  
 Yet “the great white throne” is there;  
 And a “new song” all are singing,  
 The Redeemed are gathering there!  
 To the bright and beautiful city,  
 The Holy City of God!

I long to escape from earth’s shadows,  
 Prophets and Martyr’s to greet;  
 To find in the heavenly Zion,  
 If but lowly, a place and a seat!  
 Lord, in Thy beautiful city,  
 When leaving this earth I have trod;  
 Give, if but welcome of silence,  
 To serve in the City of God!  
 The bright and beautiful city,  
 The Holy City of God!

### My Silent Song.

---

I often sing a silent song,  
A song no mortal sense hath heard;  
And yet its tones my soul can thrill;—  
Far more than music, it hath stirred!  
When sense of blessing o'er me falls,  
As memory, oft the past recalls.

If undeserved, I yet must sing,  
My voiceless song, my hymn of praise;  
I know its sweet and mellow ring,  
In sleepless nights, and happier days;  
Whene'er its inspiration swells,  
The low bowed head, the teardrop tells!

I long ofttimes its notes to hear,  
When discontent its shadow flings,  
Then time to think, to pray sincere,  
Brings back my song, whose echo rings!  
And darkness flees, as clouds sweep by,—  
I bask beneath a sun-kissed sky.

This precious song, o'er moods and ills,  
Glad victory gives to weary souls;  
A foretaste 'tis of bliss which thrills,  
Past golden gates and jasper walls;  
"All things together work for good,"  
If Father's love is understood!



'Tis proved beyond, if unknown here,  
 Or seen by faith, a glimpse at best,  
 My silent song, my heart shall cheer,  
 While here I wait my promised rest,  
 To sing aloud, the same glad song,  
 'Mid his redeemed, triumphant throng!

---

A Sabbath Reberie.

---

The day was soft and balmy overhead,  
 The light clouds floated 'neath the loftier blue;  
 Just breeze enough to make the poplar leaves  
 Dance as they laughed, that day before the sun.

The brook ran by, whose fitful murmurs swept  
 In music, as Æolian harps are wont  
 To swell and die; the drowsy hum of bees  
 Was on the perfumed air, and sparrow love  
 With worm in beak for callow brood, and whirr  
 Of wing went by, to their secluded nest!

'Twas peaceful Sabbath day, and busy thought  
 Went out, oh far, and further still; the home  
 If distant, seemed most nigh, where laughing girls  
 Chasing the sunny hours with smiles, to think  
 That they amid the gathering crowds, full soon  
 Would tread the sacred courts of Father's house;—  
 Would list the pealing organ's ebb and flow,  
 Of richest tone—the Psalm, or hymn of praise,

The word divine, and taste the sacred cup  
And bread of holy rite, and covenant  
Renew, until a Benediction fell  
In peace, in glow of spirit-life, to Home!

In reverie, as profound as infant's sleep  
The soul was steeped, surroundings all dissolved,  
As snow 'neath genial sun is seen no more!

The tramp of feet is heard, yet without care  
Or thought of where, or how, or why; if noise  
It might be deemed, unconscious as the rest.

A gentle rustling, then a lull, and strains  
Of organ, as by master hand, shed forth  
The Voluntary, weird, yet sweet and gentle  
As the spring's glad rain, then, higher, lustier peal  
And mingled voice of song, whose memory still  
Would haunt the ear, and steal away the heart.  
'Twas "Hark, the song," the song "of Jubilee,"  
Which even now thrills as 'twere not of earth,  
But as a stirring pean of the skies—  
An anthem which an angel-choir might sing!

The Invocation next, which humbly winged  
Most surely moved the Heavens; repentant words,  
Yet words of faith and sunny cheer, the Gods  
Undoubted heard, for peace fell there as dew!

In mood diverse, again the strain of song,  
As pleading, "Jesus, Lover of my soul!"  
Its cadence rippling, soft and sweet as breath  
Of perfume, 'mid earth's loveliest flowers—  
A prelude fitting, for the minister  
Arose—a Woman, clad in raiment white—

Who, sympathetic and with mother heart,  
Told how, in God's own image man had stood,  
Then fallen, victim of temptation's force;  
Had wandered far, as prodigals will do,  
Yet Mercy, Love and Father-care unchecked  
For Jesus' sake (the Anointed One who died)  
Would welcome every erring one, nor chide  
As human friends and teachers do!

With gentle voice, and lips aglow with fire  
Of good; in words just such as woman's soul  
Would use and press, so weary hearts of men,  
Long sick of sin and wrong, could best receive!

A holy hush, as thoughts of home, mayhap  
Of mother's blessing, or a sister's love,  
Or father's prayer, or teacher's kindly word,  
Perchance companionship or holier love,  
Would burst from memory's depths, long, long  
concealed.

The silent tear, the half-escaping sigh,  
The head bowed down, best told the shaft had hit.  
"Amen!" rang out with fervid tone; then song  
Again, "I was a wandering sheep," seemed apt,  
And all was o'er; again the tramp of feet,—  
The spell was broke, *the dream was real at last!*

The evening sun toward the west had drooped;  
Eyes, sealed by thought and reverie profound,  
Were ope'd again; and tramping feet along  
The corridors of Utah's "Pen," awoke  
The drowsy eye and ear, as white and black—  
(The stripes unloved,) in single file to cell

Marched straight; the dream was past, and now  
more real

Surroundings seemed; the iron, hated worse  
Than e'er, and e'en the towering walls and guards  
Had hate, although the sun and crowning blue  
Was there as erst; the soaring mountain tops,  
Their greening slopes were there; the distant city  
And the Temple's towers; the homes of peaceful life,  
Where wives and children wait return for that  
Which time seems loath or lingers long to give!

Yet none despondent, no brave comrade feels  
To shrink, if duty point the thorny way;  
"Prisoners of Hope," for Truth, in direst strait,  
Waiting in patient mood, and spirit flush  
From higher aid, to join again at home  
In social group, or mid the congregations  
Of the Saints, with warmer love and rarer  
Thought; appreciating gifts of God  
With more intense regard than when in days  
Ere separation, trial, prison bars  
High thought provoked; and tested strength of  
faith;

Or goodness of the Infinite brought home  
To chastened souls, where trial is the rod!

## The Trial of Faith!

---

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,  
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Yes! The song was hushed on that cheerless day  
When he passed to the land above,  
And the heart refused in its grief to pray,  
For the knees bent not in love.

For the light of our eyes, our pride, our joy,  
Was laid with the silent dead—  
Struck down, when worshipped, nay blest, that boy  
Breathes not on his little bed.

Why promise him life, anoint his head?  
Why call on the Friend above?  
Why Priesthood seem by the Spirit led?  
"The boy shall live, you love."

There the dark cloud hangs like a funeral pall,  
Heaven heard not, answered none;  
Can the lamp of faith have a light at all,  
When our child is dead and gone?

But grief brought sleep, and the dreams of night  
Gave balm to the wounded heart.  
'Twas the problem solved; ah, I know 'twas right,  
And repent of my faithless part!

There I saw that life now checked, renewed  
And struggling in giddy youth;  
Then the pride of manhood on him I viewed,  
Far severed from Right and Truth !

For fierce temptation with siren voice,  
To the wine-cup drew him on;  
And a drunkard's life had become the choice  
Of my proud and beloved son!

I woke, and the dream passed on; but now  
My murmuring heart is checked.  
The dead boy saved, I had rather know,  
Than his life with his manhood wrecked.

I praise thee, Father, Thy will be done;  
Thy providence is best,  
And 'Thine hand will restore my absent son  
In the realms of eternal rest.

---

Too True.

---

The lover hung his manly head,  
And checked his beating heart;  
While gazing on the one who led  
A wild and wayward part.

For he had fondly hoped to win,  
To call the maid his own;  
Missed not a look, a wish, a whim,  
'Till months to years had grown.

When fulsome flatterers 'round her met  
And lauded high her grace,  
Her form, her lips, her eyes of jet,  
Her rare illumined face,

He, sick at heart, beheld her pride  
 Of conquest and of power;  
 Yet prayed that as a true man's bride  
 She might enjoy life's hour.

But step by step she sank apace  
 (Oh, giddy heart and head!)  
 Still spurned with one to run life's race,  
 By lofty purpose led.

And he, rebuked, won to his side  
 A priceless woman, wife;  
 While she, in life's mad whirl, still tried  
 To find a happier life.

Her flatterers passed her, one by one;  
 She, wrecked, insulted stood—  
 A woman lost; the star, which shone  
 As heaven, set, sank in blood.

Oh, fluttering moth, 'round such a flame  
 'Twas poor a life to spend,  
 When genuine manhood crowns the name  
 In marriage without end!

---

### Confidence!

---

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—*Bible.*

How few have scaled those cloudless heights,  
 Where faith immortal dwells, inspired;  
 Where days of storm or calm-steeped nights  
 Are one, and labor hath not tired!

Imbued with strength  
From food on high,  
They live or die  
To win at length.

Were History bade to bring her crowned,  
How small a host would centuries span!  
While untold myriads might be found  
Or nearly universal man,  
Who leave no trace,  
Though called to this,  
Persistent, miss  
Their day of grace.

The kingly few as types have been,  
The possible of unborn time;  
When Kings and Priests, as nations seen,  
Shall move the earth in every clime.  
With swelling heart  
We hail the day  
To work and play  
A faithful part!

With Seers and Prophets passed away,  
With Prophet's-priesthood now who roam,  
We greet Truth's universal sway—  
Earth's glad triumphant harvest home!  
Content to play  
In lowliest parts,  
So faithful hearts  
May bless our day.



*In Zion.*

---

We knew of his first coming from a nation o'er the  
sea,

A convert to the Gospel such as Elders love to see;  
His home had all attraction that fond parents can  
bestow,

Religion, education, wealth, society can show.

He heard that glorious message from the opened  
Heaven's sent,

And gave obedience to the call to his full heart's  
content;

When he had said "Good-bye" to all however sore  
his heart,

No murmuring found a lodgment there, he chose  
a nobler part.

But knowing little at the time, that little soon in-  
creased,

In prayer and faith and all good works his efforts  
never ceased,

And God was with him, was his light, to guide his  
youthful feet;

Providing parents, friends and health and every  
blessing meet.

When on a foreign shore he stood he talked with  
God, his friend;

A Covenant Son he wished to be till life should  
find its end;

He knew not what his path might cross, tempta-  
tion's tests could be,  
No arm of flesh, 'twas his to trust his Maker—Deity.

This chosen land, the gathering place, the “thresh-  
ing-floor of God,”  
Divinely blest, for ages kept, the choicest on earth's  
sod;  
The rallying point, these mountain vales where  
Priesthood rules in love,  
Revealing duty, truths to fit man for the realms  
above.

Amid fair Zion's daughters found, the Prophet  
made it clear,  
'Twas God's own plan in Nature's laws in Zion  
should appear,  
That every faithful son should wed to found his  
house and name,  
As did these Patriarchs of old who earned immor-  
tal fame.

Love kindled, kept that sacred law, invoked those  
sealing powers,  
Which God's anointed Seers have held in earth's  
supremest hours;  
For time and all eternity, he found a wife was  
given,  
And from the altar's sacred steps his soul soared  
nearer Heaven.

Eternal increase hath its key, though few may find  
 that way,  
 Through marriage rite is it decreed to all who thus  
 obey,  
 If one or ten, are given of Him who rules and  
 reigns on high,  
 They will be wives indeed on earth and 'yond the  
 starlit sky.

This was believed, and broadened soul essayed to  
 prove its truth,  
 When toil was pleasant and there throbbed the  
 heart of hopeful youth,  
 No home on earth was e'er more fair, united, true  
 and good,  
 As wives and children multiplied and truth was  
 understood.

No jealous feeling grew or thrived, as one each tried  
 to bless,  
 In fond relationship of Love, they lived 'neath  
 Love's caress;  
 To sacrifice was duty plain, each found the way for  
 this,  
 And if a cloud arose at all, 'twas scattered by a  
 kiss.

From out that home went men of power, faith had  
 its sacred work,  
 And duty never seemed a task for e'en the least to  
 shirk,

In foreign climes, in lands afar, though oft with  
bleeding feet,  
They wooed the sinner back to God by Gospel's  
music sweet.

Their going was blest, return was hailed, their  
Ward was proud of each,  
They went as Saviors, not to learn, but all the  
world to teach;  
Their converts flocked to Zion as the doves to win-  
dows fly,  
And all through Utah's glorious land they're men  
to whom men tie.

The daughters light a host of homes, are mothers  
now indeed,  
An army from the days gone by from Israel's  
precious seed,  
They're known at home, abroad as well, their works  
will ever shine  
And Zion if redeemed at once, would find those  
works divine.

From "small beginnings" He doth make His mighty  
purpose grow,  
The Lad from 'yond the sea is now a Patriarch  
below;  
And thousands have been blessed of him and by  
his family here,  
Who in the realms of bliss for e'er their memories  
will revere.

'Tis good to work for Zion's growth, for God who  
 formed the plan,  
 Ere earth's foundations yet were laid to be the  
 home for man;  
 And by and by (I hail the time) redemption fully  
 shown,  
 Will swing it back to shine again not far from  
 Father's throne.

The saints enraptured then shall have the right to  
 rule and reign,  
 Bought by the Christ whose precious blood on Cal-  
 vary left its stain;  
 Celestialized by power of Truth the Kingdom of  
 our God,  
 Shall shine in splendor for the Saints on earth's  
 delighted sod.

---

*Similitude.*

---

Whene'er the sun goes down in cloudless splendor  
 After a day of calm,  
 Somehow each tho't seems all inspired and tender,  
 Dripping with healing balm.

But when in haze or cloud the day is dying,  
 Sombre the moods of thought,  
 Steal o'er the senses as if heedless, sighing,  
 Sadness and silence caught.

Strange, ah vastly strange, uncomprehended,  
    These spells of joy or tears;  
All unbegotten of things seen or tended,  
    In fleeing days or years.

From other spheres, and spirits not embodied,  
    Strange drifts and moods more strange,  
Come all unsought, unwished, yet making stolid  
    The passive heart to change.

Oh may we woo the best, shun those deluding  
    That mock us in their spite;  
For surely all are ever dark illusions,  
    That lead us from the right.

God's Spirit as is promised, cannot fail us,  
    It whispers peace with Sun,  
Or if the shadows cover, hell assail us,  
    The victor's crown is won.

---

### Life's Dreams.

---

Childhood dreams, and smiles in sleep,  
    Dreams of home, just left awhile;  
Angels their glad vigils keep,  
    Recognition wakes the smile!

Youth hath dreams, fond dreams of love;  
    Dreams of earth, the shadowed past?  
Just clouded life's impulses move  
    In transient orbit, swiftly cast.

Manhood dreams of riches, fame,  
Ambition, power, these forces swell,  
'Till pride of life and self, aflame,  
Hath burned the record memories tell.

So Old Age dreams. Life's ebbing tide  
Bids all the first dreams come once more,  
While angels draw the vail aside  
Of home beyond time's rugged shore.

Thus life is but a rounded dream;  
Its portals veil, unveil at will,  
Immortal lives, and heaven's bright gleam,  
As Gods their purposed ends fulfill!

### The Dying Prophet.

Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph!—*Last Words of Prest. Brigham Young.*

“Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph;” softly murmured Zion's chief,  
As life's pulses weakened, ebbing, in the midst of loving grief;  
Ah, the tale *that* tells is grander than the epics men have moved,  
For it speaks of recognition; Joseph—was the man he loved.

He, the dying, prostrate leader grasped in death the friend of yore,  
Come to give a welcome greeting as he neared the other shore;

Faithful, steadfast, tried and trusted, well thy mission thou hast done,  
Joseph meets thee on the threshold of the kingdom thou hast won.

True beside the great Ohio, true upon Missouri's plains,

True where Far West prairies reaching, untouched by defection's stain,

True where Mississippi's waters glassed the Temple's towering dome,

True when Carthage sent its victims to their desolated home!

True when fleeing from the hunters, as the antelope flees by,

True when camped mid death and sorrow, 'neath the silent winter sky.

True in all that wondrous passage,—pilgrimage to peace, from strife,

True in Utah's proud dominions marked by thy devoted life!

This the mission Jesus gave thee, Joseph on thy shoulders laid,

When his great heart quivered, feeling, that his life would be betrayed,

So he passed in trust unshaken as by revelation filled;

Joseph, Brigham, neither faltered, until death their efforts stilled.



And when murmuring softly, Joseph—proudly  
 thou could'st sink to rest,  
 On the outer verge of glory, frankly meet the  
 "Prophet" blest!  
 Ah, that meeting! who can grasp it, realize the  
 surging swell  
 Of those hearts who proved through all things,  
 that affection—acts best tell?  
 Who would falter? Mark their leader, emulate his  
 life, his death.  
 Welcome they shall have when passing, greeting  
 friends with latest breath.  
 Jesus, Joseph, Joseph, Brigham, 'twas triumphant  
 music there;  
 Angel bands for introduction, every faithful soul  
 shall share!

---

*The Missionary's Wife to Her Husband.*

---

True Love for an absent one,  
 Full oft may the hot tear start,  
 And only the few may know  
 The dream of a hungry heart.  
 Missing at morning, at eve,  
 Missing the step I have known;  
 Missing that voice I have loved,  
 Whose music was all my own,

Gone, on a mission of years,  
Oh dear, will the time seem long?  
Or, will it pass as a dream,—  
Like words of an evening song?  
'Twas Father who made that call—  
His servants that voice obey,  
The Altar's with treasure piled  
Are hearts that never say "Nay."  
Honor to husband abroad,  
And honor to wives at home;  
When duty its finger points,  
To stay, or awhile to roam.  
True marriage, eternal, looks  
Far 'yond the rough shores of time;  
And love hath its highest bliss,  
In Heaven's unchanging clime.  
Be glad then, my lonely heart,  
Fly quick, oh ye months or years,  
My Father give patience, and more,  
Thy Spirit to dry my tears.  
And I will Thy mercy tell,  
Extol Thee by day or night;  
Feel proud of my husband who toiled  
To save by the Gospel light.  
Keep him, I pray Thee, for e'er,  
Blessings to claim and possess,  
I, as Thy daughter, will wait,  
His presence, his kiss, his caress!

"Thy Name Be Praised!"

---

Swells there a grand, inspiring thought—  
 It comes from God,  
 And breaks, with lofty purpose fraught,  
 On earth's green sod.

With tidal force it ebbs, it flows  
 As centuries pass;  
 Man knows not whence it comes or goes,  
 Or why it was!

'Tis meteor-like, now here, now there,  
 Impulsive seems!  
 Now, in the summer morning air,  
 Then, midnight dreams!

In zones apart, in lands afar,  
 With us today!  
 Then moveless as yon radiant star  
 Or milky way!

Erratic, yet there is design  
 And wondrous plan;  
 What Sage hath lore to help define  
 For fellow man?

Yet inspiration shall be felt,  
 And wide extend,  
 'Till fertile hearts our earth shall belt,  
 And Time shall end.

Hail, glorious age, hail Latter-day!  
The days of light.  
Hail Priesthood's grasp, hail its full sway,  
The rule of right!

For purpose is its end and aim,  
From sire to son;  
To give to God earth back again,  
Which will be done!

How proudly beats the true man's heart  
But Gods can know;  
For they to him that fire impart,  
Whose intense glow  
Shall light the world to higher spheres,  
That day of earth's one thousand years!

---

### The Summer-Land.

---

Immortality reigns o'er yon fair Summer-land,  
Yet its trophies were garnered from earth's  
rugged scene,  
The change but betrayed an Omnipotent hand,  
And a Master-mind guiding, to mortals unseen.

There beauty perennial swells to all hearts;  
No blight there, no sorrow, no tear finds a place;  
There the soft light falls sweetly, no shadow  
imparts,  
For all things are light, where God hides not  
His face.

No death—oh, what rapture! no death revels near.  
 Dethroned? Ah, no—never; he hath not been  
 there.

Life, exuberant, joyous, eternal, as dear  
 To the Gods as to man, in those realms ever fair.

I hail thee, thou Paradise! Heaven is thy name,  
 And my heart stretches out to thy mansions of  
 bliss,

Well pleased to exchange life's poor flickering  
 flame,  
 For the light of that land from the darkness of  
 this.

Can man hope for rest 'neath thy skies so serene?  
 May he dwell on high with the Seraphim band?  
 Engraven within hath the prophecy been;  
 It will all be fulfilled in that bright Summer-  
 land.

And the pulses which quiver with parting on  
 earth,  
 To peace shall be stilled when we grasp hands  
 again,  
 And the sorrow-bowed head shall be lifted to  
 mirth  
 With the music of greeting the loved ones  
 again!

## Day Dreams.

I dream the old dreams o'er again,  
The dreams of youthful joy;  
When hearts were full and skies all bright  
For I was yet a boy.

To roam beside the brawling beek,  
To scale the "Castle hills,"  
And trail the moors of purple heath,  
Whose breath for ever thrills.

To find the nest with eggs or young,  
To see the hare flash by,  
Or whirr of partridge wing to hear,  
With cuckoo calling nigh.

O'er all the verdant mead the kine,  
Low'd lazily, or stood  
Knee deep in cowslip fields, or lay  
Content to chew their cud.

Ah, peaceful spot full oft compared,  
When 'yond the hills afar—  
The sun, whose setting lustre gleamed  
Like gates of Heaven ajar.

And when the even-song rang out—  
"On Jordan's stormy banks,"  
How wistful youthful rapture swelled,  
With all of childish thanks.

To "Canaan's fair and happy land,"  
 Seemed just the green hills o'er;  
 Where first the Father's hand was seized—  
 For worship was no more.

The sabbath eve, the silent stars,  
 (Oh youthful dream of bliss)  
 The homeward walk in reverent mood  
 Before the "Good-night" kiss.

I see the fields, the hazy hills,  
 I list the twilight bell;  
 Whothen could solve those strange deep tho'ts,  
 Or break that dreamy spell.

Who then could prophesy how years,  
 Would lengthen o'er the head?  
 Ere ripe experience found what force,  
 The youthful spirit fed.

'Tis known to-day, no stranger hand,  
 Wrote as with golden pen,  
 The thoughts I call my morning dreams,  
 As precious now as then.

Nay oft I wish to dream again  
 And taste that Heavenly bliss,  
 Which richer, sweeter was than aught—  
 'Twas inspiration's kiss.

Unsullied as the wheeling stars,  
 As bright as summer flowers,  
 The dreams of far-off years I knew,  
 In childhood's happy hours.

For they were gilded by that light,  
Which doth unfolded prove  
Some dreams come true when earth life ends  
With God and perfect Love.

---

### Sunshine and Clouds

---

What could more beautiful be than the morn  
Of that bright summer day as I gazed on the  
vale?  
For Nature had crowded with treasures her horn,  
Luxuriant as Paradise in the old tale.  
Fruit, flowers and rich verdure, magnificent there  
In state more than regal, our mother arrayed;  
And the birds carolled high in the ambient air,  
To Him who in goodness the festive scene made.  
But a cloud floated upward, and gathered at noon,  
'Till the thunder pealed madly and forked light-  
ning flew;  
And the big drops of rain to a torrent swelled soon,  
While the hail drifted by on the storm as it blew.  
Soon it passed, and the thirsty earth wafted on  
high,  
From its flowrets and fields, all the fragrance of  
life;  
Refreshed and more beautiful looked to the sky,  
To that God who brings blessings from quiet or  
strife!



I paused to consider, 'tis Providence guides  
 All the issues of life, from its cradle till night;  
 The sunshine is His, and the storm-cloud besides,  
 Which renders more beautiful all that is bright.  
 Then welcome the future, life now, or to come;  
 Thy will, "Oh, my Father," forever be done,  
 Here on earth, in our exile, and yonder, at home—  
 Whether wrapped in the darkness, or glad in the  
 sun!

---

Satisfied.

---

The race is run, the battle fought,  
 The cable snapped in twain;  
 The web is cut, its threads can ne'er  
 Be joined or tied again.

The pattern, good or ill, is fixed,  
 Life's shuttle flies no more,  
 'Tis all transferred to judgment now,  
 Upon a different shore.

No man's caprice can there decide,  
 Oh what a theme is this;  
 To one prepared to give account,  
 And enter into bliss.

Yet justice there must have its dues,  
 Though mercy claim its part;  
 And if rewarded or condemned  
 'Twill meet the suppliant's heart.

For he, all conscious of his sin,  
And weakness will obey;  
Will cheerful take the penalty  
The Gods may give that day.

Will praise the Father for His grace,  
Nay bless—if 'tis the rod;  
Which bids him climb Salvation's steeps,  
To dwell with Christ and God.

---

### Compensation.

---

The brightest flower oft fades and dies,  
The sweetest song-bird droops;  
And from the blue and ambient skies,  
The rain-cloud often stoops.

The precious things of earth will fail,  
E'en wealth and fame hath wings;  
On quiet seas, the well-filled sail,  
Full oft its requiem rings.

The brightest eye the home-nest leaves,  
Best loved—least like to stay;  
The wayward one the heart most grieves,  
The good soon hies away.

And this is life; which human sight,  
Not yet hath power to scan;  
The beautiful receives the blight,  
The prized eludes the man.

Yet, compensation comes to all,  
 The flowers will bloom again,  
 The bird in song will wake the soul,  
 As verdure follows rain.

Oh memory's riches swell the soul,  
 They feed the hungry heart;  
 The past an interwoven whole—  
 Its tears the smile may start.

E'en things which in themselves are good,  
 May lure the heart and will,  
 For gold, and fame, and pride of blood  
 Are found but bubbles still.

The tempest sweeping ocean's breast,  
 May waft the barque along;  
 Or seamanship may find its test,  
 The wheel be proved as strong.

And if, perchance, the hand divine,  
 Hath plucked home's fairest flower—  
 The one which did all hearts entwine  
 And glorify life's hours,

Beyond the stars we'll clasp once more,  
 Those whom we deemed the lost,  
 They simply sailed that ocean o'er,  
 Which world on world hath crossed.

There mother-love fruition feels,  
 There each shall find their own;—  
 God's wisdom surely best reveals,  
 'Mid light, around His throne.

So dry the tear, Oh praise that Hand,  
    'Twas doubtless one of love;  
And when the gates swing wide, you'll stand  
    Beside your girl—above.

---

### Gratitude.

---

Who could refuse with heart and voice,  
    To swell the tide of Zion's song?  
Her sons and daughters must rejoice,  
    Or e'en the stones would point the wrong.

No common strain befits the time,  
    When Heaven hath stooped to earth again;  
It needs a grand and thrilling chime,  
    Or grateful hearts would burst with pain.

The great prophetic day is here,  
    Its opening light hath cleft the cloud;  
Which through the ages did appear,  
    To seal the heavens and man enshroud.

Yet who would mourn the ever past,  
    Its trying scenes, its darkened skies?  
When upward moves the sun at last,  
    To bless the eyes which watch its rise.

As to the zenith it shall roll,  
    To bathe the world in living light;  
Exult within me, oh my soul,  
    And sing thy songs by day or night.

*The Only, The Best Reply.*

---

Come thee, my soul, why so restlessly turning,  
 To shadows and fancies or thoughts long ago?  
 E'en if bright, is it wise to be endlessly yearning,  
 When mightier forces around thee now flow?

Things now are not "gilded" by memories fading,  
 For those were remains of a beautiful past;  
 Which all have been canceled or changed by life's  
 shading,  
 They were not intended 'mid earth's life to last.

Probation! Thy mission, had scarcely been entered,  
 No trial, temptation, or cloud had been thine;  
 Not then on life's duties had thought become cen-  
 tered,  
 'Tis friction alone bids the gem's light to shine.

All unused were thy faculties then, and untainted  
 By contact with sorrow and sin all around,  
 While the past but half-dimmed (where the faithful  
 are sainted)  
 Was the key to the rapture thy youth ever found.

Thy young dreams will return fully laden with  
 treasure,  
 The cloud, silver lined, all transmuted to gold;  
 Like the sun that went down for thy heart's deep-  
 est pleasure,  
 To again rise in splendor of glory untold.

The glad song of triumph shall yet be thy portion,  
Though blind thou may'st stagger on life's rugged  
day,

In Father's creation there is no abortion,  
In darkness or sunshine He worketh His way.

Thy soul purified shall emerge from earth's troubles  
To range in a grander, a happier sphere;  
Where things now most trying shall count but as  
bubbles,  
That rise in the freshet but die on the clear.

God's wisdom hath planned for a full exaltation,  
Of all His obedient, if patient they wait  
For the crown and the sceptre of Kingly relation  
To God and thine own, in their primal estate.

---

### 'Tis Precious Soul.

---

There is a charm in loving, where,  
It finds response in purest kiss;  
It soothes the soul, it lightens care,  
And gives to life its richest bliss.

'Tis from the soul, and not the flesh,  
This, would its glory dim for e'er,  
Corrupting thoughts as sweet and fresh  
As Heaven's own light or ambient air.

Unsullied Love lifts far above,  
 The palling pleasure sin imparts;  
 No rival shares, or can improve,  
 This loftiest trend of human hearts.

Yet, oft 'tis mixed with wild desire,  
 With human nature's taint of sin;  
 Love dies amid unhallowed fires,  
 Which burn and blast, without—within.

The shrivelled soul abhors its own,  
 Both God and man its end foretell,  
 Tempter and tempted both go down,  
 To welcome in the deepest hell.

Who would be recreant, let him count  
 The cost to-day, the cost at last,  
 Not coin or figures though they mount  
 By computation sums most vast.

A soul! 'Tis precious, saith "The Word,"  
 It cost the blood of Christ, the Lord.  
 List all ye nations, then when heard,  
 Repent and find true life restored.

---

### The Breath of Spring.

---

I feel the breath of Spring around,  
 I love its healing balm;  
 Life bursts from every spot of ground,  
 The violet or the palm.

The emerald fields arrest the eye,  
There's music in the rills,  
And as the lark soars to the sky,  
My heart with rapture thrills.

I mark His hand whate'er the clime,  
His finger-touch is there,  
Upon the dial—nature's time—  
'Tis Father's every where.

When tropic sun luxuriant swells,  
In verdure strange and grand,  
Or where the melting snow but tells,  
That Spring doth eager stand.

Oh I have marked in moods divine,  
These changes near and far;  
My soul would oft His praise rehearse  
Who formed both flower and star.

For worlds afar bespeak His love,  
His wisdom and His skill;  
Earth might be like His home above  
Would man but learn His will.

It will be Heaven some glorious day,  
The angels shall it grace,  
For beauty, glory, love shall sway,  
All things upon its face.



Rest.

---

There remaineth therefore a rest.—*Bible.*

There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.—*Job.*

Rest for the weary soul,  
 Rest for the aching head;  
 Rest on the hill-side, rest  
 With the great uncounted dead!

Rest, for the battle's o'er;  
 Rest, for the race is run;  
 Rest where the gates are closed  
 With each evening's setting sun!

Peace where no strife intrudes,  
 Peace where no quarrels come;  
 Peace, for the end is there  
 Of our wild life's busy hum.

Peace, the oppressed are free;  
 Peace, the oppressor yields!  
 Peace, for 'tis equal there  
 In those silent harvest fields.

Rest till the trumpet sounds;  
 Rest, O ye weary, rest,  
 For the angels guard those well  
 Who sleep on their mother's breast!

Peace! (There is music's sound.)  
 Peace, till the rising sun  
 Of the Resurrection's morn  
 Proclaims the victory won!

## David in His Posterity.

---

"I am the root and the offspring of David."—*Rev.*  
He shall see of his seed and be satisfied.—*Isaiah.*

"The harp the monarch minstrel swept"  
Hath turned to dust, hath passed away;  
The Spirit which inspired hath kept  
His words of flame, without decay,  
Full fresh as when they first had birth  
Beneath yon cedar palace, where  
In regal state King David's mirth  
Or sorrow found a voice so rare.  
The "Holy City" heard that tongue,  
As suns set on its burnished spires,  
And many a thrilling psalm was sung  
Around the sacrificial fires.

Departed is that glory now;  
No royal lineage fills that throne;  
No temple bids rich incense show;  
That "Priesthood," which the Gods could own,  
Fallen—from what a favored height!  
Palace and temple now no more;  
Priesthood returned to heaven's glad light,  
From earth's foul sin and hell's mad war.  
Yet through the centuries David's voice  
Hath been to many an ardent soul  
The word divine, the treasure choice,  
And still will be as ages roll!

The Poet, Prophet, King, "the Man  
 After my heart," ('twas Heaven's own voice)  
 Made such a type for Israel's clan,  
 And through his loins bids earth rejoice.  
 In Israel of these days of ours  
 Shall many a "David's harp" be found,  
 Inspired with rich prophetic powers,  
 Devoid of all uncertain sound.  
 These through the ages shall be heard  
 In every land, o'er every sea,  
 Where'er a human pulse hath stirred  
 With thought of heaven on earth to be.

No traitorous hand shall point again  
 To ruins (as 'tis done today)  
 Of temples, cities, priestly reign,  
 Which in the ages passed away.  
 The Kingdom stands forever, now!  
 'Gainst it no power will e'er prevail,  
 'Till earth, redeemed, with truth shall glow;  
 'Till David's God shall rend the veil.  
 Oh, what a psalm will then resound  
 As types and shadows pass away,  
 From sainted myriads crowding 'round  
 Earth's temples in man's Sabbath day!

“There’s No Such Thing as Death!”

---

Throughout all Nature’s grand domain  
Life reigns perennial, full, around,  
And every pang and pulse of pain  
Leads but to higher vantage ground.

Where Autumn’s leaves in myriads droop,  
They wake to higher forms of life,  
And every shower exhaled doth stoop  
To earth again with beauty rife.

Disintegrate, earth’s granite base  
Brings untold wealth from fertile fields,  
And in the circling smoke we trace  
Those elements which treasure yields.

And where, on sloping hillsides, dwell  
The myriads of the ages past,  
Doth not their resurrection swell  
In forms unknown, or known as vast

Systems and suns, replete with change,  
So wandering orbs, or earths or moons,  
In resurrections have their range  
In morn or night or cycling noons.

Nothing destroyed, naught can be lost;  
No particle but finds its place—  
Now here, now there, at rest or tossed,  
Each process adds to form, in grace.

By rigid law eternal, moves  
 In higher planes, refined at last,  
 What art of man, from God, but proves  
 That change, not Death, hath powers so vast.

Little we know, and that is vain,  
 Compared with element advanced;  
 We only feel the backward stain—  
 We hope for being, Life, enhanced!

Nay, more; that inspiration most have had  
 (A drop from Life's great fountain head)  
 Assures, though Reason, college-mad,  
 May scorn such moods by Spirit fed.

"There's no such thing as Death!" we feel  
 Instinctive, in the realms of space;  
 But change, with noiseless step, doth tread  
 Where'er Omnipotence can trace.

Thus feeble man and fallen earth  
 Aspire, and feel their pulses thrill—  
 The one to be as Gods in worth,  
 The last celestialized by will.

*Will* that hath worked, will work unspent  
 'Till past eternities shall fall  
 As single drops to ocean sent,  
 Till God shall be the All in All!

*Awake!*

---

Awake, arise, my dormant powers,  
Let joyous feelings thrill;  
Come, let thy life's fast fleeting hours  
Be filled with music still!

Art thou not blessed beyond compare,  
With earth's all heedless throng?  
Should not thy soul, upon the air  
Burst forth in grateful song?

A song of gladness, one of peace,  
By day or silent night;—  
A song whose fervor must increase  
From love of God and right!

'Tis this which gives to earth that sheen—  
That glow of purest love,  
Which makes alike the world unseen,  
A Heaven of bliss above!

---

*Life Consecrated.*

---

A young life is a book uncut,  
It leaves unread, its end unknown,  
Preface or Finis, hardly scanned  
Its teeming harvest-field unsown!

Oh, cares will come and trials sweep,  
 Its rugged defiles, mountain slopes;  
 Through all its quiet valleys creep,  
 The brambles of life's blighted hopes!  
 Oh, clouds will gather, tempests rage,  
 Yet sunny landscapes will be seen,  
 And wide spread peace will gild its age,  
 If honest effort comes between;  
 True friends with many a hearty clasp,  
 Will prompt to brave and noble deeds,  
 And tell how best to curb and clean  
 The oft luxuriant growth of weeds!  
 Here let my thought in rhyme just show,  
 That consecrated life is best,  
 That love of man and God can glow  
 In every humble earnest breast,  
 And when earth's shadows pass away,  
 When proved we are as molten gold,  
 In Heaven's undimmed eternal day,  
 We'll find the friends and loved of old!

---

### Praise Him!

---

"There is a Friend."

I praise Thee, God! My heart exults  
 That I Thy goodness know;  
 I feel that Thou my Friend hast been  
 Since life began below.

And in Thy presence, ere I took  
This fallen, lost estate,  
Thou wast my Friend, my Father Thou,  
Beyond heaven's pearly gate!

And Thou didst say, "My son, go down—  
Tread for awhile yon sod.  
In flesh abide, in darkness dwell.  
Prove to thyself—thy God—

That thou wilt faithful be and true,  
True as the polestar burns;  
Through clouds and storms thy pathway force.  
When done, thou here returns."

Through failings numerous as the sand,  
Through trials as a flood,  
Discouraged oft, again inspired—  
I to Thy truth have stood!

But there's one boon my heart craves yet.  
In spite of sin and hell,  
Since Thou hast been, art still, my Friend,  
May I *be Thine* as well?

---

### The Life of Love.

---

When souls unite in marriage rite,  
And love is inspiration true;  
What joy or bliss can equal this?  
Each asks the question, old but new!



Life swells supreme, a more than dream,  
 How real, unreal its silken wings,  
 Each morn is bright, the silent night,  
 As love in rapture soars and sings!

To youth, to age, this glowing page,  
 Is as a taste of worlds above;  
 A world so fair, no soul would dare,  
 To doubt its sweet undying love!

In human range of startling change,  
 This blooming sprite oft droops and dies;  
 A word, a pout, the glow dies out,  
 Beyond recall this priceless prize.

If patience wait by open gate,  
 Through which this treasure often flees,  
 'Tis doubtless true, indeed I know,  
 Full oft the truant we might seize!

A word of cheer from one held dear,  
 Will fan the flame, will make it glow,  
 And oft a kiss will keep the bliss,  
 From nipping frost and drifting snow!

Love ever warm to keep from harm,  
 Must sheltered be beyond a chill;  
 Thus it will dwell if guarded well,  
 In life or death and every ill!

If "God is Love," man best can prove,  
 That kinship formed beyond the stars;  
 Love's perfect sway 'mid time's rough day,  
 The golden gate above, unbars.

## The Dominion of Law!

---

"The law of the Lord is perfect, enduring forever."—*Psalms*.

How human wisdom pales its fires  
Before the light of law divine,  
Which orb or atom moves, inspires,  
As Heaven in council did design!  
No jarring system e'er rebelled,  
Nor flowers that bloomed on earthly sod;  
Naught hath its tribute yet withheld  
Of honor to its law of God!

The sand that swept old Egypt's plain,  
The comet in yon fields of space,  
The smouldering fires 'neath earth's domain,  
Each ray of light this truth doth trace,  
That law primeval ne'er hath changed;  
No whim, caprice, hath bid it stay;  
Creative skill the end arranged  
Before beginning had its day!

And as with matter, so with mind;  
In all its paths yet trod by man  
Each process hath its end defined,  
And every step or thought but can  
Develop that which God intends,  
For which He bid our race to be,  
And all life's circumstance but tends  
From fallen man a King to free!

For this all trials—every phase!

On history's page, though writ in blood,  
In all that men call "evil days,"

There are concealed the germs of good.  
No error, but its aid shall lend;

No darkness, but shall come to light;  
And every selfish aim shall bend

By force of law to bring the right!

Oh, had we that baptism of fire,

Which Seer and Prophet had of yore;  
What force of life we might inspire,

And revelation's realms explore!  
What Priesthood might we not enjoy—

What wisdom, knowledge as our rod!  
And Truth, exultant, might destroy

Our race, now dwarfed, for man as God.

### Our Little Mother.

"Our Little Mother," 'twas sadly said,

As round the coffined form they stood,  
But few knew how those hearts then bled,  
Or mourned the loss of one so good.

"Our Little Mother!" Ah, yes, indeed,

Though childless, yet a mother true;  
For in the Priesthood comes that seed,  
Which lends,—nay gives the chosen few.

“Our Little Mother,” she gave her life,  
Her husband, all, to God’s great work;  
No wild rebellion, sordid strife  
Could bid that soul a duty shirk.

“Our Little Mother!” Left all at last,  
We loved her, and we love her still;  
Time, and eternities more vast,  
Will find her impress on our will.

“Our Little Mother!” God bless that word,  
That power divine which made her so;  
Thy kingdom on our home conferred,  
“Our Little Mother” loved below.

---

“O Grave, Where is Thy Victory?”

---

What voice salutes the startled ear,  
And wakes the stricken heart,  
Yet seems to drown each childish fear  
And life again impart?  
Is it an echo of the past  
To which we silent cling?  
“O grave, where is thy victory,  
O death, where is thy sting?”  
This doth not spring from earthly soil,  
Nor from its wisdom grow.  
’Tis not evoked by students’ toil,  
Though years hath crowned with snow.

No! Rich experience bids this swell  
 Divine its precious ring—  
 “O grave, where is thy victory,  
 O death, where is thy sting?”

Here, where the open bier sustains  
 The friend just passed away,  
 We know that glad relief obtains  
 From all encumbering clay!  
 While by the ready grave we stand,  
 Exulting faith we bring—  
 “O grave, where is thy victory,  
 O death, where is thy sting?”

And so we thank Thee, Father, God;  
 Thy voice will raise the dead!  
 E'en though a thorny path they trod,  
 Or were by Calvary led.  
 'Twas there Thy Son, our Savior, went,  
 And man by this can sing—  
 “O grave, where is thy victory,  
 O death, where is thy sting?”

---

In the Mission Field.

An experience in Bristol, England.

---

I heard a noise in a crowded street,  
 The voice of ribaldry loud and strange,  
 It echoed beyond the hurrying feet,  
 Which gathered *en masse* from a widening range

I turned the corner and startled stood,  
To see the eager curious crowd,  
A motley lot, some bad, some good,  
One here and there had a querist's mood.

A brawling speaker harangued the mob,  
Invective used with a fiery tongue,  
Which stirred the passions till groan and sob,  
With weird tones out on the night-air rung.

Surprised, disgusted, I turned away  
From the rabble rout by a fiend enraged,  
'Twas lies and venom, with scarce a ray  
Of truth or right, in the war they waged.

From the midst of that surging host I passed  
With thoughts of sorrow for those deceived,  
Though hope ran high that Truth at last  
Would find that triumph by God decreed.

Not far from that boisterous, wild, mad crew,  
The voice of singing fell on my ear,  
I turned again for 'twas fresh and new,  
And touched my soul as I lingered near.

The words were stirring, yet wondrous sweet,  
Both they and the tune were as if divine;  
Then prayer was offered as silence meet,  
On that throng fell at the hour of nine.

An earnest man then rose and told  
Of Gospel light and a Father's love;  
The contrast fell as 'twixt dust and gold  
In the two old streets as I both did prove.

The Difference.

To a quiet town in a far-off land  
 Went a fearless Preacher out;  
 'Tis long ago, and old Time's rude hand  
 Hath turned the style about!  
 'Twas long before papers and news were thrown  
 As now, on each daily board;  
 When steam and the press were both unknown  
 Or the telegraph did record.

This Preacher related the wondrous birth  
 And life of the Sacred One;  
 Then told how, 'spite of His truth and worth,  
 He was crucified—as 'twas done!  
 How enemies dogged His patient life,  
 Persecuted and doomed to die,  
 And thus made plain that pitiless strife  
 Which in evil to good doth lie.

The matron listened with eyes of fire,  
 Which flashed as the tale he told.  
 "Had I been there with my wild desire,  
 I'd have strangled the dastards bold!"  
 And the tear-drops fell as the heart drank in  
 Those cruel deeds of yore;  
 "Could ever a human soul thus sin,  
 Or yield to the demons more?  
 "How long, d'you say, since this took place,  
 And where d'you say 'twas done?"  
 "Why, in Jerusalem—sad disgrace!  
 'Neath Palestine's bright sun.

Since then some eighteen centuries have past."

"Ah, yes; 'tis long ago!

Oh, well, perhaps 'tis untrue at last—

At least we'll hope 'tis not so!"

But now from the ends of the earth each day

Come tidings from nations far;

If science evolve some fresh display,

Or discovers an unknown star,

Whether war or famine or death's abroad,

Man knows it *afore 'tis done*;

The wire is up, and the press we load

Ahead of time—by sun!

### My Quiet Summer Eve.

'Tis a beautiful nook, where greenly

The velvety grass, I tread.

The lily grows there quite queenly,

And there is the violet's bed;

Close by is a poplar dancing

Its leaves in the fitful breeze,

And the music is soul-entrancing

Which sweeps through the shading trees!

Shut out from the wild world's striving,

I drink at the close of day

From the fountain where Art, conniving

With Nature, holds regal sway.



And I list for a fairy footfall,  
 I long for the tones of love;  
 For this is the spot for our tryst call,  
 Near the home of the turtledove.

She comes! and her eyes are beaming  
 With glad celestial light,  
 As the day in the west just gleaming  
 Prepares for the starlit night;  
 'Twas there, in my glad unbending,  
 I told her how much I loved,  
 And felt that our souls were tending  
 To that which the Gods have moved.

There mutual tones, unspoken,  
 Were seen in each love-lit eye;  
 There the pressure of hands was token  
 As we kissed with a deep-drawn sigh.  
 'Tis years since that eve of glory,  
 In the nook at the set of sun,  
 Since we lisped o'er the same old story  
 Generations will do—have done.

Just now, at my hearthstone kneeling,  
 My wife—still a faithful one,  
 With her last babe round her stealing,  
 To make her Papa dream on.  
 The others in peace are sleeping,  
 Each one in his quiet bed;  
 O'er a few the years are creeping,  
 Where manhood shall grace their head.

I pray that their young hearts' craving  
 May gaze on no darker scene  
 Than memory's waters, laving,  
 Have treasured quite fresh and green.  
 Their love, in its gladsome beauty,  
 Have birth in as fair a spot  
 As the nook, where—easy duty—  
 The first kiss gave and got.

---

The Beautiful Gate.

An Echo.

---

Five bright little angels were watching above,  
 And their eyes shone as stars with the lustre of  
 love;  
 They each had clasped hands, for 'twas pleasant to  
 wait  
 Where, on hinges of gold, swung the beautiful  
 gate.

As the music swelled grandly from pillar to dome,  
 Or fell in soft cadence as falls the sea foam,  
 'Twas unheeded by none save the group I saw  
 wait  
 In a lingering attitude close by the gate.

I turned to the little ones, beautiful, bright  
 As the flowers blooming by in that garden of light;  
 I questioned, "Whence came you, and why do you  
 wait  
 In silent expectancy close by the gate?"

The answer was quick, as it flashed from the eye:  
 " 'Tis not long since we lived on yon earth rolling by.  
 Our parents both loved us, but we could not wait,  
 And singly we passed through the fair, pearly  
 gate.

"They mourn for us still; ah, their sorrow we  
 know!

While we enjoy more than yon earth can bestow.  
 We mourn not, or weep; yet impatiently wait  
 To welcome them first when they come to this  
 gate!"

And I thought, how delightful, how pleasant that -  
 love

Hath its full consummation and reigns here above!  
 Then sauntered, but oft as I turned I saw wait  
 That glad group of babes by the beautiful gate.

Still the Seraph song swelled 'mid the fretwork  
 and gold,

As the warm throb of myriads their ecstasy told.  
 'Twas grand! But for sweetness, I envied the state  
 Of innocence peering beyond the grand gate.

There Shall Be Light at Even-tide!

How blest that man, whose well-filled years  
 Of life's experience, tested, tried,  
 Enjoys in sunshine or in tears,  
 Sweet "Light at Even-tide!"

No harsh regrets o'er vanished days,  
No dread of life ahead, to chide;  
He, like a child enjoying, plays—  
Soft "Light at Even-tide!"

No conqueror 'mid the world's applause,  
No monarch, filled with regal pride,  
So calmly waits as he who knows  
There's "Light at Even-tide!"

True, though the clouds and storms have swept  
Across his path like rushing tide;  
True, though of sun o'erhead bereft,  
Found "Light at Even-tide!"

True to his God, himself, the world,  
How nobly, yet with peaceful pride,  
He point's to Truth's white flag, unfurled  
'Mid "Light at Even-tide!"

When failing pulse foretells that life  
Is ebbing on death's riverside,  
He feels around with pleasure rife  
Glad "Light at Even-tide!"

Ushered by angel hands who dwell  
Where heaven undimmed its gates set wide,  
He needs no more that shade which fell—  
Earth's "Light at Even-tide!"

The Day of Flowers.

---

Flowers, strew flowers of earthly mould,  
 Buds of beauty and perfume rare;  
 Affection's wealth will remain untold,  
 For the sainted dead who are sleeping there.

Flowers may symbol our dream or thought,  
 Perfect in color and form, though frail;  
 They fade and wither, they die, are naught,  
 Save Love's expression at last prevail.

Flowers of earth in their richest glow,  
 Or prairie-culled by a thoughtful hand,—  
 The rare exotic, if wealth bestow,  
 Are gems produced by its golden wand.

Flowers! All gone in a few brief days,  
 Like earthly beauty in human guise,  
 The rosy lip and the winning ways,  
 Of the well-beloved of our weeping eyes.

Flowers strewn over the quiet mound,  
 Where rests the shell of our dearest ones,  
 Now calmly waiting the trumpet sound,  
 The resurrection by angel tones.

Flowers! The choicest, the best we know,  
 Fragrant and formed to symbols fair;  
 Yet naught at last to the flowers which glow,  
 In the gardens above where the loved ones are.

Flowers, perennial over there,  
In beauty perfect, no bloom doth fade,  
As perfume fills the celestial air  
Of spirit-worlds which the Gods have made.

Flowers, in glory, for you and I  
If true to every known behest,  
Garlands of victory, by and by,  
At Home, in the midst of eternal rest.

Flowers! The tribute we weeping bring,  
Strewing the graves with a trembling hand,  
Though faith hath robbed of its once dread sting  
The claims of death as we waiting stand.

Oh, we shall greet in the worlds above,  
The dear ones laid 'neath the silent sod,  
Where dreams are real of that perfect love,  
The life of bliss with our Maker—God.

---

### Awake, My Soul.

---

Awake my soul, awake to song,  
Thy sun is over-head,  
Can sadness e'er to thee belong,  
By Father's wisdom led?  
His hand hath guided thee aright,  
When darkness hid thy feet,  
It was but momentary night,  
Thy soul the sun may greet.

Whate'er betides, this Friend is true,  
 His angels are thine own;  
 They from the realms of glory flew,  
 Where bright and pure they shone.  
 Thy footsteps are their constant care,  
 In joy or sorrow still,  
 And naught is thine but they are there  
 To do thy Father's will.

They'll bear thy record to the throne,  
 Its weakness, all its sin  
 Save true repentance shall atone  
 And welcome give therein.  
 If truth hath been thy guiding star,  
 Then mercy thou shalt share,  
 And with the saved from near or far,  
 A crown eternal wear.

---

### *The Sleigh-bells*

---

From the distance this way coming, list the music  
 of the bells,  
 As they jingle-jangle fitful, when the breeze half  
 dies or swells;  
 For the air is sharp and cutting while the snow is  
 crisp and deep,  
 And it crackles 'neath the runners as the sleigh  
 glides down the steep.

The moon at full in splendor rises o'er the mountains east,  
Moving up toward the zenith, o'er the landscape,  
light increased;  
White and sparkling like a garment mark the snow-flakes softly laid,  
O'er the valley filled with silence, save where sleigh-bells music made;  
The mountains in their grandeur all were clad to highest peak,  
Like white-robed giant sentinels to soul they ever speak,  
As they change from icy beauty to the beauty of the spring,  
When the laughing waters gather they to verdure wake and sing;  
But the theme was winter hoary, where the frost-king had his reign,  
And the sleigh-bells were forgotten with their musical refrain,  
Nearer came the jingle-jangle, and the ear was conscious more,  
Of an added strain of music, voices mellowed to the fore;  
There were light hearts with the sleigh-bells skimming o'er the frozen plain,  
Youths and maidens singing sweetly, 'twas an old familiar strain,  
One of Zion's songs indited by the Spirit from on high;



Oh, it touched my heart with gladness 'neath the  
 star-lit winter's sky;  
 "Oh, my Father," strain most lofty, well I know  
 its stirring words,  
 And I loved the welcome singers, for their voices  
 like the birds;  
 Did I envy? No, the Spirit told the secret of the  
 night,  
 These were trained in happy Zion, in the love of  
 Truth and Right.  
 As they passed, a wave of feeling swept across the  
 frozen field  
 All my sadness, vanished, lifted, to my soul it all  
 appealed,  
 Blessed the Father for the promise, in the youth  
 who singing, prayed,  
 Mingling with their play, religion, as they sang and  
 singing sleighed.  
 May no serpent in their pathway, no temptation  
 near or far,  
 Move their faith, or darken ever, Truth's blest  
 guiding polar star;  
 These my thoughts, my prayers, my blessing, list-  
 ing to the jingling bells,  
 And the music of those voices, in that song which  
 sweetly tells  
 That story hid for ages, told today to you and I,  
 In the House of God, or sleighing 'neath the blue  
 and moon-lit sky.

To One Beloved.

---

I hail thee, my bright one, though far, far away,  
My eye hath thy form and thy sweet smiling face,  
In day-dreams, at night, thy last smile yet can sway  
The heart that remembers thy yielding embrace.

The kiss from thy lips lingers ever on mine,  
I hear thy glad voice, and its music doth thrill;  
The love-light around thee for ever doth shine,  
Though absent or near thee, it charmeth me still.

Fond thoughts cluster round thee, and hope soars  
on high,  
Though distance and time hath thee hidden from  
sight;  
Old winter's chill breath, now re-echoes thy sigh,  
And wild winds may sweep round thy cottage  
each night.

I know thou art loved of the Heavens beside,  
Though betrayed and heart-broken thine eyes  
have been wet;  
Thou hast friends yet, and lovers whose truth hath  
been tried,  
And their hearts are as thine for they kiss and  
forget.

Their warm thought and prayers by that love are  
inspired,  
Which opens the Heavens that angels may guide,

Their wings shall thee cover when heart-sick and  
tried,  
'Mid *fiercest* temptations they'll walk by thy side.  
For good deeds and faith thou shalt yet wear a  
crown,  
Dwelling ever 'mid realms of immaculate bliss.  
With unnumbered friends 'mid the Gods sitting  
down,  
Thou shalt there have a welcome—a welcoming  
kiss.

---

Far From the Mountains.

---

Far from the land of the glorious mountains,  
Far from the valleys where peace ever dwells,  
Far from the streams and perennial fountains,  
Which swell in the sunlight and rush down the  
dells.

Here in a land amid strangers I linger,  
'Mid rain-clouds and mist on the isles of the sea;  
A land where old prejudice just lifts its finger,  
And Truth bows its head where its flow should  
be free.

For precedent rules, and the new is derided,  
Though liberty dwells 'neath its covering wing,  
Unless by the State or the Church it be guided,  
Its sound is metallic, unwelcome its ring.

When power gives sanction to common-place dross,  
When custom and wealth their endorsement  
bestow,

The fashion determines all profit and loss,  
Base metal is precious and black is like snow.

The bright garb of truth is by error now worn,  
Hypocrisy smiles like the sirens of old;  
As Samson was weak when his locks had been shorn;  
There is coin but 'tis bogus, not silver or gold.

It will not pass current beyond the blue sky,  
All human devices will fail evermore;  
Truth, only Truth, all the Gods shall pass by,  
'Tis the passport to bliss on Eternity's shore.

---

### Consoling.

---

Not an act or a thought hath e'er prompted to good  
But came from the worlds that are higher in  
bliss,

Whether found in life's conflict or half understood,  
It was borrowed or brought for a purpose to this.

We too are all strangers, are wanderers here,  
The veil of the flesh hath dimmed every eye;  
That agency held in yon far distant sphere,  
Is acting 'mid darkness, save faith makes it fly.

Undecided full oft when temptation is nigh  
 And spirits of evil suggest, to destroy,  
 Man faints, or he falls as a star from the sky;  
 He is "weaker than water" to barter life's joy!

The down-grade is heavy, yet easy when sin  
 Lays its spell on the eye, on the ear, on the heart;  
 'Tis love everlasting alone that can win  
 The prodigal back, or repentance impart.

Oh, mercy hath triumphed o'er every foe,  
 O'er spirits of men and the spirits of hell;  
 The Gospel and Priesthood of God will o'erthrow—  
 The powers that have or may ever rebel!

Frustrated at last, all of evil shall fall;  
 Each tongue shall confess, and each knee yet  
 shall bow!  
 One God and His Christ shall reign, Kings over all,  
 And the world, then redeemed, shall have full-  
 ness of joy!

---

*The Good is Ever Near.*

---

The day hath gone, the sweeping clouds,  
 Foretell a storm both wild and long;  
 And sadness creeps in silence o'er  
 A heart at best unstrung for song.

No note of cheer, no flight of praise,  
 No rapturous mood around me clings;  
 Oh weird and sad, what shadows float,  
 And what a dirge undistant rings.

What mean these moods, whence do they come?  
 For naught of life can them create;  
 It must be spirit-force—a spell,  
 Presaging naught of ill or hate.

The prayer of faith can lift the clouds,  
 All evil flees when Heaven is sought,  
 The calm serene of higher mood  
 Dispels the sad and sombre thought.

Oh bless the day this lesson came,  
 To know the good is always near;  
 And when strange moods irreverent swell,  
 To draw peace down from higher sphere.

### To Sister Hannah King.

In response—

“How is it we never see any of your productions in print?”

To woo the muse in this enlightened age  
 Is deemed an evidence of lack in years—  
 Fit for a boy, a love-sick girl! No Sage  
 Throws wisdom out in lines, but fears  
 That “that big fool, the world,” would call him mad,  
 Did he with highest inspiration bless, or lash the bad.

A sordid, wealth-pursuing age is this—

“Matter-of-fact;” and he the greatest *now*  
Who can betray (like Judas) with a kiss  
And wave the banner “Success” on his galleon’s  
prow;

Society to him will bow the knee,  
Ignoring all the fraud that bade him be.

What room for poems, poets, or the like?

Who cares for these ideals of the soul,  
Though heaven inspired the life, or bid him strike  
The idols of the world, so they may fall?

“Hurry the traitor to the Savior’s fate!  
Diana is our shrine; wealth opes the gate!”

To be a man, to seek to be a saint!

And e’en among the so-called Israel, to be wise  
Is no great recommend—where many faint

And lose the inspiration of the skies.  
And they the unknown are who faithful stand,  
Translating revelation by life’s running hand.

Canst wonder then that my free muse is still,

That rarely is her voice of music heard?  
Hampered by circumstance, curbed is her royal will;  
Moulting, dejected, as a long caged bird!  
When shall she plume her wing? When soar again  
With songs of triumph o’er this time of pain?

When, like the Bards of old—when shall her thun-  
ders peal?

When shall its still voice o’er our best natures steal?

Ah! yet shall dawn the day  
Nations shall own thy sway,  
    Spirit of Poetry, Spirit Divine!  
And in men's lives shall bloom,  
As from the opened tomb,  
Poems of Paradise, writ in the soul;  
    Written by angels, and by inspired ones—  
    Written in lines of light,  
    Flashing by day and night,  
So that who runs may read, God in the whole!

    Quiet and for home use,  
    Then, let this gift be had,  
    Waiting and watching—  
E'en asking, like one of old,  
What of the night-watchman? What of the night?  
Day is now breaking, sparkling in lines of gold;  
Darkness expanding its pinions for flight!

Lord of the Ascendant, our Father, our God,  
Let Thy great name be praised where human feet  
    have trod;  
    More, where Thy Saints now dwell!  
    May they all men excel,  
Lovers of Truth and Right!  
Inspire Thou them to fight  
    Till Thy great Kingdom come  
    And Thy blest will be done  
O'er the wide earth as in heaven above!  
This is Thy triumph—triumphant by love.



# The Kingdom of God or Nothing!

"It is with me, the Kingdom of God or nothing!"—*Sermon by  
President Brigham Young.*

Now there's a trumpet of certain sound,  
Of tone significant, full and round.  
What wisdom of man can that sentence bound:  
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

It strikes like the Prophets of ages past—  
No worldling's heart such a shot could cast;  
'Twas Heaven's own foundry fanned the blast.  
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

No science of man, no school e'er taught  
That ringing sentence, or bid it float  
To waken an impulse, sold or bought—  
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

No stamp of self in that legend rare;  
'Tis a coin of Eternity, certain to wear.  
Alloy ne'er softened or colored there:  
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

'Twas all or nothing—this is the stake.  
Were chances equal, the odds who'd take,  
Resolved to win the game or break?  
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

There spake the Prophet, there stood the man—  
'Twas not for Brigham, his house or clan.  
It was for the world; deny it, who can!  
"The Kingdom of God or nothing!"

Who wants to echo this stirring song?  
Not only echo, but help it along—  
The triumph of Right, the end of Wrong!  
    “The Kingdom of God or nothing!”

Now is the day, the fulness of Time—  
The Heavens are open; the musical chime  
’Round the earth is a-pealing in tones sublime:  
    “The Kingdom of God or nothing!”

And it shall triumph! Its dawning day  
Shall make earth’s sunshine a darkening ray;  
With glory supernal, celestial! Pray  
    “The Kingdom of God or nothing!”

---

### A Glimpse or More.

---

There are words that will linger for aye,  
There are thoughts that forever will burn;  
In the caverns of mem’ry they stay,  
Or unwelcome at times, they return.

There are songs that we cannot forget,  
There is music that wraps by its spell;  
There are faces we long ago met,  
And longings we never can tell.

Not because these were good, or were ill,  
Because they brought pleasure or pain;  
They captured the heart and the will,  
As if loved once before, then again.

An echo! A dream! When or where?  
 In the cycles of Infinite past?  
 Did we know? Did we feel over there?  
 Was there memories then of a past?  
 Comes answer to queries of soul?  
 Are enigmas for ever unsolved?  
 While this speck, called the earth, is to roll,  
 Or the universe changeless, revolved?  
 Is't a silent immutable law,  
 That nothing shall perish or die?  
 That word, thought and act, without flaw,  
 Are impressed where eternities fly?  
 That waters from Lethe in vain,  
 May lave all these records of old,  
 While the past, present, future, remain  
 Indestructible ever as gold?  
 Ah, thought, ah, memory, how strange,  
 Thou product of mind—of the soul!  
 A spark with Divinity's range;  
 A part of that marvellous whole!  
 Enshrined in the meanest of clay,  
 Yet destined for ever to swell;  
 From vision of limit today,  
 Then the secrets of Godhead to tell.  
 Nay, to reach that magnificent height,  
 Past Kolob's unquenchable fires;  
 To dwell with the Gods in that light,  
 Which the humblest in earth-life inspires.

Doth it blind? This ineffable ray?  
Is it wisdom to man just revealed?  
But a flash from the glory of day,  
But a glimpse of design unrepealed?  
As we bend to our toil once again,  
Give strength, Lord, to fathom the right;  
Thy Spirit, the old thought to retain,  
And the "new one" for ever indite.

---

Distant Zion.

---

Far across the rolling waters,  
Far beyond Atlantic's roar,  
Tossed by storm or silent sleeping  
It hath been for evermore.

O'er the billowy prairies further,  
Past the hoary mountain peaks,  
Nestling in its peace and beauty,  
Lies the city my heart seeks.

Its foundations laid in weakness,  
Told of faith in power divine,  
Now 'tis like a dream of glory  
It for all the earth doth shine.

'Tis of Zion just a shadow,  
Yet the Priesthood dwells therein,  
Only curbed by strangers foot-hold  
Waiting, cleansing yet from sin.

Yet the day dawn now is breaking,  
 Power will come of truth and right,  
 And that city purged and shaken,  
 Will o'ercome the clouds of night.

When the Savior comes in glory,  
 Evil shall be overthrown;  
 Well fulfilled that ancient story—  
 Christ shall dwell among His own.

---

### *The Jubilee Song.*

---

See in the valleys, and list 'mid the mountains,  
 How Sabbath-School hosts in one anthem unite;  
 They praise His great name for the overflow foun-  
 tains,  
 Which stream through the Priesthood, in lessons  
 of right.

#### CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly, it ripples to  
 our song,  
 Beneath its ample folds we're a hundred thousand  
 strong;  
 This means Redemption, Light and Truth, it  
 means that Zion grows,  
 That "Stone out of the mountain cut," though all  
 the world oppose.

Sing ye in triumph, may Heaven give blessing,  
To all who in sacrifice toil for the best;  
We know their devotion, in love ever pressing,  
Obedience and faith, in the glorified West.

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to  
our song.

The Gospel they teach us, of Jesus they tell  
His immaculate life and the doctrines He gave,  
Salvation their motive, which far doth excel  
Tradition and error which never can save.

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to  
our song.

The Prophets of old ever welcomed this day,  
When Priesthood proclaims to the nations afar  
The Gospel of Jesus, whose life-giving ray  
Now shines in its splendor—glad earth's Morn-  
ing Star!

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to  
our song.

All hearts swell with praise for this great Jubilee!  
And we think of the past, with its harvest divine;  
Each year of the future forever shall be  
A Jubilee season, in glory to shine.

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to  
our song.

Until myriads shall gather, as schools shall extend,  
 And Zion on earth shall greet Zion above;  
 The Savior will dwell with His Saints to the end,  
 And earth shall be bathed in the sunshine of  
 Love!

CHORUS:

Hosannah! Watch our standard fly; it ripples to  
 our song.

---

### *The Birthday Floral Cross.*

---

Life's cross in every pathway stands,  
 Its burthens all must sometime bear;  
 We lift it with unwilling hands,  
 To rest upon the shoulders bare!  
 Created oft by perverse will,  
 Sustained above a murmuring heart;  
 How rugged, heavy, crushing still,  
 When fierce rebellion fills the heart.

Yet on each shoulder oft 'tis laid,  
 To test, to prove if living trust,  
 Can look through death as undismayed,  
 Or eat and live by hardest crust!  
 'Tis black and grim as is the soul,  
 Or radiant with a glory lit,  
 As faith may pierce or scan the whole,  
 Or human strength is bearing it!

A ponderous load when left alone,  
 Yet light, and easy, borne aright,  
 Stumbling along a path of thorn,  
 Or smooth, and safe in darkest night!  
 When human nature fags or faints,  
 And life can find no emerald sod;  
 'Tis well if counted 'mid the Saints,  
 Where all is all in Christ and God!

So on your birthday, I would ask,  
 As you upon its threshold stand,  
 That you may find though hard your task,  
 The help of more than mortal hand.  
 Then, if your crosses multiply  
 Along the highway you may tread,  
 May conquest give that crown on high,  
 To which the cross hath ever led!

---

### Our Kings.

---

"The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn."—*Gerrald Massey.*

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life."—*Revelations.*

Who feels like war—who seeks to turn  
 The tide of thought which swells today?  
 Who feels the flame of purpose burn  
 'Gainst vested wrong or tyrant's sway?  
 'Tis well they count the certain cost,  
 Before they raise the sweeping storm,  
 And understand, if wrecked or tossed,  
 "Earth's Kingliest Kings are crowned with  
 thorn!"



This every age hath given to those  
 Whose Godhead burst the narrow round,  
 By custom set, by books or laws,  
 To circumscribe, or truth to bound.  
 No dungeon dark enough for them,  
 No death too fierce or too forlorn;  
 Justice and Mercy died, and then—  
 “The Kingliest Kings were crowned with thorn!”

For every science martyrs bled,  
 On every path of thought they fell;  
 But ages learn from heroes dead  
 That Truth will rule, who may rebel.  
 And garnished sepulchres are raised  
 For men despised and roughly torn,  
 While fools repeat the name none praised—  
 “The Kingliest Kings they crowned with thorn!”

Who asks for mission man to bless?  
 Who pants for Right, unselfish, brave?  
 Let History tell that no caress  
 So certain as a martyr's grave!  
 And if perchance inspired of God  
 With that high trust of kinship born,  
 The wrath of man may seem no rod  
 “To Kingliest Kings who're crowned with  
 thorn!”

Whate'er the conquest we may seek,  
 Whate'er we wish to curb or break,  
 Error with hoary head, or weak  
 As childhood, in its wilful wake.

Be sure, if victory *must* be ours,  
 If once resolved in tears to groan,  
 So Truth be with us—it empowers,  
 “Though Kingliest Kings are crowned with  
 thorn!”

And days shall come—I hail them nigh!—  
 When work which makes a man divine  
 Shall have the inspiring care and eye  
 Of rulers sent, as Gods to shine!  
 Roll on, ye glorious times ahead!  
 Bring blessings for the crowds unborn,  
 And resurrect our deathless dead—  
 “Our Kingliest Kings, once crowned with thorn!”

---

### A Summer's Song.

(For Music)

---

There was beauty in the canyon's shade,  
 Where we sauntered by the brawling stream,  
 And the pine trees, giant shadows made,  
 Kissed oft by the sunlit gleam.

There was flowers on the hill sides round,  
 Flitting birds made music in the air;  
 Where the lofty hills did vision bound,  
 We maidens ne'er had a care!

Near by, home, was as a pleasant dream,  
Which at will could easy come again,  
Though we loved the ever-dancing stream,  
And its sweet and glad refrain!

Now as memory brings it back today,  
All its quiet, all of Nature still,  
We would roam in those wild woods to play,  
Or sit by the worn out mill.

How we loved those pleasant rambles then,  
Though our laughter made the welkin ring;  
Don't you think, love, we were happy when  
In the glow of youth's bright spring?

Yet the stream is still there, darling girl,  
With the blossoms and the old pine trees,  
There is quiet, though this life's rush and whirl  
Is borne on each passing breeze.

---

### Harvest Time.

For Music.

---

The harvest moon in the deep blue sky,  
Sheds mellow light on the mountains high,  
And nestling homes in the vales low lie,  
Where love hath dreams of glory!  
Hath trysting place in the twilight's peace,  
Where rapture swells for a heart's increase,  
And music rings which shall never cease,  
The same undying story!

'Mid nature's stores which the orchard yields,  
'Mid golden grain of the fruitful fields,  
'Mid perfumed hay which the old barn shields,

The charm of toil and duty.

Here youth makes its glad laugh ring,  
And gentle maids all the old songs sing,  
Time flies on its light and airy wing,

What spell hath youth and beauty!

So drinking deep of the waters sweet,  
Are happy hours with their flying feet,  
In joyous mood we may each one greet,

No dread of dark tomorrow!

Pure sunshine breaks on the heart, o'erhead  
No drifting clouds for the soul to dread,  
The smiling skies or their star-lit bed,

Will bring no tinge of sorrow!

---

### Shout Hosannahs.

---

Shout hosannahs! Let them swell,  
Make the mountain echoes tell;  
Tell the story to the world,  
Truth's white flag is here unfurled!

It will bless the human race,  
Sunshine pour on every face;  
Cheer the stricken, raise the dead;  
Praise we give to Christ our Head!

This the power His Gospel brings,  
 'Mid the saints its music rings;  
     Purifying lip and life,  
     Giving peace in place of strife;  
 Turning darkness into day,  
 Making heaven where earth had sway;  
     Every saint with triumph thrills,  
     When the Spirit's power distills!

Tell the "Good News" far and wide;  
 Do not fear though men deride;  
     If the Savior once was slain,  
     He will come to earth again!  
 Bringing all the hosts above,  
 Filled with God's unfailing love!  
     Gathering all the faithful found,—  
     Earth despised, but heaven crowned!

---

*"Linger Not Long!"*

---

"From a missionary to his wife."

"Linger not long!"—Thy words of stirring beauty  
 Sweep o'er my heart as Heaven's loving voice.  
 Yet here 'mid strangers, *at the call of duty*—  
 Though distant from thee—I can yet rejoice!

"Linger not long!" Ah, who would cross the ocean  
 And far from home a pilgrim ever stay,  
 Or turn the tide of love's divine emotion—  
 The wealth of years surrender in a day?

“Linger not long!” Ah, well, thou knowest the mission

Which turned my steps from pleasant hours  
with thee;

And no vain feeling, fed by false contrition,  
Thus sings from Zion, “Turn again to me!”

“Linger not long!” How long, in this dominion,  
Could *feeling* keep in the appointed way?

This moment, guided by Love’s rushing pinion,  
I’d win in western lands—departing day!

“Linger not long!”—Give me thy faith and blessing,  
While to the people, I the Gospel give;

And in the days to come, when thee caressing,  
I’ll tell affection waited, that the dead might live!

“Linger not long!” I heed thy earnest greeting—

I shall not linger when my mission’s done;  
And there will be a long-expected meeting  
In Zion’s valleys, toward the setting sun!

---

### My Little Corner Rocking-Chair.

---

My memory! Thou hast precious things  
Beneath the covert of thy wings.

No gems of rare or priceless worth  
Can match those sacred things of earth.

One simple thing, one valued thing—  
I dream of thee and willing bring  
My tribute to thy silent care,  
My little corner rocking-chair!

When tired or sad, when full of thought,  
Thou wast my friend for comfort sought;  
And when with peace or joy inspired,  
A constant one who never tired.  
Loved, when thy swinging rockers sped;  
Loved, as my homeward track I tread;  
Silent, yet ready—ever there,  
My little corner rocking-chair!

And when thy frame was taxed by two,  
Rebellion ne'er was heard, I vow!  
Perhaps my pleasure gave no heed  
To jar, or strain, or creaking need.  
If this unnoticed was, I ween,  
'Twas simply that—thou wast unseen,  
For then I knew thy friendly care,  
My little corner rocking-chair!

E'en when my arm would sweep around,  
Or lip met lip with crispy sound;  
When love in subtle ways would tell  
In beaming eye, or pulses swell;  
When all of rapture life could give  
Was centered there to love and live—  
No jealous feeling thou didst share,  
My little corner rocking-chair!

Farewell, old friend! My clustering thought  
 Associates thy use, which taught  
 That humble things may bar our way  
 Or aid to gild our brightest day.  
 When once again I press thy frame,  
 May love inspire with holier flame!  
 My mother's friend, my friendship share,  
 My little corner rocking-chair!

---

### The Overruling Hand.

---

I've marked His hand along the years,  
 That wondrous hand—the hand divine;  
 In youth, in age, in joy and tears,  
 I've called it His and made it mine.

My way it opened, did direct,  
 When I from choice another sought,  
 And things my soul did not expect  
 Have been my blessing, all unbought.

I've thought a duty to evade,  
 I wanted self to have its way,  
 Yet when the rod was on me laid,  
 I kissed the hand that bade me stay.

As lesson after lesson came,  
 I learned to doubt my way and will;  
 I found 'twas best His will to claim,  
 And ripe experience loves it still



I want to keep this e'er in view,  
 I do not ask to walk by sight;  
 That faith I would each day renew  
 Which 'mid earth's darkness findeth light.

For I have human weakness proved,  
 I know that strength comes from above;  
 When this is mine, I stand unmoved,  
 A Son of God preserved by Love.

---

GIVE THY SPIRIT, LORD!

I hail Thy Spirit, Father! Wilt Thou upon me pour  
 Its rich and peaceful treasure for every passing  
 hour?

Wilt thou in darkness aid me, give me its cheering  
 light?

And should life's glory blind me, tone down to  
 peaceful night.

In every changing season, may I Thy Spirit feel;  
 'Mid scenes of sorrow walking, do Thou my sor-  
 rows heal!

And this my benediction—when prospered all  
 around,

Thy Spirit gives humility and makes it holy ground.

When friends may falter strangely, untrusting,  
 and suspect,

Thy Spirit shall my life be, and hope shall not be  
 wrecked;

And enemies may gather, like other birds of prey,  
My powers shall cling the closer, to Thine unerring  
way!

Oh, with Thy Spirit bless me! and life shall be  
divine;  
Its bread be sweet as manna, its waters like to wine;  
This—angels' food—shall strengthen, 'till like a  
giant, I  
Shall walk 'mid earth's uncleanness, to triumph  
in the sky!

---

### Today!

---

"As thy day thy strength shall be."

"Strength for today" is all we need,  
As there never will be a tomorrow!  
For tomorrow will prove another today,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

"Strength for today" is all we get—  
'Tis well we have this when needed;  
And oft when the sun in the west is set,  
Our strength hath our hope exceeded.

"Strength for today" is all we ask—  
Why grasp, like the miser reaching?  
When many are tired, though small their task,  
And they perish while life beseeching!

Strength for today—I bless that word!  
 Ah, it falls like the sunset's glory.  
 My Father, 'tis not too long deferred—  
 Each day brings the self-same story.

Strength for today—what more to say?  
 What use for a soul to borrow?  
 Life's troubles are sure enough today,  
 And we never shall see a morrow!

Strength for today—no trial now  
 Seems worthy of thought or sorrow;  
 Thy promise spans like yon arching bow  
 The day-life, which knows no morrow!

---

*In the Shadow.*

---

I linger 'mid the shadows flitting o'er this life's  
 highway,  
 Its sunshine blinds my vision, and I look too far  
 away;  
 I can stand the cloud and rain drops, or the mists  
 that hide my sight,  
 Each winding curve my steps must take before 'tis  
 truly night.

The mountain tops and wide spread vale hath not  
 that loving spell,  
 Which quiet nooks and leafy lanes and bounded  
 vistas tell;

The little, and the near by, my soul with rapture  
thrills,

Far more than landscape wide spread out which  
unknown distance fills.

All detail fades at sea or land, excess hath mind  
o'erthrown,

Mayhap 'tis great and grand, in moods uncoveted,  
unknown;

'Tis wealth embarrassing, too much, for simple  
common ken,

And soul shrinks from this mighty whole to smaller  
things of men.

In dreams of thought some see afar, dominions,  
thrones and kings,

They soar amid eternity's as if on Seraph's wings,  
I only ask a humble place, a sphere within my  
reach,

To meet my duty day by day, and then its lessons  
teach.

This task well done will Heaven gain, whate'er that  
bliss may be,

It may not be a crown or throne, where there is no  
more sea,

But 'twill be sweet in rest or work as He may think  
'tis best,

And I shall love, I hope, His will, for I have proved  
it best.

A Rainy Sabbath.

In Liverpool.

---

The mists hung low, and hid from view  
The streets at hand, the azure blue,  
The rain-washed earth in freshness smiled,  
While clouds o'erhead looked thick and wild;  
They moved, as 'twere Heaven's chariot race,  
Fantastic o'er the fields of space.

The blue in patches swelled amain,  
Sol showed his glorious face again;  
It was a change superbly grand  
Wrought by the great Creator's hand.  
And out upon the glowing street,  
Went laughing eyes and eager feet.

From out my quiet window's shade  
I marked the change few moments made;  
Beside the first glad Autumn's grate  
The crackling fire had bid me wait,  
Till mist and rain had taken flight,  
And brought once more the sun's glad light.

The grate now lost its pleasant charm,  
The book was laid 'yond reach of harm;  
Out to the cheerful street I flew  
By rain and sun made clean and new.  
A Sabbath feeling there beguiled,  
As man and God and Heaven smiled,

No richer thought than that held fast,  
 Ere warring element had passed,  
 The calm content of Sabbath filled  
 The soul when warmth and books had thrilled,  
 I found that Heaven is not confined  
 To outer things—'tis in the mind.

---

### Is It Bread?

---

On the isles of the sea amid nations afar,  
 There's a wail ever saying, "There's something  
     ajar,"  
 In the midst of much good there are longings un-  
     said,  
 Yet 'tis not for earth's paltry or perishing bread.  
 Men are longing for Truth, in an era of doubt,  
 They die for that bread which the Christ talked  
     about;  
 They are weary of husks such as wise men purvey,  
 And from tables man-made they turn sadly away.  
 Too ancient and mouldy though *some* call it bread,  
 It can never give life, for long since it was dead;  
 Yet thousands keep buying and tasting today,  
 But gaunt cheeks show hunger hath had bitter  
     sway.

Starvation stalks wildly to shop after shop,  
 Mystified and deluded till ready to drop;  
 A few tell the story, there's bread in full store,  
 If you seek to the Giver of life evermore.

These point to the Savior, whose Gospel excels;  
Decoctions and diet man's wisdom now sells;  
Without money or price 'tis a God-given treat,  
And the poorest are welcome to all they can eat.

Lo the famine is past, every soul can be fed,  
The storehouse is full of this life-giving bread;  
Believe and obey, then partake to your fill,  
For 'tis life everlasting to all if they will.

---

A Sabbath Song of Zion.

---

How sweet upon the evening air  
The Sabbath songs of Zion swell  
From grateful hearts, who gladly share  
That bliss which Saints alone may tell!

Where'er their congregations meet,  
There inspiration's fount may flow;  
For heaven descends each heart to greet,  
And its pure Spirit to bestow.

Then hours as moments flit away—  
Nay, time uncounted speeds along;  
Prophetic of that glorious day  
When heaven shall ring with victory's song!

As one by one our Sabbaths come,  
As one by one they pass away,  
Will there yet be in Israel some  
Who fail to prize that precious day?

Lord of the Sabbath! May each heart  
Be made anew by faith in Thee,  
That they may join, when earth's depart,  
The Sabbath of eternity!

---

### The Motherless Girl

---

How many a gleam of sunshine breaks  
From thoughts and dreams, which are,  
The past perchance, the future wakes,  
To light of hope's glad star!  
Though all-despised such dreams may be,  
By clown or hateful churl;  
I love, and meet, with soulful glee,  
My dark-eyed Motherless girl!

To clasp her form, her lips to press,  
Makes life seem more divine;  
My heart's more stirred by her caress,  
Than pulse by rosy wine!  
I love to hear, like music's ring,  
Her voice in jocund whirl;  
Round her my richest thought doth cling,  
God bless the Motherless girl!

To other eyes she may not shine,  
To no man's heart be sweet;  
Yet I see graces which entwine.  
From crown to nimble feet;



No single point the whole can tell,  
 Nor lip, nor eye, nor curl;  
 But all my soul doth throb and swell,  
 When near the Motherless girl!

For she—hath soul, a kindly one,  
 Unselfish, true and brave;  
 And she can keep what she hath won  
 Beyond this earth or grave!  
 A King might place her near his side,  
 His banner o'er her furl,  
 A Queen refined and glorified,  
 Though but a Motherless girl!

Though frail as is a spring-tide flower,  
 Which droops before a frost;  
 So she, may have a brief life's hour,  
 But Love is never lost!  
 And far beyond the starry blue,  
 I'll find my precious pearl;  
 As rare a one as e'er I knew,  
 No more a Motherless girl!

Far past the shining gates of bliss,  
 Do Thou, oh Father give;  
 My loved again, and her best kiss,  
 And with her let me live!  
 From realms of peace God's power divine,  
 Shall every evil hurl,  
 And 'mid his angels there shall shine  
 As gold, "The Motherless Girl!"

### Time and Eternity.

---

What is Time? But a moment, the present, the now;  
It is ours when we have it, when past 'tis no more;  
It belongs to Eternities gone, while we wait  
For the next one which comes from Eternity's  
shore.

Eternity! What? No beginning, no end!  
The universe swings in its infinite sweep,  
'Tis the day of the Gods, all unbroken, intact,  
No finite can grasp it, or climb up its steep.

---

### Science.

---

The swelling tides of human thought  
Break with a force unknown before;  
This mighty Century is fraught  
With greater progress than of yore.

With wider sweep and grander range  
Proud Science greets the human race!  
Its ministers transmute and change  
Earth's elements, however base.

What mighty forces neutral stood—  
For ages hidden and unknown!  
By intellect now understood,  
As slaves, crouch by their conqueror's throne.

Steam, soon effete and old, shall die,  
 And Gas no more illumine the night;  
 Man, Nature's magazines will pry  
 And drag their secrets to the light.

Electric power is chained, and flames  
 In every home its star and sun;  
 While lands afar, the traveler names,  
 Its force transports him ere 'tis done!

From zone to zone it rushing sings,  
 All human interests in its care;  
 And burthened are its bending strings  
 With unknown music everywhere.

The artist bids the light embrace  
 His subject; scarce a moment flies  
 Ere limned the counterfeit—the face—  
 Memento of the loved we prize!

Recorded in a myriad ways  
 And scattered as the snowflakes are,  
 The Press—thy minister—betrays  
 Truths hid to millions near and far!

*Yet 'tis not peace!*—"War's rough, red hand"  
 Curtails and uses human thought,  
 To sweep earth's legions from the land—  
 The death-grip at each nation's throat!

Still shall thy triumphs crown the way  
 For mortal good, from realms above.  
*Science* enthroned! We hail thy sway—  
 Thy sceptre o'er a world a-move!

## Agency Controlled.

Our longings are curbed by decrees not our own,  
We would if we could, single handed, alone,  
All things seem against us, the first and the last,  
Or we miss at the moment, then forever 'tis past.

Like the bird in the cage, oft we flutter and fight,  
'Gainst the bars that confine us and keep us from  
flight;  
Yet 'tis said "we are free" as we dash at the wire,  
'Till exhausted we mope on the perch as we tire.

If we passive remain, if we yield, call it fate,  
And resolve to enjoy our brief narrow estate,  
Then we ask why have wings, if we never may soar,  
'Mid the sunshine or ether abundant out-door.

E'en our cage, in the sun would be penalty more,  
For the eye could roam further in longing before;  
Content in confinement may urge its wide claim.  
But an agency bounded will ever remain.

Oh fretting will never us free from the chain,  
While we dwell in the flesh, and its curb shall remain;  
But *freedom* will come when the spirit can soar,  
To obey each glad impulse held ages before.

The Noblest Name.

---

I would not ask a nobler name,  
 Than that I have today;  
 'Tis more than riches, more than fame,  
 It ne'er will know decay.

It is to be a Saint of God,  
 With pure unchanging Love;  
 Though often I may need that rod,  
 Which chastens but to prove.

My weakness oft hath been forgiven,  
 Yet sin hath lost its charm;  
 Thy Spirit, Lord, with me hath striven,  
 And kept me free from harm.

Within Thine house my soul hath felt,  
 Lord, as if near to Thee;  
 'Tis good beneath Thy smile to melt,  
 As each dark cloud doth flee.

So here I raise my soulful strain,  
 I bless Thy guiding hand;  
 Oh, never let me stray again,  
 From Zion's faithful band.

In life or death, be Thou my friend,  
 Then with Thy people, I  
 Shall here in Zion's Temples stand,  
 And triumph, by and by.

## Come Love, Come.

For Music.  

---

Come Love, come, and to a joyous lay,  
Let us sing and dance the live-long day;  
The ills of life for a while may stay,  
The sun is gaily shining.

The grass is green where the fairies tread,  
The robin's note in the trees o'erhead,  
The streamlet runs on its pebbly bed,  
The red wild rose is twining.

Soft winds blow through the old apple trees,  
The air is full of the drone of bees,  
A distant voice on the even's breeze,  
Tells time for love is breaking.  
The moon's bright face in the east soars high,  
The red clouds hang o'er the western sky,  
My love's foot-fall to my ear is nigh,  
My heart to its dreams is waking.

Sing my love, sing, with a full-souled note,  
Like yon bird which trills its tiny throat,  
We'll music make on the air to float,  
A sweet and thrilling measure.  
So the day's glad dream, the calm still night,  
Shall tell that joy doth our song indite,  
The loving heart is for ever bright,  
Love's sunshine is its pleasure.

Only a Girl.

---

Only a girl! And we had girls before,  
 One, two, three, four, and now another tells,  
 Not but, that it is right, yet I implore,  
 And make the query as the number swells.

They are no use, that is, to bear the name—  
 The father's name, 'twill wither out and die;  
 Yet life is young, and we are not to blame,  
 Perhaps the next may be a boy! Now why?

Besides we've had two boys who took their flight,  
 As if earth's frosts just chilled them in the bud,  
 Or they preferred the realms of Heavenly light,  
 With all its loving souls—the pure and good.

Perhaps they didn't like our home and things,  
 Or saw a future we could not then know;  
 And so they left us as on spirit-wings,  
 To tell their friends they'd rather stay than go.

But then, the girls stop; they seem satisfied,  
 And they're our pride and joy, we love them all,  
 How could we help it? God forgive our pride,  
 Oh, leave them to us, for we dread that call.

But how shall we this charge of life fulfill?  
 Have we the wisdom that is surely meet?  
 Or have we now, already missed His will,  
 In guiding these (His daughters) earthly feet?

If so we have, give wisdom, aid, preserve,  
From snares which are today on every hand;  
Teach us to train so Thee they e'er may serve,  
And find their welcome in a better land.

And if our boys are now in thine employ,  
If no more come to honor us on earth,  
*Shall we meet them*, and there our souls employ,  
In Thy blest kingdom 'mid the men of worth?

"Only a Girl!" That is not ours, but His,  
Our wish and dream must bow to His decree,  
In hope at last, that we in higher bliss,  
May have both girls and boys, and with them be.

Yet not with them alone shall we be meet,  
To there salute the dear departed dead?  
Will *they* the kiss of welcome give, and greet  
Their wanderers home again? 'Tis easier asked  
than said.

---

### Hardest Home!

---

Music steals across my senses, on the quiet even-  
ing air—  
'Tis the shout of triumph, swelling, from the  
distant far away;  
Nearer comes the peal of gladness, 'till 'tis 'round  
me everywhere!



'Tis the last sheaf of the teeming field, comes  
with departing day—

“Harvest Home!” For tired labor hath its full  
reward for toil

From the Spring and Summer, Autumn, spent on  
earth’s responsive soil.

When the early snowflakes falling, Nature robed in  
purest white;

When the showers of Springtide mellowed as they  
fell by day or night;

When the plow turned up the furrow and the har-  
row scratched its face;

When the seeders threw the precious grain to find  
a lodging place—

“Harvest Home!” though distant seeming, in each  
effort prophesied,

As the husbandman, in patient faith, for blessing  
willing tried.

When the emerald robe of beauty came to greet  
the daily sun,

Came to hide the brown earth pulsing, hide in robes  
in silence spun,

How quickened pulse and throbbing heart to God  
would quiet turn

In gratitude, perchance in song or prayer, would  
often flash and burn!

“Harvest Home!” Thou God of Promise, who  
hast said—and not in vain—

That seed-time, harvest, shall not fail, nor first or  
latter rain!

When the golden heads are bending, ripening in  
the noonday heat;  
When clouds flit o'er and shadows chase, as if with  
flying feet;  
When the dewy diamonds glisten 'mid the wealth  
of coming bread—  
Then the zephyrs, perfume-laden, cool the worker's  
fevered head!  
"Harvest Home!" in genial whisper falls upon the  
eager ears;  
'Tis the recompense of labor—'tis the crown upon  
the years!  
What a wondrous allegory! 'Tis the pictured life  
of man—  
One "lower than the angels" made, in the cradle  
just began.  
Springtime opes in laughing childhood 'mid life's  
crowded, fertile field,  
Where from sun and cultivation comes the after  
crop, and yield;  
"Harvest Home!" Momentous future—who can  
tell what it shall be,  
Whether veiled in clouds and shadow, or beneath  
the sunshine free?  
Oh, when true affection softens, mellows, lessons  
as they flow;  
When the love of God and goodness bids the fire-  
side fervent glow—  
Then drought and frost and blight may sweep, for-  
e'er without avail!

The love of home, the power of truth, will weather  
every gale.

“Harvest Home!”—it cometh ever, fruits and  
grains of precious store;  
Or, if Godless, weeds and cockle, piled upon life’s  
threshing-floor!

Youth and manhood, consecrated, doing good each  
flitting day;  
Deeds of kindness, words of counsel—are they  
showers or sunshine, say?  
Move they not to greening verdure, silent forces  
of the field,

Stirring, hoeing, watering, weeding—workman hid,  
but crop revealed?

“Harvest Home!” ’Twill tell the worker when the  
sheaves are gathered in,  
How he oft in silence struggled, oft disheartened,  
worked to win!

God-ordained, he called in wisdom, the obscure of  
distant lands;

He in Zion them established—were they clay in  
Potter’s hands?

Did He move to form and finish, honor in His king-  
dom here?

Teachers, Leaders, Rulers were they? We their  
memories revere.

“Harvest Home!” Come, list the music, as it  
from the distance swells;

See, the sheaves are gathering homeward—solemn  
’tis as evening bells!

Toilers 'neath the clouds and raindrops, 'toilers  
'neath the sun oft seen,  
Sowing seed, or 'mid the furrows, gazing on the  
crop when green;  
'Mid the ripening corn of summer, singing 'mid  
the bending ears,  
White-haired, stooping with the weight and work  
of many weary years.  
"Harvest Home!" That music lingers, thrills, as  
comes the evening fall;  
God has been 'mid the harvest field, was sun and  
showers and all!

So we lay to rest and silence, Fathers loved, who  
labored well,  
Wielded power for man's redemption; we our trib-  
ute give and tell.  
Israel's Patriarchs are passing, they have soared  
to Heaven and God;  
We the clay have garnered sadly, 'neath the earth's  
refining sod.  
"Harvest Home — the Resurrection!" cometh;  
mark, 'tis at the door,  
When all our Fathers will be crowned forever,  
evermore!

Under The Trees.

---

Under the trees when the sunlight beats,  
 With all that fierceness of tropic power,  
 Which blisters and burns on unshaded streets,  
 Wilting humanity hour by hour!  
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, when the shadows fall,  
 As full-orbed Luna in silence moves;  
 What mystic moments, what dreams enthrall  
 The voiceless, sauntering, hopeful Loves!  
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, in the sombre woods,  
 Where the rivulets music lulls to sleep;  
 And nature tells in her happiest moods,  
 Those secrets none but her favorites keep;  
 Under the trees!

Under the trees! 'Mid the moods of life,  
 Tried or prospered,—nay, left alone,  
 In sun or shadow, in peace or strife,  
 There's ever rest, though the pillow be stone;  
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, though an unknown grave  
 May keep the ashes of you and I,  
 An angel's kiss will redeem the brave  
 And passport give to the worlds on high.  
 Under the trees!

Under the trees, from the earth's warm sun,  
In the moonlit shadows, in field or wood;  
Though marked or nameless the grave we won,  
How bent or broken, 'twill be understood—  
Under the trees!

Under the trees! Not leafless and sere,  
Not winter-stricken, bereft of shade;  
But beauty's verdure, skies always clear—  
The gardens above, by Immortals made!  
Under the trees!

Under the trees, with sandaled feet,  
Our loved ones linger or thoughtful wait;  
They know how sadly we long to greet  
In a long embrace, by the golden gate!  
Under the trees!

Under the trees! On the other side,  
None here so weary but there have rest;  
Oh, soul impatient, God will provide  
And give thee all that for thee is best!  
Under the trees!

---

### The First Resurrection!

---

It early morning seemed,  
The tell-tale clouds bespoke the coming day  
In streaks of silver-gray and ruddy fire—  
The far and distant East was lit!

The landscape spreading far,  
As round about in sombre twilight lay,  
All indistinct; while half oppressive,  
Pregnant silence was supreme!

When consciousness was felt,  
Close by, two forms—or men—appeared and stood,  
Arrayed in common garb, as if for work;  
Without a word of recognition, yet as if  
Well known. The twain conversing were;  
The topic, as to whom lay there interred  
Within, what in the gloom, a graveyard seemed—  
But small or large, sight could not scan its bounds.

“Were these of they who were entitled  
Now, to feel the resurrection’s power? Or were  
They mixed—as found in many another place?”

Yet not in spirit of contention, query  
There; but more of curious thought, as though  
The morning work had scarce begun, and Time  
Was needed ere loved labor’s glow was had.

While yet the problem undetermined  
Was—from ’yond, where earth and shadow met,  
Nigh where the waiting stood, one more emerged  
To sight, who until then had not appeared.

He, too, in common garb was clad,  
And surely had not heard the voice of those  
Engaged! Yet as He passed them, gently,  
Sweetly, answer gave; He, smiling, whispered,  
“These all died in Me!” He stayed not, but  
Passed on—while I instinctive knew, as did  
The workers, that the Savior had been there!

And 'twas revealed that these were  
Saints, who in the mortal life had Jesus known,  
Had loved and kept His law, and made His  
Gospel serve its destined end—to bring  
Them from the ground among the first, so that  
Reward secure, which from true faith  
And rapt obedience springs!

The Savior had not deigned  
To stay, as He this verdict gave; but  
Moved along, as if on business bent.  
And yet, as if 'twere His rebuke to servants  
Dallying o'er their work, the words scarce fell  
From ready lips, "All these, died in Me!"—  
He spread His hands and went His way.

But in the gracious act, as right and  
Left His loving hands spread forth, the earth  
Began to move! It rolled each side from every  
Long-filled grave, as if the power of love and life  
Had dripped from fingers well surcharged with  
Dread Omnipotence, to wake His own!

As I in silent expectation stood,  
I found myself alone, though undismayed;  
Marked bone to bone which simultaneous fell,  
Till all alive the gorged earth seemed, there  
Hasting to deliver up its dead!

Thought I—If thus, ere light hath  
Chased away the gloom of morning skies, the  
Workers are abroad; if early dawn is gathering  
Mighty hosts of resurrected men to Christ—



What may the noon not see? Or afternoon,  
 'Till evening twilight falls again on Mother Earth,  
 To whisper once again, "The day is done?"

This thrilled my being through, and  
 While all conscious of the simple means of  
 Wondrous power, no more could I my joy and  
 Peace control! I turned and—woke; 'twas  
 But a pleasant, maybe truthful, dream!

---

### The Story of Our Bill.

---

'Twas a rollicking boy of twenty years,  
 As full of fun as an egg;  
 In all the sports he was A one,  
 In the dance he could shake his leg.

To ride a horse was his pride, and he  
 Would teach him tricks galore;  
 The boys all envied this "never-to-be,"  
 And the girls were all shy before.

A "ne'er-do-well," they called young Bill,  
 None thought he would settle down;  
 But stand for life at the foot of the hill,  
 With a heart—but, half a clown.

But Bill, within him was sterling stuff,  
 Though no one ever found out;  
 A diamond he, but yet in the rough,  
 'Mid fun and wildest shout.

It chanced one day, I scarce know how,  
'Twas like to a flash of light,  
Walking the furrow beside his team  
His soul took a sudden flight.

His father had gone in the long ago,  
But he heard his voice that day;  
And it said, "Oh Bill! I've a job you know,  
Will you kneel down and pray?"

There down in the furrow beside his team,  
(Which stood as a witness there)  
He opened his lips to the sun's bright gleam,  
And this was poor Bill's prayer:

"If I've done wrong, forgive me Lord,  
I have thoughtless been, 'tis true,  
But I've loved my mother, her I've adored,  
I thought—up there—you knew."

"I know I've roared from a foolish heart,  
But Heaven hath kept from sin;  
Oh, Lord forgive and now help me start,  
That I Thy grace may win."

That humble prayer to the heavens went straight  
It touched God's loving heart;  
And Bill went home that self-same night,  
A choosing the better part.

I moved away from that village soon,  
But I heard of Bill again;  
Across the sea in a bustling town  
At work with "might and main."

He told of God and of Christ, His Son,  
The Gospel was then Bill's theme,  
But his burning words had lost that fun,  
All through that ploughboy's dream.

A mighty man he at last became,  
A servant of God, beloved;  
Yet he in his nonsense had truth's flame,  
Which Love for his mother proved.

He wed. He grew, as a good man should  
His flock is seven ere this;  
He, to all trust has bravely stood,  
And his town would now him miss.

A simple tale, but 'tis often told,  
The annals of Zion now  
Can furnish hosts that are precious gold,  
Like Bill of the long ago.

On Europe's shores, in the lands afar,  
God's messenger divine,  
To all mankind as a guiding star  
In Heaven at last to shine.

---

*The Song of Memory.*

---

A dream of pleasure, my heart doth treasure,  
Its boundless measure beyond compare;  
'Tis night and day in my life's wild way,  
It ever will stay, this vision fair.

She sweet and blushing as love's tide rushing,  
Her cheeks were flushing, my Queen stood there;  
My first love came, like a God-lit flame,  
But found not name, in the balmy air.

I love to linger, where memory's finger  
Points out that singer and song that day;  
Its notes were sweet, "where the waters meet,"  
"With willing feet, by thee I'll stay."

Our tryst unbroken, no words were spoken,  
A silent token of Love's strange spell;  
That song told all, that the Poets call  
Love's magic thrall, no words can tell.

'Tis young life's glory, "the same old story,"  
From ages hoary, yet new each day;  
It swells again with undying strain,  
In glad refrain, Love's precious lay.

Each tear of sorrow, the ills we borrow,  
Today, tomorrow, are swept aside;  
All is as naught; but a summer's mote  
We see afloat, on a sun-lit tide.

Love lives forever, time may not sever,  
Its links at pleasure, beyond the blue,  
It safely rides the eternal tides,  
An anchor provides in a haven true.

"The land o'the leal," will ever reveal  
Its signet seal, unbroken still;  
God placed it there, 'tis a blessing rare,  
To proudly hear, by His royal will.

Behind the Bar.

---

Behind the window-bar she stands,  
A fair lithe form, with outstretched hands;  
Expectancy is written there,  
From tiny foot, to waving hair.

How new how old, a hungry soul,  
Unconscious, is revealed, the whole,  
May not be told to stranger eye,  
To one who knows, she'd ne'er deny.

Emotion can't be hid, or veiled,  
Whate'er Love's mystic robe has trailed;  
Its sheen is in the sparkling face,  
And every step hath caught its grace.

Desire escapes with smile or sigh,  
Or speech, nay silence may imply,  
That Cupid's dart hath pierced again,  
A human heart for joy or pain.

'Tis well when, full response is met,  
Where soul meets soul in splendor set,  
'Tis sad, 'tis sickness, death, I ween,  
If loving—Love no mate hath seen.

Life's wheels revolve with creak and groan,  
They turn, on self, a self alone;  
United see the twain are one,  
And every fight is bravely won.

*In Memoriam.*  

---

We dare not think our darling dead—  
We look beyond her suffering bed,  
And see her as in beauty rare  
Before her form was confined there!

Her prattling tongue, her laughing eye,  
Her footsteps' music hasting by,  
Her dear caress, unselfish love!—  
All drew our hearts, as parents prove.

And we shall miss her, feel her loss,  
Yet bear in faith a God-sent cross,  
And half in sorrow lay her down,  
To wear in heaven her shining crown!

Conscious that when the change is ours,  
If faithful to the Gospel's powers,  
She will a welcome give, close by  
The glowing portals of the sky!

---

*"Our Patriot Fathers"*  

---

Written for the Fourth of July.

On stern Columbia's shores was lit  
The flame of Freedom's fires—  
'Tis o'er a century ago—  
By our brave-hearted sires.

They left their native land to found  
 An empire, and a world  
 Wherein no tyrant's voice might sound  
 Or find his flag unfurled!

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution,  
 The "Charter of Freedom," the "Flag of the  
 Free!"

May all its opponents go down in confusion,  
 As goeth a ship in the depths of the sea!

And when the tug of war was theirs,  
 When Kingcraft bid them bow,  
 Went up a shout from earth to heaven—  
 One single word—'twas "No!  
 We own no peers! We feel within  
 The spark which came from God!  
 To your misrule we give not in—  
 We'll fight 'till 'neath the sod!"

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution.

'Twas thus they triumphed, thus they won;  
 Hail Patriots! Men revered,  
 Who to the altar brought their lives  
 And all their lives endeared!

Such deeds, such god-like deeds then shook  
The kings and thrones of men;  
They since that age—to History look—  
Have not stood firm again!

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution.

Immortal braves! Would that your faith  
Might sweep the nation now;  
Your sacred fires again be lit  
On plain and mountain brow!  
Then party strife and factious hate  
Would flee our country's face,  
And she would have no peer on earth,  
For none could be so great!

CHORUS:

'Tis here we have cherished their old Constitution.

Would that from Utah's peaceful vales,  
Whose mountain bulwarks swell,  
A force might move from patriot souls  
To drive all wrong to hell!  
That Washington, who led the way  
To right, through war and blood,  
Might herald yet a greater day—  
In Utah understood!

CHORUS:

For here we have cherished our great Constitution,  
The "Charter of Freedom," the "Flag of the  
Free!"



Remonstrance.

Sing unto the Lord a New Song.—*Bible.*

Ah, yes! "'Tis true, when all our powers  
To Zion constantly belong,  
The service of our darkest hours  
Becomes an everlasting song!"  
How blest are they who thus are taught  
To use the times with purpose rife;  
Who weld the ore of creed and thought  
Into a glorious, faithful life!

Who, from the plain where Milton stood—  
With added light that truth doth bring—  
From "Paradise once lost," 'tis good  
Of "Paradise regained" to sing!  
"No music half so sweet" as swells  
From bounding hearts when truth-inspired!  
For it of "Revelation" tells,  
In life lit by its sacred fires.

No grander Epics can be found,  
No more majestic poems thrill  
Than souls whom God hath glory-crowned,  
As subjects of His royal will!  
'Their peace as sweet as childhood's sleep,  
Their hearts as fresh as morning air;  
Communion with yon "upper deep"  
Hath left its angel impress there.

So toil becomes as wealth—as fame;  
So trial is as soft wind's breath,  
Which fans the smouldering fires to flame,  
And flees to life through gates of death.  
Such an ambition Gods approve,  
And to its aid the heavens are nigh,  
Transforming by the power of Love  
Each impulse 'till the last-drawn sigh.

For this, *our Israel's bards should sing—*  
Should use that art the Gods have given  
And to the general altar bring  
Their morning song, and hymn at even,  
To cheer the faint, to help the weak;  
To bid the trembling heart be still—  
To give that aid to souls who seek,  
Which shall with rapture bid them thrill.

So swell the strain, ye gifted ones,  
Nor let your harp remain unstrung!  
For if ye fail, "the very stones"  
Would sing more sweet than Prophets sung  
Who dwelt of old, before the sun  
Had swept the skies—bid darkness flee!  
*This*, in the "latter days," *is done*,  
And Heaven's own songs to earth are free!

# Where?

---

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the God of Heaven  
shall set up a Kingdom.—*Bible.*

Tune—"John Brown."

Where shall we seek the Kingdom of the latter  
days?

Where shall we find the right in all life's devious  
ways?

Who will the question solve, to light us with its  
rays,

And aid us as time rolls along?

Say, ye nobles of the nations—

Men who fill the highest stations—

What are your deliberations?

How shall we best move along?

Comes the answer sullenly: "We know not what  
you say;

This is our great nation, and the kingdom we  
obey!"

Kaiser, King and Emperor, through blood have  
led the way,

And claim they are marching along,

Hear the boom of cannon roaring,

See the flash of sabre scoring!

Widows, maids and friends deploring—

Don't they move bravely along!

Every Sunday scholar throughout Utah can reply:  
"The Kingdom in the mountains was unfolded  
from on high,  
And Joseph Smith, the Prophet, for this cause  
could bravely die—  
To see that Kingdom roll along!"  
See, its faithful ones are legion—  
Gathered all throughout this region—  
Each one bent to lay a siege on  
The hosts who cry, "Hold on!"

God is with His people, and He hears their earnest  
cry:  
"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth"  
as in the sky!  
And with Thy Spirit fill our hearts, that we may  
ever try  
And thus keep marching along!  
Can't you feel the happy dawning  
Of the great Millennial morning,  
When from all who have been scorning  
The Kingdom shall have marched along?

---

*She Died; But Then.*

---

A flower, cut down by early frost,  
A gem enshrined in dust;  
A song-bird's music hushed and lost,  
A hungry one his crust.

A shell into the ocean swept,  
 Fruit, shrivelled on the bough;  
 Our daily food, of sweet bereft,  
 The day, of sunshine's glow.

A home from which Love's light hath fled,  
 A circle missed a friend;  
 The grave hath one more silent bed,  
 Death, Finis writes—the end.

Yet that bright flower will bloom again,  
 The gem will shine, reset;  
 The bird will trill in sweeter strain,  
 Heart hunger will be met.

The shell will gleam upon the strand,  
 The fruit will swell once more;  
 While Love will bless on every hand,  
 Upon an undimmed shore.

A brighter home is 'yond the stars,  
 And friends will meet again;  
 For every grave will loose its bars,  
 And death itself be slain.

From year to year, from age to age,—  
 'Tis thus life's program reads;  
 Man droops and dies, to wake again,  
 To fill divinest needs.

Thus every pang of pain today,  
 Is seed for future bliss;  
 When Father holds the rod, 'tis but  
 The prelude to His kiss.

## The Battle-field of the Necropolis.

---

Traveling on the Hudson during the Civil War, there was perceived at a distance what appeared to be a military encampment; a nearer view dispelled the first impression, but revealed quite a large cemetery on the sloping hillside of that beautiful river!

Those tented hosts on yon distant slope  
Have sprung at the patriots' call,  
To swell the ranks on the battle-field—  
Where men as the brown leaves fall!  
'Neath floating banners they step to time,  
To the music of fife and drum,  
While the sunlight plays o'er the burnished steel—  
'Tis a dream of glory come!

That dream will pass when the strife is o'er,  
As snow in the summer sun;  
When the pomp of war is laid aside,  
And its thunder spent and done;  
When its blood-red hand-stains every hearth,  
When broken hearts abound!  
What's this? Lost life, lost wealth, lost all—  
For the cannon's empty sound!

I erred! No muster-roll is called  
On yon green hill's crowded slope;  
No martial tread to its own shrill notes  
Stirs pulse or heart to hope!  
Yet there is an army gathered—great,  
Uncounted as stars of night;  
And all have passed through life's battle-field,  
All fell in its fearful fight!

And there they lay, in that tented spot—  
 As the marble seemed to be—  
 All wait that trumpet-call which will  
 Wake man in earth or sea!  
 Each one shall answer the muster-roll,  
 And those who have bravely fought  
 Shall find their rank 'mid the hosts above—  
 No wealth hath this honor bought.

There crystal fount; there palace of pearl;  
 There gates as the jasper gleam;  
 There gardens and groves—no eye hath seen  
 The real of life's best dream;  
 There all the wealth of our race shall be  
 The noblest, most beautiful, best;  
 There spirits who taught us the purpose of life  
 And the nature of infinite rest!

Patriots, Prophets—through ages ago  
 Workers unselfish for man—  
 Who passed to their crowns through legions of  
 foes,  
 As a part of the infinite plan!  
 How music shall swell in those golden halls,  
 In morning and evening song!  
 There love, there life, shall be perfected, full,  
 And the glory to God will belong.

### The Patriots' Song.

---

The Patriots' day—we hail it again!  
The day of wondrous deed,  
When on historic battle-fields  
Our Fathers ceased to bleed;  
When their thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"  
We here re-echo their words today  
With as earnest a voice—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"  
Brave hearts struggled in that dark day—  
Shoulder to shoulder stood;  
Tyranny went to an unwept grave  
Through seas of martyr blood—  
And their thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"  
As we re-echo their words today  
With as earnest a voice—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"  
'Seventy-six was the dawn of day  
Nations had looked for long!  
The Banner of Freedom stood by faith  
In God, who had righted wrong!  
So thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"  
And we the echo have caught today,  
And as earnest we are—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"  
But traitors soiled the crimson lines  
And rent the field of blue,  
While wandering stars as comets in  
Eccentric orbit flew—



When their thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!  
*No Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"*

No echoes these mountains gave that day;  
 'Twas silent as death—Hurrah! Hurrah!

E'en then we knew 'twas a passing cloud,  
 Prophetied long ago;

We also knew that from Israel's loins  
 Savors should come below.

So our thousands cried, "Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"

We still repeat those words today,  
 And we're in earnest—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Uncounted Patriots crowd our vales

This day—by Freedom set;

Though all the nations her deride,

We'll crown her victor yet!

And our legions shall shout, "Hurrah! Hurrah!

For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"

'Till the world shall sing that same glad song

In tones of thunder—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Proud Utah's sons shall be known afar,

Friends of their age and race;

Columbia call her the brightest Star

On the Old Flag's crowded space!

So shout, ye thousands, "Hurrah! Hurrah!

For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!"

No traitor shall rule in the coming day!

So thunder again—"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The generations have passed away  
Since the Patriot Fathers stood—  
Since the shock of battle brought to bay  
The pride of English blood!  
Since Washington conquered, “Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!”  
But his voice is heard o’er the land today,  
And ’tis music to us—“Hurrah! Hurrah!”  
Then thunder once more, from sea to sea—  
Booming cannon or music’s swell!  
Ring, ye bells! For the day we see—  
This *Day of Jubilee*, we tell,  
Come eighty millions—“Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Liberty, Right—hurrah! hurrah!”  
No Patriot heart can fail today  
To swell the chorus—“Hurrah! Hurrah!”

---

### Called and Chosen.

---

Called to be faithful, truthful, good;  
Called as a son in latter days;  
Called to suppress the surging flood  
Of error through life’s devious ways.  
Called to abide the laws of life;  
Called to be noble on earth’s sod;  
Called to be true ’mid war and strife,  
And force a path to Heaven and God.

Called to ignore the ways of sin;  
     Called to be proof 'gainst every dart;  
 Called on, eternal life to win,  
     And with the righteous have a part.  
 Called as a soldier for the fight;  
     Called as a Patriot-chief therein;  
 Called to maintain the Truth and Right,  
     From foes without and fears within.  
 Called to succeed, though hell may rage;  
     Called to be manly, whole-souled, free;  
 Called as a Star on life's great stage:  
     To victory called, as God to be.  
 Chosen because we stood the test;  
     Chosen as one no power could move;  
 Chosen as Gods anointed, blest,  
     In widening circles more to prove.  
 Chosen to swell the faithful band;  
     Chosen where trust must needs be found;  
 Chosen to Priesthood, bid to stand  
     Or rule by Truth, on holy ground.  
 Chosen as landmarks on life's field;  
     Chosen because we faithful stood;  
 Chosen with power the lost to shield,  
     And from the evil bring forth good.  
 Chosen immortal lives to win;  
     Chosen because we gained the day;  
 Chosen to be as Gods, from sin  
     And all its forces called away.

Who hath ambition? Here is scope.

Who that hath failed is not inspired?  
Hath one despaired that dare not hope,  
And feel their every impulse fired?

Who hath been called—not chosen yet—  
But will renew the race today?

What idler, but hath labor set  
If he would claim the prize or pay?

In all our Israel, *none should shrink*;  
None flee the track—unfaithful be;  
That with the Chosen they may drink  
From founts divine, by God set free.

---

### If He Shall Make the Sabbath a Delight.

---

'Tis Sabbath Day and Sabbath School,  
And happy children gather there  
To honor God's eternal rule—  
Of Sabbath rest from worldly care.

And when they meet, they drink of cup  
And eat the broken bread again,  
In memory of One lifted up—  
A Savior, once on Calvary slain!

Until He comes to earth again  
As King, among His Saints to dwell,  
We shall this sacred rite maintain,  
'Gainst all His foes of earth or hell!

He is our Lord—our Savior, He—  
 And we His Gospel will revere;  
 So shall we claim His love, and be  
 True subjects of His Kingdom here.

---

*I Take No Gift.*

---

You “take no gift!” Can this be so?  
 Whence comes the wealth you have below—  
 Your home, with all its hours made bright  
 By Mother’s love or Father’s light?

You “take no gift!” No Brother’s hand  
 Must grasp your own, or waiting stand  
 To aid, to bless, or bid you trace  
 O’er life’s broad landscape, beauty, grace!

You “take no gift?”—Then Love is lost,  
 And Friendship ne’er your path hath crossed;  
 And Life—that priceless gift of God—  
 Is as the cold unfeeling sod!

You “take no gift”—and none may tell  
 Of Friendship for, or Love’s wild spell;  
 No book, no ribbon, trinket, toy,  
 Can thrill a giver’s heart with joy.

You “take no gift”—No love-lit eye,  
 No bounding pulse when you are nigh;  
 No voice whose music bids you start,  
 Or wakes glad echoes in your heart.

You "take no gift"—Let this be known,  
And in the world you stand alone;  
No God, no friend, no love, no life;  
No daughter you, no mother—wife!

You "take no gift"—No sun, no flowers;  
No stars light up the midnight hours;  
No home on earth, no home on high;  
Existence black—you droop, you die!

You "take no gift?" You did not dream  
The hand you checked would find a theme  
So fraught with Truth! No time could sound  
Its height or depth, or sweep its round.

You "take no gift?" Ah, yes! Life's hours  
Are golden with the wealth which pours  
From Father's hand, in every guise  
That human hearts can love or prize.

You "take no gift"—*Yet Love shall give!*  
Nor ask consent, or right to live  
Unchecked, unbought, till each one tells  
Where gifts abound. Life's rapture swells  
To nobler music than can spring  
From hearts which have no gifts to bring!

*Zion Besieged.*

---

Zion, art thou not despondent,  
 Now thine enemies prevail?  
 Now they dwell within thy fortress,  
 And its towers in war assail.

Zion, art thou not astonished  
 As thy sons desert and flee?  
 Traitors to thy cause—once cherished,  
 Traitors, to thy God and thee.

Zion, dost thou not yet tremble?  
 Foes without and foes within;  
 Markest thou temptations triumph,  
 Pleasure lovers—slaves to sin.

Zion, art thou not forsaken?  
 Will not all thy friends lose heart?  
 All thy glories, once departed,  
 Gone as dreams of night depart.

Never! Yet secure foundations—  
 Bulwarks, raised by Master hand;  
 Every turret, tower and fortress,  
 Destined to for ever stand.

Should deserters flee their colors,  
 Hard to tell a friend from foe;  
 If 'tis said the contest's doubtful,  
 Faith exulting, answers—No!

Zion looks for persecution.

Zion fears no traitor hand.

More for her than her weaklings,  
Some may falter, hosts will stand.

Unforsaken, tried and tested,

This will prove her all divine;

Mark ye fearful scoffers, see it,

God doth in His Zion shine.

---

There is a Fulness.

---

Wants, yes! Who would not be ashamed?

In counting weakness, faults and sin;  
That naught of ours hath yet been named,  
By which eternal life to win.

And so we come, our hearts unclean,

We pray Thee cleanse by power divine;  
Teach us to love, to trust unseen  
The promise, "All I have is thine."

Speechless, we here before Thee stand,

And foolish, can we wisdom reach?  
Narrow, canst thou our souls expand—  
If ignorant, wilt Thou us teach?

If wayward, help us to repent,

If dark, be Thou our certain light;  
If weak, to us let strength be lent  
To help our day and lead at night.



If faint, 'tis Thee alone we need,  
 If sick, our medicine impart;  
 If helpless, be our staff indeed,  
 And soften Thou our stony heart.

If lost, we trust the Crucified,  
 If dead in sin, He must restore;  
 Restrain our will, and crush our pride,  
 And help us serve Thee evermore.

---

There is a Peace.

---

Would'st come to my soul, oh benificent Peace?  
 Come, dwell in that fortress, a thrice welcome  
 guest;

Thy presence so royal need ask no release,  
 My homage is worship, I love thee the best.

Thy sway absolute as a tyrant could ask,  
 Thy home as a palace of duty should shine;  
 Who would not thee cherish? (a lovable task)  
 Come, dwell with me, Peace, I will ever be thine.

I have felt the cold chill of unrest in the past,  
 I have dwelt in the darkness, oppressed by its  
 gloom;

I have tasted the cup, which was bitter at last,  
 And my soul has been empty—an unfurnished  
 room.

I have met with the friendless, been friendless  
    myself,  
I have stared at the blank wall of silence and  
    hate;  
There are blessings unpurchased by jingle of pelf,  
    There are curses which seem as the dicta of fate.  
Peace flies from the demons of sinning and wrong,  
    She furls her bright banner when these carry  
    sway;  
Can we exorcise them, as the Siren by song,  
    Or in the dark midnight give sunshine of day?  
Oh, Peace, thou immaculate, sinless, divine,  
    Wilt dwell with the weakest of earth's erring  
    sons?  
Wilt barter thy home where the Cherubims shine,  
    For the tenement owned of earth's desolate ones?

---

### One More Translated.

---

In a casket of white most costly,  
    A frail form layeth at rest;  
An angel smile on her pallid face,  
    Her hands crossed o'er her breast.  
Sad silence reigned in the darkened room,  
    For broken hearts were there;  
And now and again a sigh escaped,  
    On the perfume-laden air.

The tremulous song of hopeful tone,  
 Had a weird yet welcome sound;  
 "Come ye disconsolate," touched each soul,  
 As its music floated round.  
 Then came the whispered yet earnest prayer;  
 "Oh God, let Thy spirit tell,  
 Each stricken heart in this solemn hour,  
 Thine hand doeth all things well!"

The Father, the Mother, may not see,  
 The touch of the Lord, today,  
 And e'en rebellion may half suggest,  
 'Till the clouds shall roll away.  
 Glad sunshine yet shall illume the soul,  
 And Heaven give its peace,—  
 If resignation through faith but come  
 And thoughtful, murmurings cease.

Cover and crown her with flowerets rare,  
 The symbols of beauty frail,  
 Fading are they as the bright young life,  
 A chapter or half-told tale,  
 Began far off in the realms of light,  
 Then written on earth's dark sod,  
 A Child, a Woman, a Wife, what more?  
 Complete in the Kingdom of God!

What rapturous bliss of reception there,  
 What welcome, what earnest kiss?  
 From faithful ones of "the times gone by,"  
 The friends that we sadly miss?

Good-bye, dear daughter! Thou still art ours,  
The way may be long and steep,  
And years flee by ere the summons come,  
Or we on the hill-side sleep.

But how deferred, or long, or short,  
As He may decree 'tis best,  
'Tis they who are tired and most worn out,  
Who covet His promised rest,  
And far away 'yond the arching blue,  
We'll have Thy glad embrace,  
And 'mid the hosts of the purified,  
The smile of Thy love-lit face.

---

### Our Help Indeed.

---

Oh, Thou our help, in years gone by  
Thy sovereign hand we trace,  
The rifted cloud, the clear blue sky,  
Thy mercy did bestow.

And ere the cloud was cleft—Thy name  
Was blazoned on the dark,  
Which put our childish fears to shame,  
Thy right hand's faithful mark.

E'en downward looks, reflected saw,  
That sheen of holiest fire;  
Whose lustre bade each trial glow  
With faith's intense desire.

Thus all shall work the Master's will,  
 Crude soul to purify,  
 So man may claim by Zion's hill,  
 The throne and crown on high.

---

There's a Silber Lining to Every Cloud.

---

When trials surround us and darken day,  
 Till we stumble along in a path of thorn—  
 Not a glimmer to see of the sun's bright ray,  
 No "bow of promise" to shadow the morn—  
 'Tis sweet to think, through the dreary shroud,  
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

When Truth is not heard—or, if heard, despised—  
 And we think that Error will surely reign;  
 When gold is more than wisdom prized,  
 And the powers of darkness rule obtain,  
 Stand fast!—though Hell and its hosts be moved—  
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

If prayers unanswered the Saints can count;  
 If the heavens appear as brass to all;  
 If our songs of praise ne'er reach that Mount—  
 The Mount above with the jasper wall—  
 'Tis the trial of faith, and the heart can brood  
 O'er the "silver lining to every cloud."

The fond mother mourns a long-absent son,  
And the father dreams of a bright-eyed girl;  
And children grieve for their parents, gone  
From the earth without the Priceless Pearl.  
But the Gospel restores—and we cry aloud :  
“There’s a silver lining to every cloud!”

When affection is spurned as a thing of naught,  
And the dream of Love to the earth is cast—  
By friends repulsed, and life seems fraught  
With clouds and storms as the wintry blast,  
Our Father’s near, as we oft have proved;  
“There’s a silver lining to every cloud.”

When the wheels of “the Kingdom” seem enchained  
And its progress, to our vision, small,  
Be sure, in the dark all its speed’s maintained—  
Yes, increased, too; if it change at all,  
It hath been decreed, so we stand unmoved—  
With “a silver lining to every cloud.”

It is well with us, and ’tis onward—on;  
We yet shall dwell ’neath unsullied skies.  
The battle’s o’er and the conquest won,  
For the faithful all secure the prize—  
Understand the use of the darkest mood  
And the “silver lining to every cloud!”

My Dwelling Place.

---

I would not dwell for e'er in sombre cloud-land,  
 I'd rather dance in joy 'neath sunny skies;  
 I would not be alone, and miss the kind hand,  
 Of friendship's grip, when courage droops and  
 dies.

I would not live at all but for Love's lustre,  
 Its sunshine wakes life's verdure crisp and green;  
 What precious memories exulting cluster,  
 E'en in dark places from its magic sheen.

I would not hide myself, and single, linger  
 Along life's lanes, and by-ways all alone;  
 A solitary, sad and cheerless singer,  
 Without child-music, or wife's mellow tone.

I would not shirk amid the world's endeavor,  
 To aid its progress, speed its rolling wheels;  
 I'd be a freeman, every chain help sever,  
 And foremost in the fight where freedom reels.

I would with heart and lips, and pen untiring,  
 Hurl fierce defiance to a traitor soul;  
 Yet lift the humblest, weakest one, aspiring,  
 To noble duty, consecrated whole.

I would 'mid true religion e'er be waiting,  
 A devotee of faith in purest form;  
 Not I for self, or that which brother-hating  
 Is lured of sunny days, or dreads the storm.

I would be found a man, in all things trying  
To be the best, such as the Gods approve;  
Then if 'twere living, or, my soul, 'twere dying,  
I'd have a welcome, 'mid the Braves, above.

---

### Our Starry Flag.

---

Lift high the flag, the starry flag,  
When Patriots rule and right hath sway;  
On every peak and jutting crag,  
From sunrise to departing day.

Lift high the flag, the starry flag,  
On civic hall and courts of law;  
High that its folds may never drag,  
To mar its beauty, make a flaw.

Draw down the flag, the flag divine,  
When traitors wrest and warp its thought;  
Its stars and stripes may only shine  
When justice is not sold or bought.

Draw down the flag, at half-mast rest,  
When cunning hands withhold the right;  
When bigots force religious test,  
Till prison walls close at the sight.

Come, fold away the well-loved flag,  
It should not float while tyrant's reign;  
'Tis but a limp and common rag,  
When treason's breath its glow doth stain.



Let it in darkness blush, that here  
 Upon its native land, forlorn,  
 Its white is moist with sorrow's tears,  
 Its stars are dimmed where Patriots mourn.

Lift high the flag, the starry flag,  
 Its night hath past, the clouds have fled;  
 And none shall dare again to brag,  
 Of man despoiled, or nation bled.

Lift higher yet the welcome flag,  
 For man, the emblem of the free;  
 O'er every home, on every crag,  
 In every State, o'er every sea.

We furl no more, nor hide away,  
 No more at half-mast droops a rag;  
 The red and white and blue will stay,  
 Our country's pride, The Starry Flag.

---

### *The Sabbath-School.*

---

The song of praise ascends on high  
 From youthful heart and childish tongue;  
 'Tis sweet as where glad Seraphs try—  
 Sweet as the anthems by them sung.

From every Sunday School there springs,  
 Like tongues of fire, the chant and song;  
 And in the heavens above there rings  
 The music which to Schools belong.

The children of God's Zion are  
The blest and favored of our race;  
For Truth is their bright polar-star,  
Where shines for e'er their Father's face!  
Oh, happy days! Oh, happy school!  
God bless our teachers—bless their word!  
We love and trust that Priesthood's rule,  
Which in God's Kingdom is conferred.

---

### The Departed Saint.

---

In peace the soul went bravely out,  
And left the well-worn casket here;  
Without regret or triumph's shout,  
The calm of rest, beyond a fear.  
This holy trust—life sanctified,  
Was passport to the other side.  
  
Tired out with weight of flitted years,  
Fourscore and five on earth's rough sod;  
'Twas sun and clouds, a smile, then tears,  
But each wrought greater faith in God.  
His hand was seen, if night or day,  
Each was His angel in the way.  
  
The Wife, the Mother, widowed, knew  
That strength which Love divine imparts;  
And every pulse, if weak, was true,  
Was warm as dwells in cultured hearts.

Could life be aught than glorified,  
Whate'er its swell or ebb of tide?

A perfect life? Without a flaw?

Well! hardly that, a mortal yet;  
But human nature rare doth show,  
Her gems all cut, then grandly set.  
When such have been whose lustre shone  
Their deeds but marked them for a throne.

A queenly past was theirs, no doubt,  
Ere to the earth they winged their way;  
For regal mien kept cropping out,  
Though humble was life's changing day.  
Nobles *incog.*, still dignified,  
And grandest when most keenly tried.

Our hearts, to thee, victorious one,  
Go out in Love, and reverence true;  
The triumph thou hast bravely won,  
And thy example doth renew,  
Our warm resolves by grace to win,  
An equal stand 'gainst self and sin.

Welcome is thine! Uncounted friends,  
Were waiting by the gates of gold;  
Thy feet the path has trod, which tends,  
From earth to scenes beloved of old,  
Ere thou that mission didst accept,  
When of the past thou wast bereft.

Returning, oh what memories thrill,  
Two lives now blent as one shall tell  
That all our Father's work, and will,  
Must claim our homage, love as well.  
When from our home to earth sent down,  
'Twas but that we might earn a crown.

---

*In Memoriam.*

---

*The memory of the just is blessed. - Bible*

In every land, and every age  
Men honor their illustrious dead,  
And garnish the historic page  
With eulogies of names who've led!

In science, war, or realms of thought,  
Though far removed or hither led—  
No fight so fearful as they fought  
In life; none honored more, when dead.

Despised, disowned, accounted mad,  
Punished by faggot, dungeon, steel;  
How many a broken heart such had,  
Whose works were for their race's weal!

No music from the trump of fame,  
No craving for a world's applause,  
No wish to win themselves a name,  
Inspired these Braves in duty's cause!

But scarcely have they gone to rest,  
 Than stately monuments are raised;  
 And parties, blazoned with their crest,  
 Surround the shrines where they are praised.

Cities for Centuries contend,  
 Each wastes its time in nauseous lore,  
 And circumstance unjustly bend  
 For honor of their birth-place more.

Nay many Saviors, crucified  
 As traitors to their age and time,  
 Have by their sons been deified  
 And worshipped in their land and clime.

But not for seers and sages old,  
 In Christian or in Pagan world,  
 Do we in reverence this day hold,  
 Or ask a birthday-flag unfurled.

Here, for "a man" we knew in life;  
 Here, for a man we wept when slain;  
 Here, where his triumphs mark the strife,  
 And promise of a future reign!

Joseph, thy birth we celebrate!  
 This day shall consecrated be,  
 Till Israel's homes shall reverb'rate  
 O'er Zion's land from sea to sea.

Thou Prophet of the Latter-day!  
 Thou, in the midst of darkness sent  
 By Revelation's power to sway,  
 Till Heaven and Earth in one are blent.

Thou Faithful! True to thy great call,  
Through persecution, trial, death;  
Then calm, serene as evening fall,  
Dear martyred one, to yield thy breath!

Joseph, the Seer, the Man of God—  
The Prophet-Martyr of our day!  
The Savior, if the path is trod,  
Which thy example did portray.

May we renew our love to thee  
On this selected natal day,  
And through a faithful life agree  
To inaugurate the better way!

When faithful men shall in their time  
Have all the honors Truth bestows,  
Till earth shall have that genial clime  
Which in the Heavenly Kingdom glows!

---

### Mission of The Stripling.

---

Many a glowing scene of gladness,  
In the realms of long ago,  
Many a dense, black cloud of sadness,  
Marks earth's seasons as they flow.  
History's pages tell of tyrants  
Ruling o'er their fellow men,  
Curbing thought and speech and action,  
Progress laid beneath their ban.

Gibbet, rack and flame their weapons,  
 Death to all who scanned their deeds,  
 Politicians, Priests, and People,  
 Swept off *men* as fire doth reeds.  
*Men* I said, their names are legion,  
 Scattered o'er each land and clime  
 Through the ages; (martyred greatness,)  
 Truth still waits and bides its time,  
 Oft repressed its uttered music  
 By one generation spurned,  
 Final triumph marks its footsteps;  
 In earth's truly great it burned,  
 Long decreed by the Eternal,  
 Truth and Right shall surely reign,  
 Pens and arms of erring mortals,  
 May be raised—'tis all in vain!

Filled with these thoughts I lay me down to rest;  
 The brain too active, long I courted sleep,  
 Till as old Sol with glory tinged the west,  
 My fancy ranged throughout the "upper deep;"  
 Past star and planet on I bent my way,  
 Crossed paths where Suns secure eternal day,  
 Beheld the comets as they swept along,  
 The "Dance of Heaven" to an unending song,  
 'Till by some impulse checked in onward track  
 I looked around, a hand was on my back;  
 Behind me stood of noble godlike mein,  
 One whom on earth or heaven I oft had seen;

Familiar to my eye his form was there,  
Though crowned with glory more than mortals see,  
His voice melodious on the perfumed air  
Said, "Brother, come! Come, go along with me."

Before us lay, quite unobserved before,  
A world of beauty, such as oft in dreams  
My spirit gladdened in the days of yore;  
Self lighted—governed not by Solar beams;  
Need I pause to tell of granduer,  
Need I wait to sing of flowers,  
Or of rich unfading verdure,  
Forming shade or radiant bowers?  
Need I tell of tower and turret,  
Of the palaces divine;  
Of the myriads dwelling, happy  
Round where Peace had raised its shrine?  
No! All mortals yet shall see it,  
Taste its pleasures ever new;  
When this earthly life is ended,  
When they lay the body down;  
Here *each* life, *all* past experience  
Memory can at will renew,  
Estimate their own position,  
And their claim upon the crown.

Magnificence inscribed on column,  
Architrave, and just proportions yet unknown  
To man, a Palace stood, upon its noble front  
Inscribed in rich device,—“The Hall of Council;”



Through its vast portals by my guide preceded  
On I went, 'till in a room for beauty  
Unsurpassed, and filled with glowing light,  
We stood!

Within its space were gathered crowds—  
The representatives of every land,  
Who in the cause of man's redemption fought,  
And bled, and died!

The martyr's crown  
On many a brow I saw, a full reward  
For all of toil and suffering tasted  
In the ever past.

A group in earnest conversation stood  
Apart, I marked and knew them all, by Priesthood  
'Twas revealed; our history in that group  
Was easy read, 'twas those who had inspired  
Been and deputed to save, to guide when  
Red hot persecution lifted high its  
Daring hand; when from the gathering storm  
From State to State they fled, and many a brave  
And gallant heart its best blood shed to win

“I come to vindicate the right,  
The right to live, the right to speak;  
The right to worship when or where,  
So I God's law evade nor break,  
This right the nation guarantees  
By Constitution; act at home  
The Freeman's privilege to choose  
The right to fill the ruler's throne,  
The right to legislate at will

So that I trench on no reserve.  
'Tis this I claim as common right,  
No jot I 'bate, nor shall I swerve;  
I live for Home, for Children, Wives;  
To guard the hearth and household Gods;  
Though tyrants seek to check me there  
With God to guide I fear no odds.  
No patronage I seek or claim,  
But truthful heart and ready hand;  
There's none so great I fear their frown  
So long as truth shall with us stand.  
No President who fills the chair,  
No judge, official, high or low,  
Can e'er my suffrage claim or share  
If they to mobs their judgment bow.  
I live for every good bequeathed,  
The blood-bought blessings from my sires,  
I live for what the present needs  
To fan true Freedom's sacred fires;  
For all the future yet shall give,  
Through persecution lies or wrong,  
Assured that life or death will bring  
The clarion notes of Victory's song.

---

### *Walking in the Light of God.*

---

In the desert of life, while a-walking,  
The thorns and the brambles appear,  
'Mid its jostle and strife, and loud talking,  
Each step of the feet must be clear.

For the darkness will hide, and the pushing,  
 May crowd from the pathway of right;  
 Ask the tempted and tried, 'mid its crushing,  
 If they could be sure in the night?

If the starry grand dome, was bent over,  
 Or the moon in its silence and sheen;  
 Yet how distant is home, to the rover,  
 Whose pathway the eye hath not seen.

Of the thousands who sought amid trial,  
 By strength of their own to prevail;  
 Their best battles were fought by denial,  
 In that faith which no power could assail.

In the darkness, was light, all undoubting,  
 With brambles and thorns on the sod;  
 In the roughest of night, there was shouting,  
 Walking on, in the glad light of God.

Is there glory like this for the seeker?  
 Can man claim such boon from above?  
 Will the Heavens give bliss to the weaker,  
 Or its light on life's path in its Love?

For this "walking in light" makes man divine,  
 Gives him courage—makes triumph sure;  
 It is wisdom and right, in these to shine,  
 And end of being, as God is pure.

### The Marriage Tie.

---

When love unites two willing hearts,  
And marriage rite is truly done;  
No joy so sweet, no bliss so pure,  
Beneath the light of rolling sun.

'Tis not for time alone, no bounds  
Hath Priesthood set to wield its power,  
If God-ordained, 'tis His decree—  
A blessing of Eternal dower.

A wife for e'er, a round of joy,  
And increase as the sand or stars;  
A kingdom, from a germ to swell—  
Omnipotence hath set no bars.

And so our blessing freely comes,  
Where God hath joined let none divide;  
When this life's weary wheels shall stand,  
May Love be yours on t'other side.

---

### Invocation.

Y. M. M. I. A.

---

'Mid thine Israel, Lord we stand,  
Organized by Thy command;  
See our thousands, for they tell,  
Zion's sons in number swell.

Bless each effort to improve,  
 As our ranks united move.  
     Officered by men of soul,  
     Let Thy Spirit all control;  
 Then thine armies shall be great  
 As upon Thy word, they wait;  
     All the world shall see and know,  
     Zion doth in wisdom grow.

Here as suppliants, Lord we sing,  
 To Thy promises we cling;  
     All of life we shall enjoy,  
     If Thy work is our employ;  
 Make us Saviours, makes us Men,  
 Mutual good our motto then;  
     For each duty us prepare,  
     Here appointed, or sent there;  
 By thy Priesthood trusted, tried,  
 Through our labor sanctified;  
     Thus prepared we all shall prove  
     Thou art God! Thy name is Love.

---

A Faded Flower.

---

Quietly, peacefully, lay her down,  
 Cover with flowers of fragrance rare;  
 Did she not work for a radiant crown,  
     Far from this earth-life—"over there?"

Sadly we miss her. What then? I ask,  
 Is she not loved in the realms of bliss?  
 Hath she not welcome, and time to bask,  
 Where Love's sun mellows, and warms its kiss?  
 Friends unnumbered and kindred there,  
 Known in the infinite long ago;  
 No dream of sorrow, no sickness where  
 The angels saunter and flowerets blow.  
 Lizzie hath gotten the best of those,  
 Who linger yet on the earth's green sod;  
 Rest she hath found, that glad repose,  
 Which men call Heaven—*the rest of God!*

---

### In a Lady's Album.

---

How many thoughts elude the power  
 Of words to give expression clear!  
 Nature her children doth not dower  
 With voice for every changing sphere.  
 In acts they live, by these they tell  
 The hidden secrets of the heart,  
 And all their best emotions swell  
 Unbidden, then in action start.  
 'Tis well when these, from life divine,  
 Spring all around us as doth thine,  
 As Friend, as Daughter, Woman, Saint.  
 Of thee, scarce Heaven doth know complaint.

The Mormon Lad.

---

The Saints yet gather from the lands,  
 With hearts inspired with holy joy,  
 And many a picture may be seen—  
 Fond Parents bending o'er their boy.  
 "My place in Utah is, I know—  
 The Zion of the Latter Day;  
 And though I love you, Mother dear  
 And Father too, I must obey.  
 Yet soon I hope, by industry,  
 To aid you both from Babylon's shore;  
 And when in Utah's valleys we shall meet,  
 Our God we'll praise—hurrah! 'tis o'er."

CHORUS:

The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!  
 Don't you hear the Priesthood calling?  
 The Gospel sounds, the Gospel sounds!  
 I must now leave—my time has come;  
 So bless me now—come, bless me now;  
 I must away!—Hurrah! 'tis done!

The long and tiresome trip was o'er;  
 The boy was missed, the home was sad—  
 Although to Zion he had fled,  
 They sadly missed their darling lad.  
 But soon the cheering summons came:  
 "Our God hath blessed my labors here;

And, joy! I hope to see you all  
Before I meet the closing year.”  
Anon it comes; and ready now,  
The “old folks” sail the Ocean wide,  
To meet their faithful lad, and proudly stand  
In Zion soon. Hurrah! ’tis o’er.

## CHORUS:

“The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!  
Don’t you hear the Priesthood calling?  
The Gospel sounds, the Gospel sounds!  
You, too, must leave; your time has come.  
We bless you now, we bless you now—  
So, you’re away!” Hurrah! ’tis done.

What joy can tell?—the swelling heart,  
The meeting by the crowded car;  
The glistening eye, the fond embrace—  
Though but a year has passed afar!  
And as with pride the stripling leads  
The best friends God e’er gave on earth,  
The little cottage greets them all—  
The home which love hath brought to birth,  
A little heaven; and faithful hearts  
Are kneeling ’neath its humble roof.  
We o’er this scene the curtain drawing here,  
Sing all is well—Hurrah! ’tis o’er.

## CHORUS:

The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!  
’Tis calling you, my friends, my kindred;  
The Gospel sounds, the Gospel sounds!  
So come along, no more be hindered.



The Trumpet sounds, the Trumpet sounds!  
 Its well-known voice—the ancient story;  
 Victory, victory, again achieved—  
 Hurrah, 'tis done! Hurrah, 'tis done!

---

Happy Hours.

---

Yes, Infancy hath happy hours  
 And pleasant dreams—awake, asleep.  
 How oft the wreathed smile betrays  
 The half-remembered scenes that keep!

And Childhood hath its happy hours,  
 Its careless freedom—glory-crowned;  
 No anxious cares or o'er-taxed powers  
 Hath circumscribed its pleasant round.

Then Youth—oh, happy, happy Youth—  
 With hope aflame and wing untired;  
 What can elude thy grasp, when Truth  
 Thy bounding forces hath inspired?

And Manhood hath its happy time;  
 Then life, decided, sweeps along!  
 And every impulse rings a chime  
 To blend with an immortal song.

Old Age hath many a happy scene,  
 And well-spent hours from memory springs;  
 The future glistens with rich sheen  
 From times well used, yet weary wings.

All seasons, ages, men have shrined  
Their sunny hours from Heaven on high,  
And every shadow hath been lined  
With hidden glory next the sky!

---

*A Rare Old Mother Dead.*

---

Long past fourscore, yet staunch as Scotia's hills,  
Or like her lakes, unruffled and at rest;  
For she, though blind, had inner sight which fills  
The soul with peace, for all is for the best.

Linked to a man, as true as are the stars;  
When widowed, turning to her early love,  
And dreaming when the gate beyond unbars  
That she will Wife and Mother be, above.

In child-like faith, though nursed by tender hands,  
And such affection as each wish supplies;  
There's forward looking to far fairer lands  
Than those of earth, and love which never dies.

So full of years, good works, she passed away,  
A mother dear, a saint unstained of guile;  
Full worthy she enjoys a Heaven's better day,  
Goodbye to earth, means God's eternal smile.

Jennie will meet old friends, and we may greet  
again,

If blest at last with welcome such as rings  
For her and faithful souls who ever reign,  
In the dominions of the King of Kings.

The Country of My Choice.

---

Utah! My pride, my mother; nay, my queen, en-  
 throned above the hills,  
 Thy name I love, thy towering peaks, thy streams,  
 the music of thy rills;  
 Thy skies of azure, bending over vales, whose gar-  
 ments woven were of toil;  
 Thy homes of peace, 'mid verdure, girt by harvest-  
 fields, upon thy fruitful soil.  
 Thy lakes are gems, thy rivers born amid thy  
 crags, are turned to wealth,  
 Where untold thousands, maidens fair and sons,  
 now glow with ruddy health;  
 While hid beneath thine outer-form, are precious  
 ores, by Nature's lavish will,  
 And God o'er all to make thee great, and on thy  
 country's flag a mission fill.

---

Temple Dedication Anthem.

---

The Angels swept their harps of gold,  
 And voiced to earth their wondrous song;  
 Which had through Kolob's cities rolled,  
 Which to its councils did belong.  
 Down through the ether fields of space,  
 It echoed o'er each shining world,  
 Then on Judea's plains found place,  
 Where sin, the earth and man had hurled.

The theme was new, its grandeur smote,  
As human ears in part divined,  
Immanuel, "God with us," the thought  
Had power divine, within it shrined.  
He lived and wrought, then died, and rose,  
Redemption for His race to gain,  
The prison doors and bars disclose,  
In bursting, His triumphant reign.

This glorious work in silence sped,  
Though lost to earth for ages past;  
Its trophies were 'mid ancient dead,  
The hosts in spirit-life so vast.  
They list the Gospel's precious word,  
This Dispensation last—afar;  
The sweetest music ever heard,  
Thrilled, when the gates were set ajar.

For these, is raised this glorious fane,  
This Temple, built of God's decree;  
Oh will the King of Kings but deign  
To set His seal, the prisoners free.  
Our Dedication then complete,  
Will bless the living, save the dead;  
Thus Heaven and earth in union meet,  
As by the Angels, Saints are led.

Reminiscences.

---

How sweet 'tis in Spring-time, for beauty to entwine  
 A garland or wreath from the flowers of the soil;  
 Of the snowdrop and crocus, with others which  
 woke us

In the sweet days of childhood to labor and toil.  
 We loved their bright forms as surrounded by  
 storms,  
 They peeped through the snow as it melted away;  
 For they prophesied true that the wind as it blew,  
 Was a herald announcing the coming of May.

Soon April's warm showers, the hedge-rows and  
 bowers,  
 Prepared with a robe of the loveliest green;  
 While the sweet honey-bee, with the bird on each  
 tree,  
 Brought the music, to welcome the bright Sum-  
 mer Queen.

See, see, she advances, and from their deep trances  
 The flowers awaken of many a hue;  
 To array Mother earth in a garment of mirth,  
 As they laugh in the sunshine, or glisten with dew.

Oh, *now* should the heart beat, and each coming  
 day greet  
 Our Father above with the accents of prayer;  
 That the blessings around us, with which He hath  
 crowned us,  
 May not be our highest ambition or care.

Now, all nature rejoices, and ten thousand voices,  
As Summer rolls by are impressed on the ear,  
And the fruits of rich store, as each bough bends  
the more,

On the dial of time marks the flight of the year.

Each zephyr now brings, and in its course flings  
Rich perfume o'er mountain, o'er upland and dell;  
From the fields of new hay, the bean flowers gay,  
Or the briar and woodbine, which twine o'er the  
well.

The golden grain waving, as tho' it were craving  
Earth's sons and bright daughters to comfort  
and bless;

Until plenty and gladness, now drives away sadness,  
Encircling all flesh in its common caress.

Past—the season of reaping, and Winter now  
creeping,

Locks the earth in a crust by its magical spell;  
Checks the rivulets flow, and a mantle of snow,  
From her storehouse is brought for each hillside  
and dell.

And *still* should the heart beat, and each circling  
year greet

Our Father and God with its love, with its praise,  
That His favor and smile, e'en in death may beguile,  
And provide us a rest at the end of our days.

*Zion, Blest of God!*

---

Awake, this day awake! awake, my heart and voice!  
 Bid the long silence break, with songs of ready  
 choice;

For Zion is the blest of God,  
 When all the Saints obey His nod!

In every vale around, in every circle there,  
 The families yet abound who join as one in prayer;

For Zion is the blest of God,  
 When all the Saints obey His nod!

From out these homes there springs a host of fer-  
 vent youth,

And in their schools there rings, glad music—  
 precious Truth.

For Zion is the blest of God,  
 And all the Saints obey His nod!

'Tis here His Priesthood dwells; 'tis here they  
 teach the way ;

And every triumph swells the light of coming day.

For Zion is the blest of God,  
 And all the Saints obey His nod!

Then shall we not rejoice—shall not our songs  
 arise,

And work be e'er our choice to gain the promised  
 prize?

That Zion, which is blest of God,  
 Where all the Saints obey His nod!

### The Power of Song.

---

The sun had sunk in the distant west  
And tinged the floating clouds with gold,  
Which threw an air of coming rest  
O'er canyons deep and mountains bold.

Suspended there the twilight seemed,  
Upon that crowded, tented spot;  
On all around its lustre beamed,  
As if to question, but could not.

Upon the heights which frowned on high—  
On every jutting point arrayed  
Were batteries, breastworks,—much that I  
Deemed for a sure destruction made.

And all upon the tented ground  
Were bristling arms of deadly power,  
Which glistened as the camp-fires round  
Danced up that solemn sunset hour.

Men's forms were flitting far and near—  
The groups could here and there be seen.  
What brought those countless warriors here?  
Did conquest, power, or glory's dream?

Have they been drawn from happy homes  
By force or fraud of kingly reign?  
By laws enrolled in ponderous tomes?  
I ask the question vet in vain.



But hark upon the listening ear,  
 Borne on the gentle evening breeze,  
 Come strains that savor not of fear,  
 Of bloodshed, or inglorious ease.

Stirring the fountains of the heart,  
 By its harmonious solemn swell,  
 Ah, well the listener now may start  
 And captive be to that sweet spell.

For that is one of Zion's songs—  
 One of the brightest, richest, best,  
 Which to her worship now belongs  
 Within the chambers of the west.

Be still my heart—my pulse, be still  
 And drink of that seraphic strain,  
 Which now increased would bind my will  
 And memory, with its golden chain.

Come, bless the Bard by God inspired  
 To tell of scenes so long ago;  
 And by prophetic impulse fired;  
 Of home, when done with time below.

The interest deepens of that hour  
 As darkness veils the roseate sky;  
 And countless stars mark Father's power—  
 Those gems which deck the dome on high.

And still that music round me floats—  
 Now echoed, as by mountains bound;  
 Distilling from its richest notes,  
 The peace of God, as snowflakes round.

Above that congregated host  
The angels bent a listening ear;  
And to my contemplation, most  
Seemed as the gate of heaven near.

The hymn has ceased, but yet its spell  
Seems fastened on each spirit there;  
Deep silence reigns; but mark it well  
In glistening eye, and falling tear.

More precious than the sculptured urn,  
Or monument of marble rare—  
Than obelisk at every turn,  
Such as the world's great heroes share.

Enshrined within the heart of hearts  
Of thousands of the noblest, best;  
The deepest homage freely starts  
Throughout the valleys of the West.

And millions more now scattered wide  
Through every land, shall come and bow  
In Zion's courts, to swell the tide,  
And sing, as sing those warriors now.

The mystery now is solved, and more—  
The question answered—I'm content—  
These warriors, and the arms they bore,  
Are not for blood or plunder meant.

They are not in the canyon's shade,  
The "reign of terror" to extend;  
Nor are they by proud monarchs made,  
Through peaceful nations war to send.

But in the noblest cause they stand—  
 Defence of home and blood-bought right;  
 Greater than any Spartan band  
 Enrolled on history's pages bright.

These are the warriors God hath raised:  
 No man invented sign they bear;  
 No national feeling known or praised;  
 Obedience is the watch-word there.

And by its power a kingdom grows  
 To revolutionize the world;  
 Its standard—Truth! and all its foes  
 Shall into nothingness be hurled.

God's Prophet leads (a chosen man)  
 Ordained a king and priest to reign;  
 Yes, Israel leads, (the daring van)  
 Man's great redemption to obtain.

The Song that stirred the listening ear,  
 And angels brought in hosts around,  
 That fired the heart of each one near,  
 And sunk in reveries' depths profound.

Was, "Oh, my Father," which when felt,  
 Not only chains the common man;  
 But greatness 'neath its power can melt;  
*This* through the "hosts of Israel" ran.

Invincible such legions are  
 Who sing these strains with one accord;  
 They quail not on the din of war,  
 But in it serve our common Lord.

They hail the time to come when "one  
Shall chase his thousand," bid them flee;  
And "two shall make ten thousand run"—  
The power of God shall on them be.

The Priesthood then shall rule and reign—  
Its influence felt on land and sea;  
And man enjoy his rights again,  
From tyrants and oppressors free.

Oh, had I that Poetic fire  
Which stirs the pulse and binds the heart;  
Which as one man, can hosts inspire,  
In worship or in war to start.

I'd barter crowns, and Emperor's sway—  
Care not for glory, trump of fame;  
But love and live my common day  
And with the humblest have my name.

Yet I would weave a wreath of song  
And twine a chaplet of the bay  
With sweet "Forget me not" along  
To crown the Poet day by day.

For I have felt her spirit-spell,  
And to it oft I freely bow;  
So duty, pleasure, bids me swell  
Thine honored name, "Eliza Snow."

The Year of Jubilee.

---

“O God, our Father’s God,” this day  
 We raise our voice in sacred song;  
 In it we our glad homage pay—  
 This tribute doth to Thee belong.  
 Thine hand hath been our staff and stay,  
 Thy power hath lit our darkest day;  
 And Israel, blind, this day can see  
 The first glad Year of Jubilee.

In all the past, Thy people Thou  
 Hast led with more than Father’s care,  
 And every trial, then or now,  
 From foes within or foes elsewhere,  
 Hath testimony brought, as rain  
 Upon the parched and desert plain  
 Gives life and gladness fresh and free—  
 A sure perennial Jubilee!

What more couldst Thou for us have done?  
 What blessing hast Thou e’er denied?  
 In Eastern lands Thou wert our sun,  
 As on Ohio’s prairies wide;  
 And when Missouri’s hate was seen,  
 When from Far West we fled unseen,  
 We hailed afar the yet-to-be—  
 This blessed Year of Jubilee!

When by the Mississippi's stream,  
The Temple lifted high in air,  
Beauteous as any Poet's dream—  
"City of Joseph," wondrous fair,  
Thou didst Thy people succor then,  
When martyred Prophets fell, as when  
From death Thy thousands had to flee,  
To wait this Year of Jubilee!

Thy people's enemies have met  
The fate which Prophets did portray—  
*Their* sun in darkness quickly set,  
And with it all their jocund day!  
No more to them Thy Saints shall bow,  
No more receive their ready blow—  
This is our triumph, surely we,  
Enjoy our Year of Jubilee!

Here 'mid the mountains peace hath dwelt,  
"Rest for the weary" hath been found;  
Here many a swelling heart hath felt—  
Far from the hated war-cry's sound—  
As 'twere a heaven already won,  
'Neath the unclouded Western Sun.  
*These* had no need to wait for thee—  
In peace they had their Jubilee!

Oh, swelling hearts, a cup run o'er  
With mercies, blessings, is your lot;  
And there's "a fullness" yet in store—  
In Heaven the Saints are unforgot.

Promise and Prophecy entwined  
In every record is enshrined—  
    These every hour fulfilled to thee,  
    Oh, Israel, is a Jubilee!

Can Zion's children tell today  
    The half of what they now enjoy?  
Or can a soul by words portray  
    What fifty years more will employ  
Of inspiration's force and flame—  
Or how far lost a foe's great name?  
    Or what the world will surely see  
    Before next year of Jubilee?

The Saints will live, the Kingdom grow;  
    Zion, unveiled, will "rise and shine;"  
Nations and tongues will homage show  
    To Truth of origin Divine!  
And God will bring to naught each plan  
Of false, corrupt and wicked man.  
    Who would not wish to live and see  
    The next glad year of Jubilee?

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done"—  
    Done on the earth as 'tis above;  
Faith, that 'tis nearer with each sun.  
    Inspired work is a life of love.  
Triumph is certain, victory sure!  
Blessed are all who will endure—  
    Time and Eternity shall be  
    To them unending Jubilee!

*Many Moods.*

---

What moods are within us in life's busy way,  
As varied as Nature, as changing as day!  
'Tis sunshine, and rain-drops, or misty by turns,  
Then the darkness sweeps onward, or like flame it  
burns.

We can laugh, or we cry, can be stupid or wise—  
As the mood of the moment may order our skies,  
Serene as the morning, or black as the night—  
Yes, moonless and starless, the tempest may  
blight.

Discontent and unrest, like a shadow may pass,  
Or remain till it crush with its ponderous mass;  
Or Peace may fall soft, like the snowflakes at e'en,  
To be melted by warmth, or by frost be more keen.

We can love, and the breath of its presence may  
bring  
Transformation to hate by a frivolous thing;  
The sweet tones of music welling up from the  
heart  
Can be all changed to discord by moods which may  
start.

Ah, life may be gloomy, or life may be gay,  
As we turn by its moods, or as changelings we  
play;  
Control is as rare as the diamond's glow,  
Or in the bright tropics the presence of snow.



But the man who hath made the "Great Master"  
 his trust  
 Is at peace in his station, with wealth or a crust,  
 And moods may flit o'er him as clouds o'er the sun,  
 They rest not upon him, or bind him when done.  
 His ways are of peace, and in patience he dwells,  
 Whether storm-cloud or sunshine his destiny tells;  
 His Father, his God, rules in every phase,  
 And though life come or death, he's content with  
 His ways.

---

To a Friend and Poet.

"I think the Wasatch has an inspiration not to be despised."

---

'Tis true my friend the Wasatch range,  
 Hath charms for every poet's eye;  
 In every turn and passing change  
 Of clouds and mist and clear blue sky.

The undulating sweep around,  
 The "roofless walls," and "rugged peak,"  
 Now with the snows of winter crowned  
 And tempest swept, made sterile, bleak.

But not to mountain range confined  
 Is "Nature's priest," the Poet, blest;  
 His altar is, where'er his mind  
 Can find a momentary rest.

In fields, in groves and forests dread  
Where Druids worshipped long ago;  
Beside the rippling stream, or led  
Where Mississippi's water's flow.

Where flowerets bloom, and cedars rear  
On Lebanon's side their lofty head;  
In dingle, dell, or church-yard drear,  
And crowns with joy the nuptial bed.

At home, with wives and children sweet,  
In youth, where beauty is impressed;  
Where friend delights a friend to greet,  
Or snow-crowned age lays down to rest.

With birds and beasts of every clime,  
In painting, sculpture, music's swell;  
With ages past, in coming time,  
'Mid present scenes the Poets dwell.

Where superstition's iron chain  
Is thrown around the human race;  
By sluggish Nile, on India's main,  
Where Bramah, Vishnu finds a place.

In Bible, Shaster, Koran's page,  
In ceremonial, sacred rite;  
In true religion's loftiest stage,  
And in the depths of error's night.

In sunset, sunrise, night and noon,  
In tropic climes or polar snows;  
'Mid icebergs vast and fierce monsoon,  
As where the perfumed zephyr blows.

When night her sable mantle wears  
 Bedecked with comet, planet, star;  
 With Luna, through her changing airs  
 In sweet, sweet peace, and deadliest war.

Upon the bosom of the sea  
 With billows crowned, or placid, calm;  
 Where'er its waves make music free,  
 Or in its depths where mermaids charm.

With science, wheresoe'er it roams,  
 In heaven, on earth, throughout its frame,  
 And in the philosophic tomes;  
 With genius in its loftiest aim.

The Poet circumscribes the world,  
 Defiance bids to time and space;  
 And soars above, with flag unfurled,  
 The great magician of his race.

His mission given him by the Gods,  
 A High Priest to the nations made;  
 Prophetic oft his glowing words—  
 He speaks and tyrants are afraid.

Then marvel not, my friend, that oft  
 The spurious coin is current found;  
 And dream not that each name aloft  
 Will with the Poet-Kings be crowned.

We still shall grasp the golden wand,  
 Parnassus yet we hope to see,  
 We may not on its summit stand,  
 But on its slopes shall surely be.

And though we never shake at all the solid earth  
or skies,  
Or bring around our heads the wide world's mad  
applause;  
'Tis a gift we have to cheer us and its power we  
really prize,  
For it brightens many a moment as the Worker  
only knows.

---

Darling Dotty May.

---

Is it you, my little darling,  
Creeping all the way?  
Did you hear your Papa calling,  
Darling Dotty May?

Are you thinking, ever thinking,  
Of your troubles, dear—  
And when little eyes are blinking,  
Is't because you fear?

Fear the rod, or Mamma's pouting,  
'Cause you naughty are;  
Or because there's crying, shouting,  
From domestic war?

Ah, 'twas but the kitten, darling,  
Dancing for its share  
Of milk, while Fido, snarling,  
Fun made everywhere!

Little brothers, sisters, laughing,  
 Raised the rout you heard;  
 While the pup and kit were quaffing,  
 Or each other purred.

Then, peace, our darling beauty,  
 Darling Dotty May!  
 'Tis our pleasant joy and duty,  
 Translating what you say.

Baby's laugh's our constant pleasure,  
 Music 'tis to all;  
 Many a thought we gather, treasure,  
 Though you are but small!

Life is long, and loving, willing  
 Hearts your future pray;  
 May we wish it—if not thrilling—  
 Sweet, as Dotty May!

---

### Thoughts.

Under a Friend's Third Bereavement.

---

Oh, Life, what a problem, a mystery, thou—  
 Not entrance or exit, but all the way through;  
 A compound, analysis can't comprehend  
 By the logic of schools, or the methods they lend.

*Here* a bright, beaming eye, and a footstep as light  
 As sunshine that falls on the verdure of Earth;  
*There* the beauty of Paradise, giving delight  
 By the rippling music of Childhood's glad mirth!

Both sexes, beloved, and the pride of their home;  
Parental love glows with the promised-to-be;  
'Tis the 'semblance of Heaven, from whence none  
would roam—  
United, devoted, a blest family!

But a shadow fell there, as the sables of night;  
The circle was broken when one passed away,  
And these half-rebellious fond hearts queried,  
"Might  
Gets the best of mortality in this dark day!"

Then *another one* fell—as a leaf droops and dies—  
Though cared for and watched o'er as love only  
knows;  
And still there's *one more*, till the shock stupefies,  
As the hungry one feels 'mid the wild wintry  
snows.

Then the after-thought comes, like the first flower  
of Spring,  
Unwelcome, half-timidly peeping, and shy—  
Yet again, and perchance, as the early birds sing,  
These half-awake thoughts sweep intrudingly by.  
"There's a God over all, there's a Father above,  
And naught can transpire, but it works to His  
end;  
Though man's range of vision this truth cannot  
prove,  
'Tis to this every providence, trial doth tend.

“And in His grand Gospel, the secret of life  
 Wise Heaven devised, then transmitted to man;  
 Each promise and ordinance ever is rife  
 With a future of blessing, by pre-arranged plan.”

Though circlets be broken and families thus part,  
 'Tis but transient as time, for a moment, a day,  
 For the Gospel and Priesthood can weld and im-  
     part,  
 Through Eternity's cycles, the loved laid away!

All the little ones gone, by yon gates made of gold,  
 Shall stand to greet Mamma and Papa again;  
 And the warm kiss and clasp shall in rapture  
     enfold  
 The beloved of Old Earth, and for ever retain!

---

### Priestcraft.

---

Superstition and priestcraft, yes, long, long ago,  
 Laid siege to the children of men;  
 They captured the citadel, striking that blow  
 Echoed, felt in all ages since then.

In those primitive times, so the legend declares,  
 All the forces of priestcraft had birth;  
 And its Hercules form grew as groweth the tares,  
 Mid the tropics rank verdure of earth.

It shadowed all hearts from the sunlight above,  
It assumed to be Lord over all,  
And a jangle of fears in the garden of love,  
Was the harvest and bread for the soul.

Until now, in all lands, it would stifle all thought,  
And the wheel of true progress would stay;  
It would bribe or would threaten, or crush as the  
mote,  
In the sun of the glad summer's day.

Success flushed its cheek, its hard heart bounded  
high,  
"Sure conquest is mine o'er the legions below;"  
The words hardly fell, when a voice from the sky  
Swept the earth, from the tropics to regions of  
snow—

"I Am that I Am! Hath through all thy career  
Controlled and determined the end;  
To Priesthood I give, not the spirit of fear  
But the spirit of Love to attend.

"Its health-giving forces shall work 'mid the lands  
Till the nations redeemed shall have learned the  
new song;  
Though the wicked join hearts, and the devils join  
hands,  
Peace and good will on earth will in time come  
along.



“Not always the race to the swift hath been given,  
 Not always the battle to those we tho't strong;  
 Not always resisted the mandates of Heaven,  
 For triumph at last to the right must belong.

“The results of all ages, all powers have been  
 mine,  
 And Truth shall triumphantly dwell,  
 In the regions of light in a palace divine,  
 And its foes 'mid the darkness of Hell.”

---

Tell Me Thou Wilt Love Me.

For Music.

---

Tell me wilt thou love me,  
 Tell, oh, tell me true?  
 Say my heart shall keep thee,  
 'Mong its treasured few!  
 Warm my love and tender,  
 More than friend, am I,  
 Tell me thou wilt love me,  
 Tell me dear—'tis I.

Tell by silence, sweet one,  
 If a word would mar;  
 Silent as the dew falls,  
 Or yon glowing star.  
 Let thine eyes but tell it,  
 I thy soul would read,  
 Love is subtle, dearest—  
 But my heart hath need.

'Neath the moon, love, tell me,  
Or 'mid quiet ways,  
Where the waters dance, love,  
In these perfect days!  
Let that music thrill me,  
Love alone can give,  
Tell me thou dost love me,  
Bid me hope and live.

---

“Now Are We the Sons of God!”

---

Oh, grand are the thoughts that this sentence  
inspires!

When sealed by the Spirit which comes from  
above,  
Then humbly we ask that its all-searching fires  
May burn up Earth's dross with unquenchable  
Love!

Weak, sinful, forgetful, indifferent, dead  
To the truths of Life's being, His wisdom sup-  
plies;  
Man turns from the light, from the sun overhead,  
To the caverns of darkness, tradition and lies.

Self-satisfied, passive, 'mid cobwebs of lore,  
As woven by priests and polemical schools;  
Assuming, presuming, asserting far more  
Than was ever revealed to Satanical tools.

But a ray from the Infinite entered at last  
 That crevice, unseen by the critics around;  
 Like a plant of the tropics, that ray spread so fast  
 It illumined the age, as it flashed without sound!

Superstition, tradition, old error, amazed,  
 Fought a desperate fight for past prestige and  
 power;  
 Persecution and martyrdom told a world crazed—  
 But the splendor of Truth waxed grander each  
 hour!

Today, in all lands, it is winning its way,  
 For it conquers and saves as the Father decreed;  
 And darkness shall flee 'fore that fast-coming day,  
 When the Gospel and Kingdom shall triumph  
 indeed!

---

### Signs of the End.

---

There's a sound in the air,  
 There's a voice in the street—  
 'Tis here and 'tis there,  
 'Tis wherever men meet,  
 And the form it assumes  
 Is a question at last,  
 Which foreboding presumes,  
 "Is calamity past?"

There is danger at sea  
From the iceberg and gale,  
And the land is not free  
From the whirlwind and hail;  
Fire, famine and flood,  
Each their holocaust bring.  
'Tis in all understood  
That "Destruction is King!"

And the red hand of war,  
'Mid the roar of its guns,  
Is uplifted afar  
O'er the brave of earth's sons.  
The mad shock of battle,  
Its clamor and strife,  
'Mid the musketry's rattle,  
Is sweeping off life!

'Tis "the sign of the end,"  
And the Prophets foresaw  
That the conflict would tend  
To earth's overthrow;  
That neighbors would try  
Each their neighbor to slay,  
And that families would die  
By the strife of that day!

But another Voice spake  
'Mid the din of that time,  
"I a people will take  
From each nation and clime;

These safe I will hide  
 In 'munitions of rocks,'  
 Till earth's towering pride  
 'Mid calamity mocks!

"With this few there is peace,  
 There's salvation and life,  
 And their power shall increase  
 From this carnage and strife;  
 For he that his sword  
 Will not lift in the fray  
 Must flee Zion-ward  
 For his safety that day!

"From the ends of the earth  
 These will come at the call  
 Of My servants of worth,  
 Of 'My watch on the wall;'  
 And they shall be Mine  
 When, like gold purified,  
 In My Kingdom to shine,  
 As the tested and tried!"

---

### The Parting.

---

'Twas simply said. A parting word  
 Was all the quivering lips let go;  
 By drooping eye 'twas scarce inferred  
 A struggling heart beat fast below.

The face half turned away, its bloom  
Just whitened for the moment there—  
And yet a passing victim's doom

Foreshadowed was that evening fair!

Ah, ruthless hand!—unwelcome power,  
To dash the cup so warmly held!

See, as it brimmed that twilight hour,  
How slightly love by it was quelled.

What hand hath right to crush the spark  
Which springs unbidden, comes unsought?  
It only flickers, dies, is dark—

By will of those who gave it thought.

Yet, go thy way, and months of joy  
May banished be from out thy heart;  
Or healing may the past destroy,  
Except as Memory bids it start.

But thou wilt live, and he will live,  
'Till subtle ether of Life's change  
That coldness, numbness, Death doth give,  
Which hosts have felt, nor deemed it strange.

They meet no more—can this be true?  
Is every dream and love-lit thought  
To be transferred to objects new,  
As traffic by a merchant bought?

Will not in after years there come  
Thoughts of the quiet rambles, where  
Love's fond expression both could seal  
By methods which a world doth share?

The silent pressure of the hand,  
 Instinctive leaning, sweet embrace,  
 The warm kiss on that rosy band,  
 Designed by Heaven upon the face?  
 But that is o'er; they're strangers now.  
 Another claims her hand and heart;  
 Yet for her future, dreams will glow  
 With blessing, though they're forced apart.  
 And in the silent hours, perchance  
 Old thoughts will form and float on air,  
 Or lingering love may them advance  
 To God in words of earnest prayer.  
 "May He, who dwells in wondrous light,  
 Watch o'er thy path and blend as best  
 All wished-for good, by day and night,  
 Then, give above His promised rest!"

---

Congregational Worship.

---

Throughout this congregation, Lord,  
 Wilt Thou Thy presence give;  
 Thy Spirit drawing Heaven-ward  
 Its life, that we might live?  
 In psalm and song, may we as one,  
 With praise on each glad tongue,  
 Feel as 'twere Heaven already won,  
 And songs by angels sung.

In prayer may we uplifted be,  
Petition flow as flood,  
Yet trusting all, and leave to Thee  
What is for our best good.

In breaking bread, and tasted cup,  
May we discern aright  
That Savior who, when lifted up,  
Redemption brought to light.

And when Thy word distills, as rain  
Refresheth all the earth,  
Wilt Thou not help us to maintain  
Its truth, its living worth?

So from the Benediction's voice,  
May each an impulse find  
To make Thy Truth their great first choice,  
Impressed on heart and mind.

Thus all our worship shall inspire  
To consecrate to thee  
Our time, our talent, each desire,  
Time and eternity!

---

### Album Verses.

---

The wishes of friends are a joy to the heart;  
Yet friendship oft falls as the leaf from the tree;  
But the friendship of God—it will never depart  
From His children who seek from all evil to flee.



He long ago thought of all blessings for those—  
 A blessing in life and a blessing above;  
 A Father, a Mother, and these but disclose  
 A shadow of God in His infinite love!

May youth be to thee as the stars in the sky,  
 Thy future as bright as the sunshine doth tell;  
 When life ends, may welcome come to thee on high,  
 From friends who have known that thy virtues  
 excel!

---

### The Mice Surprised.

---

The blustering wind as if in glee,  
 In fitful gusts blew o'er the lea,  
 Then crazy-like in spirals whirled,  
 As if engaged to clear the world;  
 High in the air the debris flew,  
 On trip unusual strange and new!

The poplars creaked and snapped in twain,  
 The locusts fought the blast in vain,  
 And many a stately tree was thrown,  
 From where it years, had stood and grown!  
 Wrecks, far and near, uptorn and slain,  
 Proclaimed old Boreas, king again!

Among the rest, a door, displaced,  
 Was hurled afar, and there disgraced;  
 Prone on the ground it useless lay,

Through many a bright hot summer's day,  
A sheltered spot, and nature smiled,  
In grass beneath it, green though wild!

Useless! That hardly tells the tale,  
For summer past, came snow and hail,  
When cleaning up, the farmer spied,  
This door half hid by winter's pride;  
'Twas cleared and raised, before upright  
There scampered round in sudden fright,—

A host of mice, they'd found a home,  
A shelter none would leave to roam;  
There every size disclosed and told,  
They lived and loved well screened from cold;  
Alarmed, by scores they stared and ran,  
Surprised by act of lordly man!

The children round enjoyed the sight,  
Of piercing eyes, of gray and white;—  
“Oh, Pa,” said one, “why scare and kill,  
The farm is large, 'tis wintry, chill,  
There's room and feed for only mice,  
And we have more; oh, aint they nice?”

Could Pa resist this earnest plea?  
The door went down 'mid childish glee,  
Once more it sheltered mice, by scores,  
(An unexpected use for doors,)   
Unless the geni of the storm,  
In thoughtful madness wrenched to form!

At His behest, there's hiding place  
 For even mice—a cunning race,  
 They seem to have His love and care,  
 Though every woman they may scare!  
 The children plead, “there's room we know  
 On Father's footstool ! Let them go!”

---

Change in the Air.

Snow-drifts in the valleys,  
           Snow-drifts on the hills,  
 Ice upon the rivers,  
           Frost upon the rills;  
 Wild winds cold, nay piercing,  
           Leaden skies hung low,  
 Sage-brush bravely standing,  
           'Mid the fields of snow.  
  
 Call it desolation,—  
           Winter 'tis, indeed,  
 Long its reign and dreary,  
           Stealing stored up feed.  
 Naught is seen of promise,  
           Prophecy is dumb;  
 Anxious hearts are waiting,—  
           Spring, when wilt thou come?  
  
 Comes a balmy morning,  
           Change is in the air;  
 Soft the breeze is moving,  
           Kissing every where;

Then the twilight falleth,  
And the full moon rose,  
Upward, mark her glory.  
Higher yet she goes.

Higher to the zenith,  
Kindling light she sheds,  
One great ring around her,  
Symbol that she weds—  
Not the star hung near her,  
Not the stars around,  
But the rain-drops waiting,  
Coming to the ground.

Mellowing and fitting  
For the farmer's toil,  
He the seed will scatter  
On the ready soil,  
Wait the certain harvest,  
Given of God above,  
Rich reward and blessing,  
Token of His love.

Ah, 'tis pleasant trusting,  
To that kindly hand,  
'Mid the snows of winter,  
On the frozen land;  
When the Springtime gladdens,  
When the the Summer's sun,  
Tells the glorious harvest,  
Autumn's toil hath won.

The Query.

---

Where, oh my soul, art thou sullenly drifting,  
 Hampered, distressed, in the daylight or dark;  
 When will all circumstance changing and shifting,  
 Land on a bright shore the rudderless bark?

Things once heart-cherished no more in possession,  
 Things once inspiring no more move the soul:  
 Whence comes this bitter and hated depression,  
 Sickness and sadness beyond all control?

Is the day dawning or cometh that sunlight  
 Once so entrancing as time onward flew?  
 Is all the future an indistinct twilight  
 Filled with dread shadows of ghosts old or new?

Ah, there's revolt 'gainst so wild a conception,  
 God moves the curtain or veileth the sun;  
 And the tired soul which sees but deception,  
 Will find a rich pattern when life's work is done.

Shadow and sun are alike, to the giver,  
 His hand in wisdom appointeth the way,  
 The glory He willeth beyond the dark river,  
 Will solve all ths mystery shrouding today.

This faith is the beacon when rolleth the thunder,  
 When clouds are so dense that men grope for the  
 wall;

This lesson unlearned makes life seem a blunder,  
 Then cometh the query, "Is God over all?"

### A Life Picture.

---

In a land far away and a long time ago,  
A "braw" couple lived in a big bustling town,  
Where "the reek and the stour" were never "ava"  
And the raindrops and mist were forever "aroun,"  
But a sweet Sabbath morning the twain hied away  
Where nature in beauty of summer was drest;  
The landscape was fair as old Eden that day,  
For love's light illumed and toned to its best.  
For their troth had been plighted in silence may be,  
Yet they looked far "beyant" for the full dream  
of bliss;  
Her lips were like coral for color, yet he  
Had held her too sacred for love's honeyed kiss.  
E'en now as they sat 'neath a tree in the lane,  
Far out of the sound of the church-going bell,  
He, though stalwart and brave thinking Maggie his  
"ain,"  
Was as modest and shy as the girl was hersel'.  
The sun 'gan to creep on its path afternoon,  
Yet they lingered unconscious as if life were a  
dream;  
From the village below surely music was roun',  
Like an echo of Paradise over the stream.  
They rose "baith" at once and followed that strain  
Till it ended like something in accents of prayer;  
Then nearer that melody rang out again  
Which ending, a minister stood speaking there.

His thought met the mood of both Maggie and Jock  
 'Twas of love, 'twas of marriage forever and aye;  
 They stood there and listened unmoved as a rock,  
 But they "baith" had wet e'en as the veil rolled  
 away.

The Elder dilated: then pointed and plain  
 Said "the Gospel and Priesthood for ever were  
 true;"

The twain there believed and so never again  
 In the "auld kirk" would worship, they both  
 loved the new.

The time flew in rapture, they wedded at length,  
 Said "good-bye" to the city and Scotia's hills;  
 They tried to reach Zion, to give it their strength,  
 Where mountains soar upward and God's Spirit  
 thrills.

But poor Maggie sickened, her cheeks lost the rose,  
 Her eye lost its sunshine, her lips became cold;  
 She sleeps 'neath a tree where the great river flows,  
 The husband, dazed, left her, uncoffined, 'twas told.

Jock was met at the gate of "the Temple" since then  
 And his step was as if he was treading the air;  
 Triumphant and proud, yet as humble as when  
 He first heard love's music by "bosky auld Ayr."

He wedded again, for the "bairn" Maggie left,  
 A mother's care needed, a loving hand nigh,  
 She'd her mother's blue e'en and her golden hair  
 swept  
 In ringlets of glory like angels on high.

Then Sally was brave and as true as the stars  
To both Jock and Maggie, to Daisy as well;  
A helpmeet of sunshine untrammelled by bars  
Of jealous misgivings when old love would tell.  
The "Bairns" came apace to that sanctified home,  
They talked of the sleeper by day and by night;  
All knew she had stood at the altar in form  
The bride of the father in garments of white.  
There is toil, yet there's blessing. The story is told.  
Jock and Sally are looking divested of fear;  
If singly they pass through yon gates made of gold  
They'll find Maggie waiting, her welcome dear.  
They are not alone in the Zion of God,  
There are thousands as happy, as loving, as true,  
From every nation, and climate, and sod,  
There are Maggies, and Sallies and Jocks not a  
few.

---

*Seen or Unseen, All is Right.*

---

I ask not, think not, fear no ill!  
From day-dawn unto evening fall,  
Though clouds obscure, or mists may fill  
Earth's horizons as with a pall,  
I know the Sun's diurnal round  
Is made despite the darkened sky;  
Again will life and light be found  
And stream in blessing from on high.  
Oh, yes, the Sun is there—for ever there!



I know the Stars were set to shine  
 Amid the ether fields of old,  
 And they are there, though eyes of mine  
 May not discern their orbs of gold;  
 Night's sable curtain may them hide,  
 The Sun eclipse their glittering sheen;  
 They swing and roll, and shine beside,  
 Whate'er may come to intervene!  
 Oh, yes, the Stars are there—for ever there!

The soul hath moods in varied phase;  
 Men call it human. 'Tis divine—  
 Whate'er may be its darkest days!  
 If Stars or Sun refuse to shine,  
 Till, half-rebellious, some have said,  
 "There is no God! Life's a mistake!"  
 By paths of trial souls are led,  
 And in the darkness oft awake.  
 Ah, yes, His hand is there—for ever there!

Unseen, perchance, to finite eye,  
 Obscure with earth-mists, clouds more dense,  
 'Till faith discerns, uplifted high,  
 Eternal law and recompense.  
 Amid the darkness men are taught,  
 They trace His hand, they trust His love;  
 If Sun, 'tis His, and clouds are fraught  
 With blessings dripping from above.  
 Oh, yes, His hand is there—for ever there!

“Take Me Home.”

---

What a boon to man—the Gospel;  
 How its Spirit soothes the heart!  
 Peace in life, and resignation  
 When with loved ones called to part;  
 'Tis its hope illumines the darkness,  
 Promise of the yet-to-be,  
 When beyond this vale of shadow,  
 Understood, we know and see.

CHORUS:

“There is sweet rest in heaven.”

Round the bed where life is ebbing  
 There is trust and calm repose;  
 Rich experience gives assurance  
 'Tis not man, but God who knows!  
 When the Saint by Death is garnered,  
 And his body laid to rest,  
 Upward springs the spirit, finding  
 Where the faithful are the blest.

CHORUS:

“There is sweet rest in heaven.”

E'en the babes of Israel, drooping,  
 From their mouths give “perfect praise;”  
 They this Spirit have, and waiting—  
 Faith in them hath wondrous ways.

To them oft the gates of glory  
 Swing quite wide 'midst saddest pain,  
 And the angels show their brightest  
 Robes without an earthly stain!

CHORUS:

“There is sweet rest in heaven.”

Then the little hands outreaching,  
 Pledge of faith a child may show,  
 Press toward those waiting Seraphs,  
 From the home and loved below:  
 “Take me home,” in pleasant whisper,  
 “Take me home to God!” said he;  
 And the head falls—all is over,  
 And the boy from earth is free.

CHORUS:

“There is sweet rest in heaven.”

So we lay his body, sleeping,  
 On the hillside, 'mid the slain.  
 God hath saved our darling; weeping  
 Will not bring him back again.  
 “'Tis the best,”—our faith suggestive  
 Sends this feeling to the heart,  
 And in heaven we'll clasp the loved one,  
 Where death never more can part!

CHORUS:

“There is sweet rest in heaven.”

Is it Well? It is Well!

---

The sunshine streams upon my soul,  
Which opens to its welcome ray;  
It thrills me through, it lights the whole,  
As doth the Sun the summer's day.

My soul exults, responsive sings,  
As if to burst the bands I feel;  
My matin-song with music rings,  
My even-song doth richer peal—

'Tis praise and prayer in one combined,  
For Father lives and hears my cry,  
And these are every day entwined  
Around my altar, built quite nigh.

Jerusalem is far away,  
Its glories faded—overthrown;  
In later Temples I would stay.  
I cannot do this, no, ah no!

But in my quiet home I built  
A rare Shekinah to His Name;  
Beneath is buried all my guilt,  
Consumed by Love's Celestial flame.

My heart is His; though weak am I,  
His strength is mine in life's rough way,  
And I shall triumph by and by,  
To share with Him unclouded day!

A Mother's Birthday.

---

We count the birthdays of our present life,  
 And glad affection greets each one as due;  
 Congratulations pour in pleasant strife,  
 Each aiming to be first with wishes true!

Husband and sons and daughters, one by one—  
 And e'en the creepers by the hearthstone—tell  
 That Mother is a treasure thought upon—  
 More prized than silver, she doth gold excel.

And as they gaze upon her pleasant face,  
 Or think upon the love which knows no change,  
 What longings are there that, at easy pace,  
 A life so precious God would long arrange!

When such a family, who have proved this worth,  
 Thus keep these birthdays as they glide away,  
 May friendship unpresuming join on earth  
 In all the wishes Love may give that day.

Yet, while we're thinking of the birthdays here,  
 How few they are, contrasted with the past;  
 Long, long before this earth became our sphere,  
 We had our birthdays, love and friendships fast.

So when we lay our load of earth-life down,  
 Past resurrections, will there not be some  
 Fond hearts who loving will forever crown  
 With joy our birthdays in the Life to come?

Yes, in that future Life we shall renew  
 And keep for ever all the loved of old;  
 We shall do more, for all the good and true  
 Of every age and clime we shall behold.  
 We shall claim kinship, friendship, love and  
 thought,  
 Rejoice with each, and every Sabbath bring  
 Whether of birthday, worship, time unsought,  
 Our tribute of affection as most precious thing.  
 Upon the common altar it shall glow  
 With flame more dazzling than we dream today;  
 'Tis light supernal, it our God will show—  
 'Tis heaven eternal, ne'er to pass away.

---

### Truth

An Episode of History.

"So *Truth* be in the field, let her and Falsehood grapple."—*Milton*.

---

'Tis long, long years ago, how long the legend  
 saith;  
 Mars in dire ascendant then did reign,  
 His banner trailed o'er Europe's fertile fields,  
 Thus tracked on either hand his horrid march!  
 Sacked cities, fire and death, no pomp of war  
 Could hide, nor all its music drown the cries  
 Of those bereft, the voice of widows, orphans,  
 Rushing o'er the earth, as if ten thousand  
 Hurricanes combined had swept along;  
 And turned to discord,—Paradise again!

Upon the silvery sea,  
Beneath the tropics' calm and quiet skies,  
Where balmy hours glide sweetly on, and every  
Breeze is perfumed, bearing far perennial  
Nature's lavished sweets, as if to cool man's  
Fevered heart and brain, so soothe him back to  
peace!

E'en here—the demon bared his hideous head,  
As prowling o'er those glassy deeps, he black  
Destruction sought!

'Twas night,  
A British man-of-war was cruising round  
In search of prey. The sea, as if asleep,  
But gently moaned, while countless stars from  
Heaven's clear swelling dome, repeated o'er  
Their beauty in the deep; God's silence all  
Around, but whispered,—Peace!

'Till in the gray of dawn, and scarcely seen  
An object to the fore, a hostile vessel  
Seemed, soon she was hailed,—no answer came—  
Then hailed again,—no answer still—quick  
As the word could pass all hands are roused,  
The signal gun swift fires a shot across  
Her saucy bows;—still no reply!—again  
The thunder rolls, and right amidship flies  
The iron hail,—and yet no word! Defiance  
Only, silence could import?

Then hurried tramping o'er  
The crowded decks, and muffled sounds the thorough  
“Ready” bears;—for action cleared, with demon

Vigor every gun is belching forth its fire  
And iron hail; *still no reply!* nought heard  
But rattling shot, rebounding, falling, sinking,  
'Neath the heedless sea!

With tropic suddenness the morning gleamed.  
No passing ship of timber, cordage, canvas,  
Driven by the wind, or dashing o'er the waves,  
The gazers' eyes salute; but, stern and stately,  
Based on the world's foundations—Nature's  
Freak—uplifting high above the crested wave  
Its stately head, behold, "A MASSIVE ROCK!"  
Not made amenable to men-of-war  
Of man's device, or e'en disturbed though  
Surging waves for ages at its base; secure,  
It might have laughed to scorn a myriad  
Forces all combined, and stood unmoved!

With deep chagrin for blasted hopes  
And power misspent, the sails are spread,  
Perchance again to find, when nearest success  
Seemed—mistaken all!

And such, thought I, is Truth!  
Firm as a rock in Life's great ocean placed,  
Yet oft unseen; if seen, 'tis through the gray  
Of prejudice and lies. This brings man's feeble  
Batteries to bear, and—like the eternal  
Breaking waves—the generations of the past,  
Those now in being, thousands yet to come,  
With force persistent, strike that towering Rock;  
Have sought, will seek its representative



Head to scar, its broad foundations undermine,  
So hurl it down to earth!

But all is vain!

Its glowing head soars far above the clouds,  
In heaven's glad sunshine bathed, with deep  
Foundations in the Father's purpose laid!  
The breath of puny man may sometimes cloud,  
As smoke from battle-field the glorious  
Landscape hides!

Time shall exhale all mists and fog,  
While "Truth," divine, enduring, bears her  
Faithful votaries back to happiness and God!  
And laughs, meanwhile, at all who aim, or hope,  
Or e'en attempt to stay, or far defer  
That triumph which of old the Gods decreed.

### Winter Comment.

The sparrows now are flocking,  
For seeds which nature yields;  
The blackbirds flush and chatter,  
O'er all the frozen fields.  
Around each stack and covert,  
The mice create their nest,  
To hide or sleep, while winter  
Reigns o'er the snow-clad west.

The stock, just fed, contented chew  
Their cud, nor heed the chill;  
The noisy chicks, the ducks and geese  
Are feeding by the mill.  
There's rabbit tracks upon the snow,  
There's wild ducks on the slough;  
While overhead, foreboding storm,  
The wild geese southward flew.

The trees are leafless creaking  
With every gust and blast,  
Save 'tis the pines, or holly,  
Defiant to the last.  
The vines are dead or sleeping,  
All nipped the Summer flowers,  
Their perfume stored awaiting,  
Spring's warmth and waking showers.

The hoar frost clings to every twig,  
Snow crackles 'neath the tread,  
The serenade of nature, while  
Her children are abed.  
Sleighbells are ringing far *enroute*,  
Where friends all jocund greet,  
As in the dance the hours flash by,  
With waltzing giddy feet.

All things have special feature,  
Some love the Summer's sun,  
Some in the Springtime blossom,  
To fruit in Autumn's dun;

Wondrous the laws around us,  
 Nay, round the rolling earth,  
 Beneath the Tropics burning,  
 Or froze 'mid Arctic dearth.

Far o'er the snow-scape soaring high,  
*Here* giant mountains stand;  
 So sharp they seem to pierce the sky,  
 Without a cloud at hand.  
 Elsewhere are broad Savannahs  
 Which sweep to kiss the tide,  
 Yet no rebellious spirit breathes,  
 O'er Nature far and wide.

'Tis man more rarely gifted,  
 An agent, yea or nay;  
 He ever breaks the law of God,  
 Unwilling to obey.  
 He maketh, marreth wildly,  
 He blighteth Father's will;  
 He treateth Mercy lightly,  
 Yet it endureth still.

Oh, man, in your hours of trifling,  
 Learn from the things around,  
 To honor creation's measure,  
 That you may with it be crowned.

### Our Fred's First Girl.

---

A fragile flower, she bloomed awhile,  
To brighten home, then went away;  
We miss her radiant loving smile,  
No earthly Love could bid her stay.

Tended by angels she had been,  
Was one herself in earthly mould;  
A toddling beauty, yet our Queen,  
Of value more than all earth's gold.

Yet she is gone—her music stilled,  
'Tis only heard 'mid heavenly bliss;  
And we are lone, our hearts are filled,  
While sorrowing, we our darling miss.

No more on earth shall we enjoy,  
Her baby-life or womanhood;  
She finds new life and rich employ  
Amid the pure and truly good.

Shall we again clasp to our heart  
This prize we had, this angel blest?  
If God will wisdom, faith impart,  
We'll meet in His eternal rest.

There with that mighty host redeemed,  
Of every age, from every land;  
"A family group," by all esteemed,  
We shall beside our dear one stand.

In the Tropics.

---

'Tis rare as aught the tongue can show,  
 More rare than gems or gold,  
 Where glistening ranks of fashion bow  
 And *these* are bought and sold.

But sweep the lands beneath the sun,  
 See earth's bewildering throng;  
 How few the gaze doth linger on,  
 As hearts to favorite song!

How rare to see a dream enshrined—  
 The dream of Eden's grace;  
 How rare to find a soul refined,  
 To give an angel face!

Ages have left their impress foul,  
 And disobedience proves  
 The downfall of the once pure soul,  
 Now run in earth's dark grooves.

Pass you these millions one by one,  
 Mark each expression there;  
 How few to clasp, how vast to shun,  
 Who no ideal share!

Yet, now and then, there gleams a light,  
 Celestial in its glow;  
 A lip as chaste as stars of night,  
 Or pure as drifting snow.

An eye to win, a voice as sweet  
As Summer zephyrs are;  
That music—ah, 'tis life to greet  
Affection's tones from far!

And silent worship seems most fit—  
We homage give to Heaven.  
Is it not in the Scriptures writ,  
The angels were but seven?

On this old earth they're seldom seen—  
One here, one there, we tell;  
The years give "few and far between"  
Of those who thus excel!

These by the Gods are glory-crowned  
And sent to point to where  
Unsullied beauty is but found,  
And angels not so rare.

Oh, as we mark *them*, how there thrills  
Sweet thoughts of worlds afar!  
The swelling heart, the eye that fills,  
Are memory's morning star!

---

### Unnumbered Changes.

---

Can the changes be numbered of years that have  
flown—  
Say five, ten or twenty, a day at a time?  
It almost distresses that so many known  
Have vanished and left us for some other clime.

Some older have made up a record which serves  
 To foster our envy, rebuking our pride—  
 Nay, pointing how purpose in us ever swerves  
 From the pathway of Truth, all unjustified.

The younger have often outstripped in the race  
 Our feeble endeavor or half-hearted way,  
 Until in the dust we would fain hide our face,  
 As we humbly acknowledge our failure today.

This, realized fully, is evidence plain  
 We are not, quite bereft of the Spirit of Light,  
 For darkness and self-love would try to explain  
 Or to justify standing, or sliding from right.

So we humbly invoke all the Heavenly Powers;  
 Repenting, amending the sorrowful past,  
 That again the old confidence, faith, may be ours,  
 To dwell with us long as our earth-life shall last.

Perchance some reward may be ours by and by,  
 If "His mercy endureth forever" and aye?  
 There may be a corner in mansions on high,  
 Where a penitent soul can just enter and stay!

---

### The Measure of Being.

---

Can man measure being by years in the flesh?  
 Or is three score and ten the full limit of life?  
 When a fifth is but childhood with innocence fresh,  
 And the gateway of youth is not opened to strife!

Then a fifth comes a-brimming with hope, and a flow  
Of exuberant spirit, and dreams, oh how sweet;  
And another rolls onward, ah, years come and go,  
With grim disappointment, through half-tangled  
feet!

Time still rushes onward, one-fifth more we pass,  
Experience and thought 'mid our toiling and tears,  
And the past seems to change as the face in a glass,  
Hope dieth in shadow, as dieth the years!

Three score! What a drama, a dream of the night,  
We look back to childhood, youth, manhood at best;  
We think of their glories, then start with affright,  
That the end is not far, be it silence or rest!

Then the next fifth if ripened aright in the sun,  
If faith in the truth as our pole-star hath been;  
We know that already the race is near run,  
White hairs and bent form tell of what we have  
seen!

Dismay in the lines of the face is not found,  
Peace, gravity, dignity, telleth the life,  
Or the shattered form shows that excess doth  
rebound,  
And the pictured expression says, "bitter the  
strife."

Oh, strength may be "labor and sorrow," as saith  
The wise man of old, as he looked far and wide,  
But his vision was cast where no patience or faith,  
Told of God and religion in man glorified!



Ah, I envy not age, nor dread I the close  
 Of the life that was lent for a mission below;  
 When "the pitcher is broken" the fount still  
     o'erflows,  
 And 'tis *Life*, life expanding, the higher we go!

In the regions of bliss, there is no limit set,  
 Time past, and the future are cycles divine;  
 This earth-life like sand-grains where two oceans  
     met,  
 Is as nothing or something, as acts may define!

We shall lay down our load at the portals of change, -  
 But "Being" endures still, eternally on;  
 No limit or boundary to its grand range,  
 Progressive and upward as Father hath won.

So deem not that years on the earth, e'en if filled,  
 Is cause for regret, and suggestive of tears;  
 If rightly employed as the Father hath willed,  
 There is glory and triumph in happier spheres!

---

Friendship, Love and Life.

---

The mellow voice of Friendship rings,  
 Adown the fleeing years,  
 And closer to my soul there clings,  
 Its words and quiet tears.

For I have tasted mortal woe,  
Its sufferings hath been mine,  
The fainting soul alone doth know,  
The cheer of Friendship's wine.

The charm of Love hath brought me bliss,  
Its dulcet tones have been  
The prelude to its holiest kiss,  
Life's elixir unseen.  
Full oft beneath its magic spell,  
Hath thrilled that music sweet,  
Which is not all that earth may tell  
To tired and weary feet.

The tender touch of Fame hath lit  
Ambition's lurid fire,  
Which swelled and died as all unfit,  
Save 'twere for wild desire.  
It only reached to earthly joy,  
'Twas meant life's cup to fill;  
Beneath it all was base alloy  
It vanished at my will.

I dreamt of Wealth, men call it gold,  
'Twill buy—oh, many things;  
I could not bind, as time unrolled,  
I found it, too, had wings.  
And now my Friendship looks afar,  
And Love hath upward flown,  
And Fame and Wealth! When gates ajar  
Heaven makes the whole, my own.

Just Gone Ahead.

---

Could but a glimpse be had behind that curtain  
Whose folds hang down 'twixt darkness and the  
light,

What hosts from trouble—when perplexed, uncertain—

Would rush unbidden from earth's bitter fight!  
Restrained in mercy and probation read,  
Means gathering life, still living, never dead!

Yet there are seasons, in this brief existence,  
When trial presses with unusual weight;

When every feeling yields without resistance

Beneath the ponderous load of sorrow's freight,  
Sad times, when darkness hath the stricken led  
To murmuring, mourn the loved, the early dead.

How oft, by startling strokes of quick transition  
From scenes of mirth to dreary couch of pain;

Then that embrace which leads to life's fruition,

Which men call death, and flee—but flee in vain;  
There's none so kind of heart, or wise of head,  
Can curb the increase of the so-called dead!

From every stage of life, in its procession,

Along the wayside they are gathered out;  
No learning, wealth, position or profession

Can bribe or buy, or coax to lengthened route—  
The signal comes, by highest wisdom said,  
Beyond more living—close by, lamented dead!

Some mourn the babe, a mother's heart-strings  
quiver;

Then old age, crowned, lays down to longed-for  
rest.

In flush of youth and beauty, to its Giver

A freed soul wings its way. But, which is best?  
Is't life untasted? Is't from an age-bound bed,  
Or *this* upon life's threshold? Portals for the dead.

See, there she lies. Disease left no impression,  
No furrowed line doth on the forehead tell;  
The tinge of youthful bloom yet hath possession  
Upon the cheek, her lips like rubies swell;  
Placid and beauteous, quick to marble sped.  
But do not speak it—say she is not dead!

Nor is she dead, ah, no! 'Mid home affection,  
Her voice, her presence, long shall have its  
sway;

Her cultured mind, her soulful, wise selection

Of good from choice, obedient as the day;  
Parental love by memory will be fed.  
Our daughter, truly is not—but why call her  
dead?

With myriads living past yon gates, whose splendor

To shadow throws all glories of the earth,  
And in a home where love is far more tender,  
She finds a welcome and a nobler birth.

Daughter of God, from trials thou hast fled;  
We miss thee, but thou art not—no, thou art not  
dead!

Oh, from thine absence shall our faith be brighter,  
Our trust in Him who rules shall grow more  
strong;  
Those cords which bind two worlds shall be made  
stronger,  
To draw us homeward and our love prolong!  
Farewell! A moment thou the way hast led,  
We mourn, but Love and Truth say—*No, thou  
art not dead!*

---

A Lover's Aspirations.

---

If admiration is no sin,  
And love is not a crime—  
To both a welcome thou shalt win,  
Throughout Eternal Time.  
Oh, rare-illumined angel face,  
Oh, soul of thought—how sweet!  
What limner's power can hope to trace,  
Or Poet's song to meet?  
Thine hand hath power to wake the swell  
Of harmony divine;  
Thy voice, conjoint, doth weave that spell  
Whose warp and woof are thine.  
Perfection is not far from thee,  
Thou dream of Heaven above;  
In thy bright presence naught can be,  
Save thoughts of perfect Love.

Would that in countless human shrines  
Thy graces all might glow!  
That spirit which thy soul inspires,  
Would Heaven create below!

---

Contrition.

---

Who should Thy praises sing, O Lord,  
If Saints refuse or half respond?  
Hast Thou not Knowledge great restored  
Which ne'er to ages past belonged?  
Thyself, Thy purpose, is revealed  
In words so plain "who runs may read;"  
And ignorance hath been repealed  
By Thine enactment, Thine own deed!  
Yet unappreciative, we,  
Thy children—in tradition bred—  
Too lightly prize the Truth so free,  
And sleeping, dream, our souls unfed.  
We need the rod! We ask, wilt Thou  
Be merciful to this our state?  
Do not us from Thy blessing throw,  
As worthy of so direful fate!  
Pardon, and prompt us by Thy grace;  
Let Thy Good Spirit with us be—  
By true repentance, help retrace  
Our path again to life in Thee!

So that Thine Image may appear  
 Where sin hath left its impress deep;  
 Bid each revolving day and year,  
 In all our thoughts Thy goodness keep.  
 Prepared in life, in death prepared,  
 For dwelling with the great and good—  
 Those who of trial were not spared,  
 Yet triumphed through a Savior's blood!

---

### Worshipped and Lost.

"All their idols He shall utterly abolish."—*Isaiah 2:18.*

---

Worshipped and Lost! Is human need  
 So full and rich as to mock at loss?  
 In power or weakness may we bleed  
 Beneath the weight of a rugged cross?  
 Ah, wisdom more than man's decreed,  
 A cultured trust in the love divine;  
 "Give me thine heart!" is the word we read,  
 "All else is lent, not given, as thine!"  
 Homage and worship but belongs,  
 To one who holds in His mighty hand,  
 The key of life for uncounted throngs,  
 His sons and daughters of every land.  
 If wife or child, if wealth or fame,  
 If self or friend is a rival found,  
 The "jealous God" is a sacred name,  
 He'll move that idol to lower ground.

Yet ever and e'er, who seeks His face,  
Shall find that "all things" are for those,  
Who brave and fearless run life's race,  
And fight its battles till it shall close.

Each gift once valued, once lost or loved,  
May fourfold claim in the realms above;  
'Twas only taken, denied, removed,  
Till soul assured, said—"God is Love!"

---

### Memories.

---

'Tis only a trinket—yet, 'twas thine!  
'Tis something, nothing—as thought may turn;  
A trifle in value, yet a mine  
More treasured than gems which sparkling burn.

"A flower perchance? A simple curl—  
A colored leaflet of Autumn's woods?  
An envelope stained—a speck of pearl—  
Perchance a couple of dead rose-buds?

"Is't a page of note, gilt-edged of tint—  
Oh, delicate as a beauty's lips,  
With slight perfume, but a subtle hint  
Of spicy isles and their floral tips?

"A *carte visite*—a ribbon—a book,  
With page turned down to a precious word?  
A ring—a sweetmeat from quiet nook  
Of pic-nic times, when unseen, unheard?"



Your guessing's at fault—'tis none of these!  
A piece of money—but half a dime;  
A ring put through it, myself to please,  
To keep unspent, a memento prime!

When owned and pursed, 'twas a charm of thine—  
Oft looked at, handled, and half a prize;  
At least, it seemed to more richly shine  
As a pocket-piece to thy deep brown eyes!

Parted at last; yet many a word  
Of friendship and love—once told, believed—  
Doth linger with *one*, though no more heard,  
That music which slighted soul aggrieved.

But ever remains that silver coin,  
Unused, untarnished, yet prized as e'er,  
And broken links it will oft rejoin,  
'Till memory dies—but when, and where?

These linger long when the heart is true—  
Perhaps immortal? They are indeed!  
Time may not rivet at once when new,  
But Life Eternal hath scope we need.

Oh, loves once cherished may swell again  
'Neath Heaven's own sun and solemn rest,  
And clasped hands, severed on earth's rude plain,  
May join again 'mid the truly blest!

A Missionary's Visit.

---

A desolate valley, snow-covered and swept  
By the wind unobstructed, of shelter bereft,  
The acme of loneliness, silent and drear,  
Save the coyotes sad bark on the listening ear.  
Stretching far as the eye reached, a wild treeless  
plain,  
The other side, mountain-girt, lifted in vain,  
Their peaks glistened coldly, redeeming the view,  
As they rose in the sunshine, and kissed the  
light blue.  
No sign there of culture, of homes or of man,  
Unexplored as the poles with no object to scan;  
A mile or two traveled, revealed a rude cot,  
Far distant, another, unfenced was the spot.  
Two travelers gazed on the scene as in doubt,  
Whether *this* was the place of their mission and out;  
But the word went as if by electrical skill,  
And that snow-covered valley to life 'gan to thrill.  
From nooks unexpected, from ranches unseen,  
From homes miles away, with an ardor most keen,  
On horseback, in wagons, with sleds all around,  
As if the dry bones resurrection had found!  
Surprised at the numbers, an hungering host,  
"A few loaves and fishes" was but little to boast;  
But the Spirit was there and the people were fed;  
They scattered, still longing for what they had  
plead!

Some had been named with the Saints, had been led  
Or had drifted to find new location and bread;  
For years they had starved on the husks of desire,  
But the Shepherd was absent, and dead was the  
fire.

It was kindled anew by the servants of God;  
Their love was unfeigned, and they used not the rod.  
They told of the Gospel—its blessings, its life,  
And taught them of unity, leaving all strife.

There gathered besides, unbelievers, who long  
Had stood far aloof from religion and song;  
Had prejudiced been, had forgotten the way,  
Once known to their parents in earlier day.

Some scoffers, some bitter, some careless, half lost;  
All precious to Him, although sin had them tossed  
'Mid the turmoil of life, where, tempted, they fell,  
And made this a sad foretaste, if not the real hell!

How motley, how varied, the hearts gathered there,  
To list to the message the Elders declare!  
Had God not been it, 'twere hopeless to gain,  
And His Priesthood had quoted and argued in vain.

But the Spirit of Truth in the few who believed  
Drew down that rich blessing which never deceived.  
There was silence, inquiry, conviction, then joy,  
And the many had lessons their lives to employ.

The good seed thus scattered, in weakness was sown;  
It shall grow and bear fruit 'mid a people unknown,  
And the day shall declare, to the glory of God,  
That a few faithful Saints dwell on Idaho's sod.

Their homes shall be glorified, Angels shall dwell  
Where solitude long had its unfettered spell,  
And the songs of glad Zion shall roll o'er the hills,  
As Wood River, Silver Creek, grow from the rills!

I hail that glad day, which in vision I see—  
A people made wise, educated and free,  
Beloved of the Heavens, a power in the land,  
A grand beacon-light in the Priesthood's right  
hand!

Their reward for earth's toil in the mansions of  
bliss,  
With families and friends and a Father's blest kiss,  
A welcome within the Celestial gate,  
A home throughout æons, a home with the great!

---

### A Liverpool Episode.

---

Calmly reading, thought was busy, on a bright and  
winsome day—  
When the clangor of the fire-bell, said, "The  
engine comes this way!"  
How the crowd increased, and wondered where the  
fire was, 'mid the fray,  
Till the story flew like magic, 'twas in crowded  
Hackings Hey!

There, in tenements as noisome as the swamps in  
tropic lands,  
Poverty doth hide its visage, crime its dark and  
guilty hands;  
Thieves there congregate in numbers, bound by  
oaths in traitor bands,  
And the demon drink hath victims—on each turn  
its palace stands!

Motley were the hosts who, staring, saw that then  
incipient fire,  
Waiting for the flying engines, as they surged in  
strange desire.  
When toward the heavens it crackled, veterans that  
no toil could tire,  
Fought the flames, mid fell destruction, as they  
mounted higher—higher.

Soon the roof fell in, and rocking, unsupported  
walls fell down;  
Hissing, flame and water meeting—all illumined  
was the town.  
Brain and work had done their duty, and the fire-  
fiend doffed his crown;  
Yet there was misgiving growing—who had suf-  
fered loss so soon?

Evening papers told the story—poverty had lost  
its all;  
Well insured the crazy structure, wealth was  
easily made whole!

Yet, within the attic story, in a bare room, poor  
and small,  
Hardly lived a toiler's family—far above the fire-  
man's call.

When the roof and walls went downward—mother,  
babes and paltry room—  
After searching, found these victims, charred as  
by the fires of doom!  
O'er the smoke-clouds, 'yond the star-belt, through  
the azure blue of noon,  
Angels wafted three blest spirits: Was not this a  
God-sent boon?

To the wreck all broken-hearted, one came late to  
find his loss.  
As he staggering 'mid the relics, found he there,  
his life's great cross;  
Blind and choking, cried he: "Father, was there  
none my flock to save?"  
There he died, a martyr surely; he and his filled  
one lone grave!

Did they there exchange their hovel for a mansion  
built above?  
Had they not a ringing welcome where God's mercy  
blossoms to love?  
I know well the angels durst not take them back to  
hell once more.  
From the garret to a palace, tears and poverty are  
o'er!

Burial at Sea.

---

'Twas sunset on the mighty deep,  
And from the glowing west shot forth across  
That dread immensity, the rays of golden sheen,  
The clouds upheaved were tinged with every hue,  
Meanwhile a full fresh breeze swept o'er the billows,  
Crested waves arose and fell, white as driven snow,

A lonely vessel, bound for fair Columbia's soil,  
Her freight was precious, earnest souls; mark how  
She rides, almost a thing of life, upon her decks a  
Crowd of human life in every phase; the hoary head,  
The infant's prattling tongue, the pride and flush  
Of life are there, how beautiful the scene, how  
Sure to paint itself on memory's tablets for the  
Years to come!

But yet a deep, deep feeling—sadness—broods  
Around, for one hath passed away to other climes,  
An arrow from Death's quiver laid her low!  
Hark, 'tis the solemn sound of music, silence breaks;  
It falls upon my ear in fitful strains, an anthem  
Sweet, yet as it deepens with the increased blast,  
Its purport speaks of Death!

The strain hath closed,  
And from an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ  
The voice of prayer ascends, to Him who made  
the sea,  
That he would bless the solemn, trying scene to all  
Around; each heart responds, and with a full Amen  
Their sanction gives!

The darkness deepens,  
 As from east to west, the gathering clouds roll on,  
 And stifled sobs are felt as from the bulwarks glides  
 A shrouded form, which, with a sullen splash  
 Descends from mortal sight, to the unfathomed  
 Depths of ocean there!

How soon 'tis o'er, but yet a volume  
 For a life to read, and heaven-born faith itself  
 Can scarcely penetrate the veil, to anticipate  
 The day, when from the heavens the angel's trump  
 Shall sound, to wake the slumberers in the deep,  
 deep sea!

But 'twill be so; for sure  
 As that frail tabernacle sunk to depths unknown,  
 So sure 'twill be restored, and by the Priesthood's  
 power

Refined, prepared for glory high, Celestial, Gods!

Rest, sister, in thine ocean bed,  
 Without a crumbling stone or sculptured urn of  
 Man's device, the winds and waves thy requiem  
 sing,  
 And God himself,—thy Father, marks the spot!

### Where Would I Be.

Not in the costly halls of regal splendor,  
 With music floating as the mists around,  
 Not though the flowing, sparkling wine cup render  
 Of bliss a moment to its slave chain-bound.



Not where voluptuous pleasure reigning,  
 Bids every votary at her foot-stool kneel,  
 Though wreathed with flowers which every moment  
 changing,  
 Are real and binding as the stoutest steel.

Not where foul murder stalks abroad at noonday,  
 Where prostitution is a thing of naught;  
 Not where the lordling to his serf can yet say,  
 Thou—as a chattel, I have sold or bought.

Not where a tyrant would deny us freedom  
 To live and love the beautiful and bright;  
 Not where subjected to that priestly thralldom  
 Which error gives for truth, calls darkness, light.

Not where oppression and seduction bringing  
 Their myriad victims to an altar bound;  
 Not where survivors are their raised hands wringing,  
 ing,  
 Joining with curses from the blood stained  
 ground.

But here—in Zion—where the humblest dwelling,  
 Is held to virtue and the ways of truth;  
 Here, where the song of praise is ever swelling,  
 From hoary age, and sinless, bounding youth.

Here, where if poor, rich we are in blessing;  
 Here, where if wealthy we can truly bless;  
 Here, where in bonds of truth and love caressing,  
 Each loss we share in, and each wrong redress.

Here, where the mountains towering around us,  
Are rare old bulwarks for our hearths and home,  
Here, where Father hath with freedom crowned us,  
Fled from the world, from cot or palace dome.

Here, where the Priesthood, ever with us, teaching  
By precept and example things divine;  
Each feeble effort to perfection reaching,  
They recognize, and give another line.

Here I would dwell, nor sigh for outward pleasure,  
For joys of earth, which quickly pass away,  
But rest content to store that richest treasure,  
Which shall endure through everlasting day.

---

### A Tragic Incident.

---

'Twas raw and murky; the fog had rolled  
From sea to river, then over the town,  
Till day was wrapped in its thick grey fold,  
And spectre-like were all things at noon.

Teams were silent and cabs but few  
And firefly-like as they faced the gloom;  
Men jostled each other as into view  
They peered and staggered, as needing room.

A sickly glare from the marts of trade  
Laid on the flags, to warn at most;  
Saloons once garish, half-lit, but made  
The passer-by as a skulking ghost.

In nooks and corners, which hid from view  
 Odd groups of boys, by twos and threes,  
 Bare-footed and grimy, sad and grave,  
 As waiting the sun, or a good stiff breeze.  
 Out of the gloom with a muffled sound,  
 Though doubtful as to the street at first,  
 'Twas a run-away, dashing and swinging round,  
 Without a driver—to sight it burst.  
 The lads out hurried from hiding place,  
 As the wild team left the street just there  
 And on to the sidewalk flew apace,  
 Where the dim light 'wilder'd the foaming pair:-  
 Over the boys—who sprawled and fell—  
 Then into the window with forceful crash!  
 There gathered a crowd, but none could tell  
 The sad effect of the mad team's dash.  
 One waif had his leg, beneath him, broke,  
 The face of another was bathed in blood;  
 A third one lay—not a word he spoke—  
 The lad was dead, as we startled stood.  
 Fatherless, motherless, friendless—he  
 Was yet well known to his kind around;  
 "A seller of matches" he used to be—  
 A stranger on earth, he a home had found.  
 Sudden from earth he had sped his way;  
 A pauper grave—no flowers, no stone—  
 But Some One called him to Heaven above,  
 And he dwells today by the great White Throne!

### Truth versus Error.

---

Words ever are cheap, and tongues are not rare  
Who seek to dress error in garments of truth;  
For often its voice is unwelcome, unheard,  
If rebuke or correction to age comes or youth.

Yet Truth shall endure when ages shall flee,  
When waneth the sun and wasteth the sea;  
Immortal it dwells in the presence of God  
If its voice hath small place on earth's desolate  
sod.

A few, here and there, love its calm, quiet voice,  
They woo its glad spirit, they make it their  
choice;  
Though dungeons or death may bar life's little way,  
For it they will suffer, when it speaks, they obey.

---

### The Web of Life

---

What? Seventy years, three score and ten!  
The flying shuttle of human life  
Hath sped, its loom and warp from God,  
Its filling is yours in peace or strife.

Come, look at the web, its pattern mark,  
More varied than any machine can show;  
There's colors enough, for a yard, or more,  
The dyes of heaven when sunsets glow.

'Tis dark just here, a cloud passed by,  
 Perchance 'twas death, as its shadows fell;  
 Then striped and barred as if chastised  
 The rod had just left its mark to tell.

Spotted and twisted, and knotted, indeed,  
 Narrowed and widened, in holes oft seen:  
 Oh what a weaver! A workman poor;  
 Not e'en an apprentice could be so mean.

Here, flowers are strewed for a goodly space,  
 'Tis flushed with bloom as if Eden grew  
 On earthly sod, and its beauty broke,  
 As backward or forward the shuttle flew.

A quiet piece in the fabric shows,  
 There, peace and plenty most graceful stood;  
 The joyous heart expressionless seemed,  
 Yet God was giver, and sent you good.

Here trailing vines o'er the web is seen,  
 A-clinging around the flushing stems  
 Of sturdy trees, as they upward throw,  
 'Mid limbs and branches, the blossom gems.

These surely are the rare gifts of God—  
 The boys and girls in a figure seen,  
 Reaching higher, and upward yet,  
 As sun and shower glide oft between.

A swelling landscape, a picture true,  
 A dream, a memory, long since past,  
 Nauvoo and the prairies; mountains grand,  
 And *this* blest City, for rest, at last.

Fruits are blazoned upon the web,  
Fruits of Eden, or tropic lands;  
Grapes of Eschol and rosy wine,  
God's blessing on your industrious hands.

But yet the vision rolls out amain,  
'Tis seventy years! Life's full decree;  
'Tis birth, and marriage, and death and change,  
Alike to you as it is to me.

We throw the shuttle in joyful haste,  
Impatient youth, and unblended tint;  
As life advances we try again,  
But miss the pattern the Gods have lent.

And then we sorrow, would e'en lay down,  
As oft the spirit points out our work;  
Its sad defects, and its sordid shades,  
Its fallen threads as we play and shirk.

But time rolls onward, and I from hell,  
Wish you the blessings I may not share;  
For ere I reach your limit of life,  
My web may ravel, and "cut" declare.

Ah, God rules ever, and if our work,  
Is far from perfect, we mercy crave;  
May He forgive, and beyond life's tide,  
We'll try again, as becomes the brave.

A better loom will be ours up there,  
The dyes will glisten of costly hue;  
Though white may rule, and its lustre play,  
The warp and woof will be all brand new.

God bless you ever, may no regrets,  
 The future shadow, or snarl your thread,  
 And when the scissors shall part your web,  
 May it be accepted of our Great Head.

---

**“Dead—Dead! It Cannot be So!”**

---

What—dead? It cannot be so! My children dead?  
 Is the life-flame quenched—is the spirit fled?  
 After nights of watching and days of care,  
 Have our birds been caught in the fowler’s snare?  
 Have their eyes grown dim—is their laughter  
 hushed?

Are our bright hopes laid in the silent dust?  
 Will they run no more in their unchecked glee,  
 Or cling in their rapture around my knee?  
 Will their prattle—that music!—be heard no more  
 On the sands of Time, ’mid the breakers’ roar?  
 This must be naught but a fevered dream!  
 Or is soul dethroned, till but one sad gleam  
 Flits o’er the past, with its untold bliss  
 Of each sweet caress, and each ardent kiss?

What—dead? It cannot be so! My bright ones  
 dead—

The wealth I counted on each fair head  
 All lost, engulfed in the hours just past—  
 As the ships gone down in the whirlwind’s blast?  
 All the love I lavished, the prayers I sent,  
 With faith well winged, as each hour I bent?

Combined with the tears of the twain bereft—  
The mothers, whose hearth by this cloud was  
swept—

Shall faith be buried in that same tomb?  
Shall God be hid by our midnight gloom?  
Shall we staggering fall from this fearful blow?  
With hands uplifted, we answer, No!

What—dead? It cannot be so! My darlings dead?  
No! Life hath sprung from that pain-racked bed;  
For the angels have charge of the dear ones now,  
And their eyes are bright 'neath each snowy brow.  
We have loved and lost—but have lost to win,  
In the Land of Light, with the Saints shut in!  
Our earthly home may be lonely now,  
But the Light that's lit by the Gods can throw  
Its rays far, far from the earth's rough sod  
To the gardens above, to the home of God!

From Time to Eternity cables are laid,  
The message swift flies which by Spirit is made  
When our labor is o'er, quick as message or  
dream,  
The time separated a moment shall seem.  
Reunited we shall with our children once more,  
Just fondle and kiss them, as done oft before!  
When our faith unto knowledge from light shall  
have run,  
As in darkness—'twill be, "Father, Thy will be  
done!"



Weakness.

---

I would be Thine, oh Lord today,  
 Wilt Thou give strength to walk Thy way?  
 Thy love I ask to humbly share,  
 A Father's hand, a Father's care.

Oh leave me not to darkly grope  
 As blind, like one bereft of hope;  
 My failing heart would trust in Thee,  
 Until Thou canst at last trust me.

As through the past I mark Thy hand,  
 In perils oft, by sea and land;  
 I for the future trust Thy grace,  
 Where'er Thy wisdom shall me place.

Lord, Thou art good, and kind, and true,  
 Thy mercies every day are new;  
 Bring me when earth shall fail from sight,  
 Within Thy dwelling place of light.

---

A Russian Legend.

---

'Twas long before this rolling world its cycles had  
 of change,  
 Its grand dimensions, gaseous then, its orb of  
 startling range;  
 It swept afar in depths of space amid the silent  
 stars,  
 Where planets tell their giant course and naught  
 the order jars.

'Mid azure depths the prescient eye met orbs in  
every stage,  
The roar and crash of fiercest flame on element did  
rage;  
The granite ran, and gold was fused, then hid or  
formed a base  
In cycles cooling 'neath the mists, for verdures  
wondrous grace.

'Twas thus foundations deep were laid and coal  
fields grew apace,  
Through every change was stern intent providing  
for our race;  
As each creative act was closed and progress told  
its tale,  
'Twas but a record—present, past, or future's  
grander scale.

Another globe hath past its birth, and in fruition  
swings,  
And one declines as age creeps on and death its  
signal rings;  
Again, through fire another tells, baptism hath  
purged its stains,  
And resurrection gives that change decreed before  
its pains.

This speeds away, celestial law, its orbit makes  
and gives  
Obedient to its central sun where God the Father  
lives;

He fills this with His faithful ones, His Nobles once  
of earth,

He gives them heaven, He makes them Gods, a new  
and higher birth.

But not of earth's the theme today, or of the kin-  
dred stars,

Or of "the music of the spheres," notes, intervals  
or bars;

That harmony may thrill a bard whose wing hath  
higher reach,

One from the schools eternal where the ancient  
masters teach.

A legend of the northern lands inspires my willing  
muse,

From whence it came or how it spread old earth  
hath not the news;

But secrets come to minds attuned and point a  
moral strong,

And doubtless all the worlds of space can sense a  
present wrong.

Man's sad experience echoes now, upon this fallen  
world,

That where intelligence is felt and truth's flag is  
unfurled;

There all degrees and passing change devotion doth  
imply,

In some the virtues blend as one, some at a tangent  
fly.

Thus to the legend we return, no sacrilege is  
meant,  
No sacred thing or name is used with thoughtless  
wild intent;  
Perchance a truth is here portrayed, a lesson men  
may learn,  
And to it in each field of life the swelling thought  
may turn.

'Tis said the banquet hall was filled with all the  
courtly guests,  
Who in the light of heaven are found to fill its high  
behests;  
The Lord had summoned all His train, His high  
and mighty ones,  
Archangel, seraphim, and hosts of angels and of  
sons.

Among the invited, welcomed, were the Virtues  
great and small,  
Each clad in raiment as 'twas fit, the stateliest of  
them all;  
"How beautiful," was said at once and quick the  
echo sped  
Along the corridors of gold, and pillared arch o'er-  
head.

The moments passed with bliss intense (if heaven  
by moments count)  
Before the tables set with food and wine from  
crystal fount;

The minor Virtues, most admired, for beaming from  
each eye,  
Were all the softer graces which above will never  
die.

Yet suddenly, as if surprised, the giver of the  
feast,  
Who not alone the highest marks but bends to-  
wards the least;  
Had noted two who strangers seemed—to each ap-  
peared unknown,  
Though surely they for ever dwelt close by the  
Ruler's throne.

With condescension, see, their Lord, advancing  
with his train,  
To introduce the stranger guests, and cordial make  
the twain.  
“Beneficence,” He said, “allow Me here to make  
acquaint  
Your soulful self, with ‘Gratitude,’ she should be  
found a saint.”

’Tis said these Virtues coldly stared, then bowed  
with frigid grace;  
They strangers were, and so remained, to form, as  
well as face.  
This was the first time they had met, it was the  
last ’tis said,  
And e’er remains “Beneficence” by “Gratitude”  
unfed.

Within this northern legend find, a dire, a mortal  
sin,  
Do good to men and far too oft the enemy comes in;  
And then, resolve declares, "No more, will I the  
needy seek,  
An unappreciative soul, dwells there, a mortal weak.  
But in those halls divine, 'tis thought, with better,  
purer light,  
Each soul will find at last a love, for love and truth  
and right;  
And if the banquet was not marred—if Father  
kept His guest  
Down on this fallen earth of ours 'tis wisest as  
'tis best.  
For all the good that's freely done a rich reward  
will bring,  
If not from those that blessed were, 'twill come  
from Heaven's great king;  
No cup of water, word of cheer, no dollar, dime,  
or cent,  
But to the Treasury above on interest is lent.

---

### The Children.

---

When children early learn to sing  
The praises of their God, their King;  
They may a sure foundation lay,  
Which knows no trace of earth's decay.

When children early learn to walk  
In wisdom's paths and her invoke;  
The building swells and grows apace  
In richest beauty, highest grace.

When children hear and swift obey  
Each precept of the latter day,  
From base to swelling dome divine,  
As temples of our God they shine.

When children learn, as manhood steals,  
Each day this truth divine reveals,  
They shall the capstone raise with song,  
An edifice complete and strong.

Children and babes no more, but men,  
Teachers 'mid Israel's Priesthood then;  
Endowed with that intelligence  
Which gives the God's pre-eminence.

Thus shall that kingdom come to earth,  
That kingdom of Celestial birth;  
Filled with both Kings and Priests to God,  
The cultured children of earth's sod.

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### Ancient and Modern Times.

---

In the olden times, so the good Book saith,  
When the world was in its prime;  
When men with devils were possessed,  
Inciting them to crime.

They sought that power by the Priesthood held,  
That power their foe suppressed,  
And peace from above (as the snowflakes fell)  
To calm their troubled breast.

The devils enraged sought the Priesthood *then*  
For a home in the herd of swine;  
The boon was theirs, so the story saith,  
(You can read it line for line.)  
But the swine incensed, preferred death to life,  
Degraded, a devil's slave,—  
They rushed as one down the steep incline,  
And sank 'neath the foaming wave.

But the world grows old (so the legend runs,)  
And men in its dotage share;  
Without the devils they cannot rest,  
Or life with contentment bear;  
So they cherish them now in their heart of hearts,  
How fallen fellow men!  
And here we find that a legion dwells,  
And there from one to ten.

There's room to learn from the herd of swine,  
A lesson for you and me;  
We can each resolve, come life or death,  
From devils we will be free!  
The Priesthood's power as in days of yore,  
Is restored, our race to bless,  
And all may share that power in time,  
And Eternal Life possess!



A Thousand Years One Day.

When in Eternity we dwelt, and had our primal  
home,

We counted as the angels do—and Father willed  
it so.

A thousand years of earthly time are but One over  
there;

Perhaps we called it time e'en then, if we could  
only know?

A thousand queries spring at once, and ponderous  
comes the force—

Was that a land of glory then, and did we know  
the King?

Why, were we not His children then, had friends,  
and lovely homes,

'Mid gardens fair and fountains grand, and  
music's gladsome ring?

Were there not schools of every grade, and all the  
soul could wish,

To cultivate, and wisdom gain among angelic  
throngs?

Had we not friendships, love divine, free from all  
earthly stain—

Nay, did we not with rapture thrill and sing  
Celestial songs?

For earthly ills and sickness found no place 'neath  
His control,

Grim Death had not invaded those blest circles  
pure and good!

'Twas bliss and light and innocence, untested yet,  
'tis true—

Earth's blunders, sins and trials were by us not  
understood.

Perchance we heard or knew of those who destined  
were for earth,

Ere its foundations first were laid, when all its  
face was void;

Knew Adam, Eve, and hosts who left to here a  
mission fill,

Or aided those who left us, or preparing were  
employed.

Or, maybe, we were found 'mid those who met to  
greet again

A soul, returning from that trip, to all a glorious  
boon;

As guests we sat, or tables set, or waited in our  
pride,

And wondered why some tarried long, or some  
returned so soon.

This was by Wisdom all arranged—none scrambled,  
laughed, or cried;

For peace, obedience, order, rules in all that  
vast domain,

And going, coming, is the rule, till all for earth  
have formed—

For good or ill, or bliss or woe, a body they may  
claim.

On lines of progress each one moves—as he the  
Truth may love,

Beneath the darkness, sins of earth, in their most  
testing spell!

The stay is short, though much it seems, from  
cloud and moving Sun.

Earth's longest span—one hundred years—  
Celestial time doth tell,—

Two fleeting hours and half at most—oh, brief, oh  
passing strange!—

As when two neighbors visit in the quiet after-  
noon;

When past, 'tis like a dream made up, of fact or  
fancy's whim,

Yet fraught with life or death to all, so long and  
yet so soon.

And which the oldest, no one asks, in all those  
realms afar,

Though here 'tis on our tongue full oft, we  
judge by what we see;

Here gray hairs tell, here youthful bliss, are tests  
by mortals used,

Yet no ways fix the spirit-age in God's eternity!

E'en sex eternal is—no change in all that mighty  
round,

For man is man, and woman will for ever wear  
their crown;

The latter, in Celestial orbs, are as the sands in  
count,  
For in all glories less than this, they must be near  
unknown!

And so, life's record we turn down—a glimpse is  
all we have;

Yet His revealing makes it plain, if we would  
wait and think.

Amid this crowding, bustling life, list to the  
Prophet's voice—

“As man is now, so He once stood” upon an  
earth's rude brink.

“As He is now, so may man be,” if he but over-  
come—

A King and Priest to God for e'er, joint-heir with  
Christ the Lord,

To rule his own and given ones, if worthy of that  
crown;

A Lord 'mid Lords, a King 'mid Kings, one hon-  
ored and adored!

Mysterious, true, this stirring thought, of prog-  
ress multiplied;

When, where this glorious destined end? “A  
thousand years a day,”

And vast Eternities to win, this Crown and Throne  
is given,

Yet all who have and love the Truth have found  
“The King's Highway!”

*My Unexpected Friend.*

Distant, though near when music of thy greeting  
 Falls on mine ear, inspiring as it rings;  
 Unsatisfied if chance prevent a meeting,  
 Until dispelled by stress of other things.

Alike in taste, alike in aspiration,  
 And yet distinct enough for mental interchange,  
 Because of age, experience or association,  
 As known alone through less or wider range.

A subtle something tells that each can feel transi-  
 tion,  
 As here and there expression freely flows;  
 A certain something whispers both have mission—  
 Have individual spheres which neither knows.

But drifting onward, upward, all uncompre-  
 hended,  
 Save through philosophy but half revealed;  
 All human lore is e'er by this transcended,  
 For loftiest purpose never is repealed.

The was, the is, the will-be, God provided,  
 And kindred thought may kinship mean supernal;  
 Who asks, or knows, or doubts, that method ruling?  
 To fill its purpose cycles move eternal.

Full many a dream is memory, sleeping, waking—  
 A rifted cloud, a curtained glimpse, a vision;  
 In weakness, strength, to save from that for-  
 saking

Which mars, prevents, destroys Allwise provision.

So, soul meets soul—no why or wherefore giving,  
Save interchange, which makes two, one for ever,  
Howe'er by custom, circumstances parted;

These are but transient—time can best dis sever.

Yet, where High wisdom marks this loving leaning,  
It points the path by which such hearts are  
blended;

So that which men and time call folly, blindly,  
Will welded by the Gods be, all unended

True love waits often sadly for the lifting  
Of that dense curtain hanging o'er today,  
Assured that "like will cleave to like," eternal,  
As is decreed by Nature in its final sway.

"When all our dreams come true," the Poet wrote,  
"Eternal fitness" will be found to reign—  
Shadows will be the substance, dreams the real;  
Souls kindred, only separate to meet again.

---

### What I Would!

---

I'd have my Sons as true as steel  
In every work of God and Right;  
I'd have them brave, and truly feel  
As soldiers in the fiercest fight.

I'd have them worthy sons of toil,  
Creative, as with skillful hand;  
Redeemers of earth's sacred soil,  
By cultured head and duty's wand.

I'd have them fathers of a flock—  
 As proud of numbers as of skill;  
 And many wives, though some 'twould shock,  
 To rule with kind but royal will.

I'd have them train this kingdom small  
 With words and wisdom, all divine,  
 A nucleus, aiming to enthrall  
 Increasing hosts, by Truth to shine.

I'd have the whole in touch with Heaven,  
 And lit by its Celestial fire;  
 Beyond the power of any leaven  
 To urge one thought or mean desire.

I'd humbly ask the King of Kings  
 To grant *this* prayer as He sees best;  
 I then would fold life's weary wings,  
 And lay my burthen down, to rest.

I'd soar to loftier spheres in peace,  
 And deem earth's labors all well done—  
 Though Love's glad effort ne'er should cease  
 Till all basked 'neath yon brighter Sun!

I'd join with them that stirring song,  
*The victors' song*, whose surge and swell  
 Eternities should help prolong,  
 With myriad-voiced united spell.

---

I'd have my Girls as pure, and sweet,  
 And innocent, as flowers of Spring;  
 Of open hand and ready feet,  
 To bless the lowliest suffering thing.

I'd have them as the light of home,  
Its sun, its warmth, its richest bliss;  
A power for good whene'er they roam,  
And welcomed back with loving kiss.

I'd have them learn to "keep the nest,"  
Where industry should have its sway—  
A spotless Heaven of peace and rest,  
With opening morn and close of day.

I'd have them win with loving deed  
A *Man of Soul* and helpful thought;  
I'd have each one a wife indeed—  
A treasure by earth's gold unbought!

I'd have them taste of mother-love,  
While dandling on the restless knee;  
I'd have the rolling years to prove  
Their boys and girls, all they should be.

I'd have them increase, have them spread,  
And everywhere that welcome find  
Which cultured souls have earned, as led  
When virtues dwelt in them refined.

I'd have them live so they'd be missed  
From out the harvest-field of life,  
When to His garner God should list  
To gather ripened grain so rife.

I'd have them welcomed 'yond the stars,  
Within the Palace of our King,  
Its gates should ope their golden bars,  
And Victory's anthems 'round them ring!



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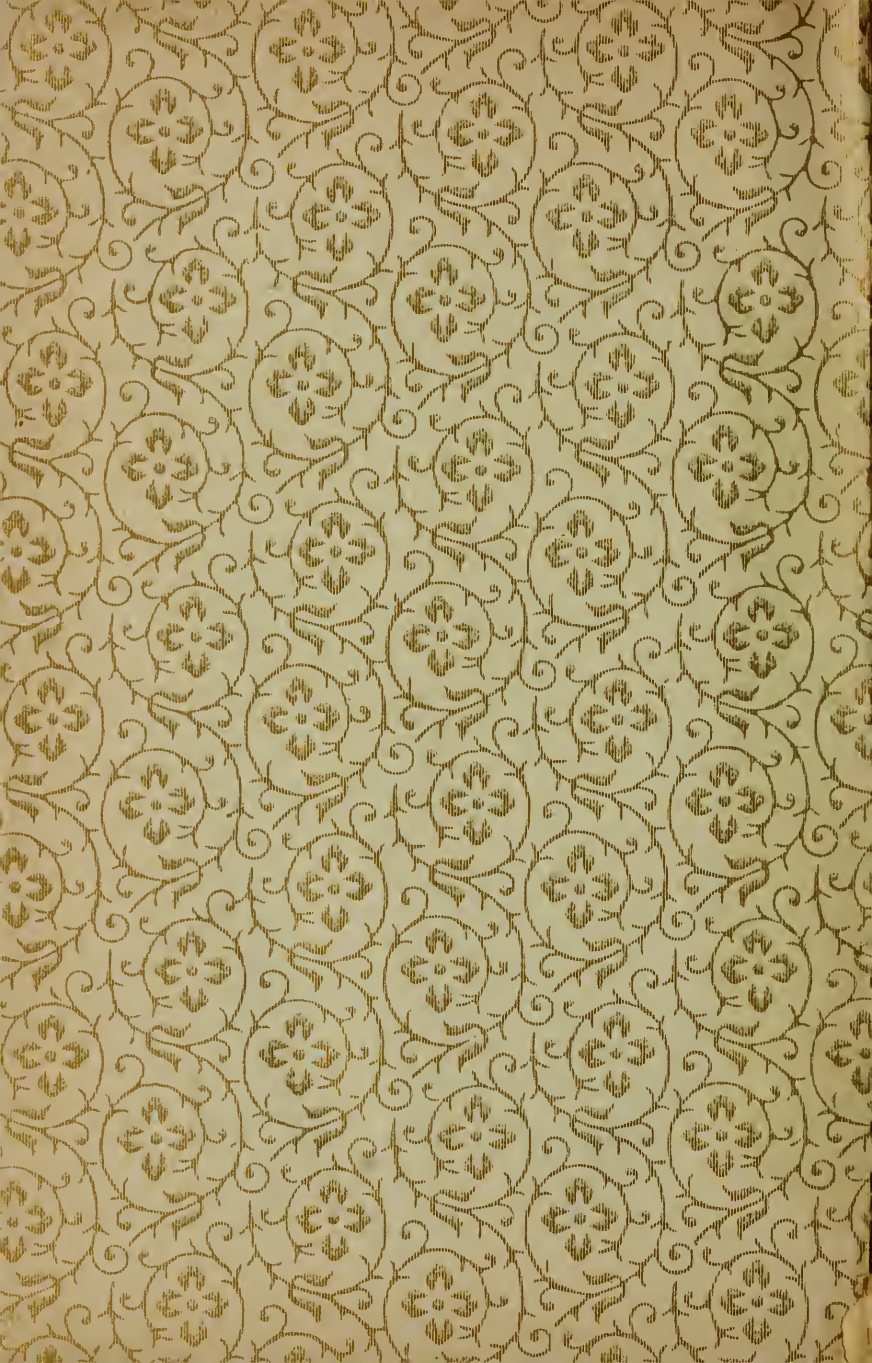
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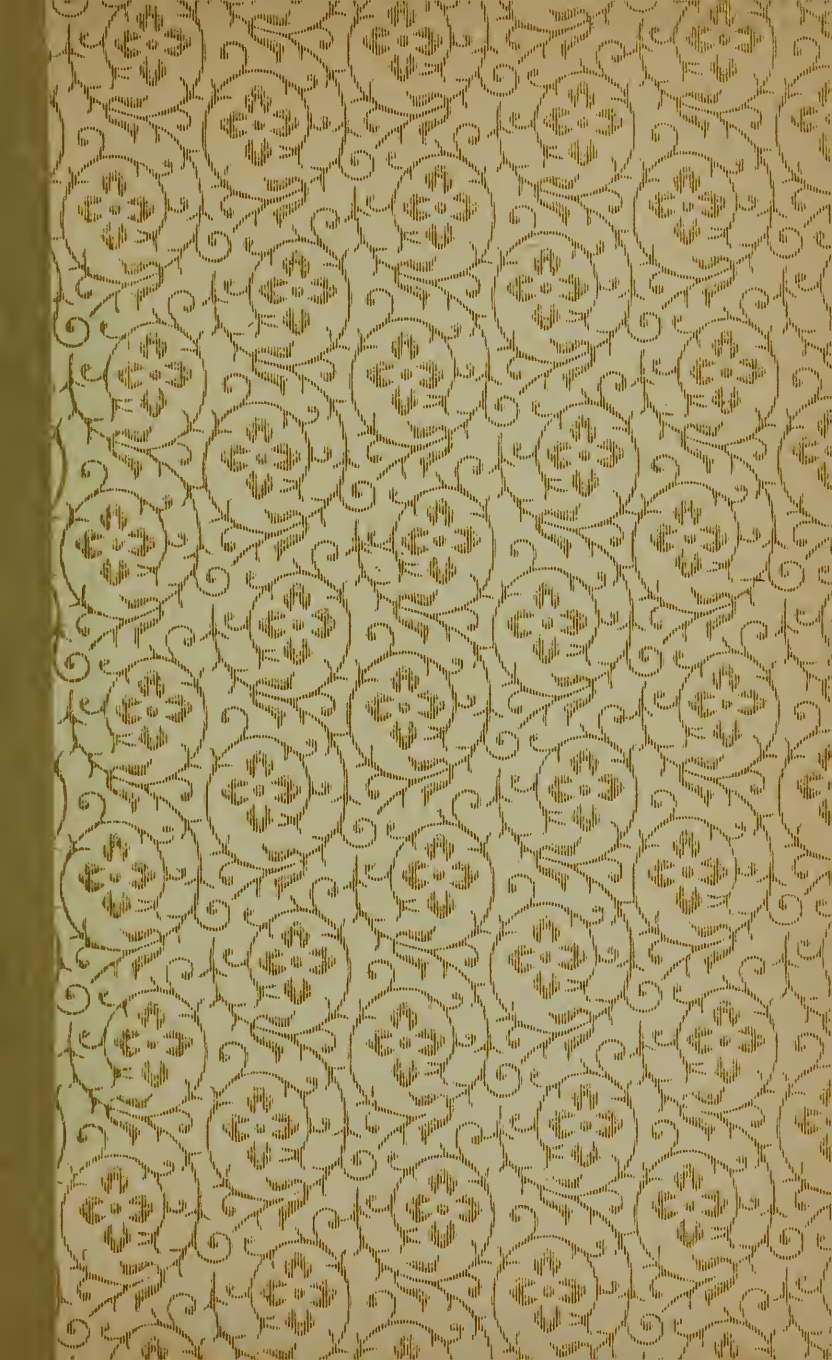
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